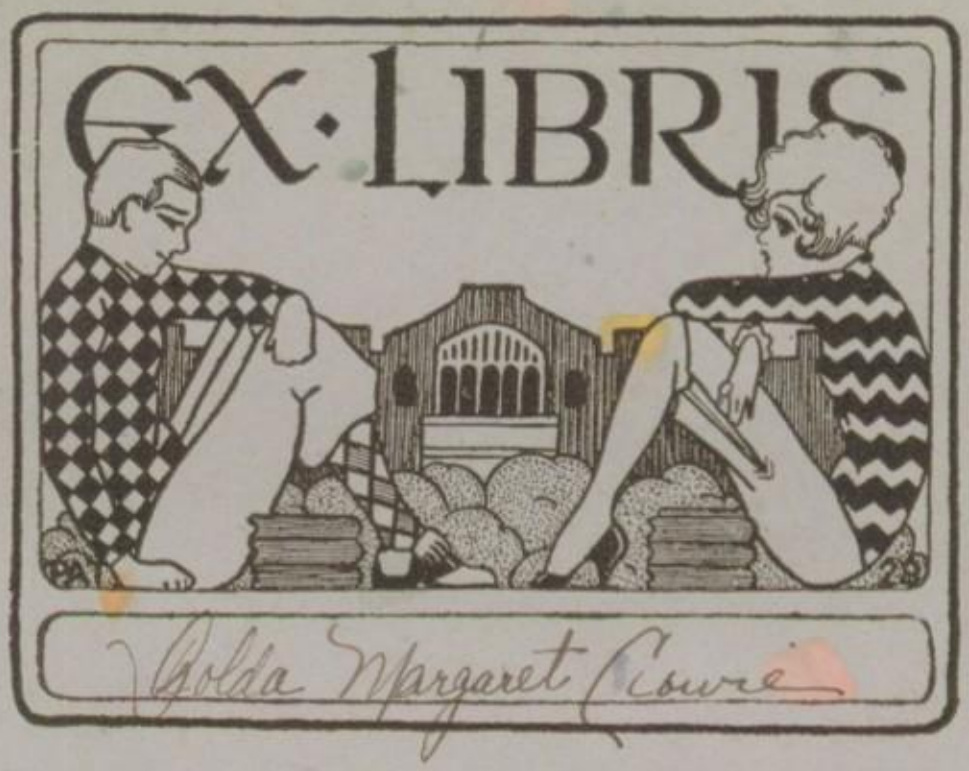
Purple and Gold

1928

Jamie Carson
2312½ Auburn Ave

Golda Cowie
2028 Delenca St.



the PURPLE and GOLD

1928

FOREWORD

AGAIN the Annual Board of Morrison R. Waite High School takes pleasure in presenting to the students the record of a year of school progress. In this volume of the Purple and Gold it has aimed to show the achievements of the school in the past year and to trace the development of the individual students, through their high school training, from unformed youth to the threshold of clearly defined manhood and womanhood.

The education of the modern student in Morrison R. Waite High School gives to him a world-wide viewpoint, a training as broad as that of the young man who travels around the world in a "floating university." Classes help him to see England, to picture Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, to visualize their oak-beamed ceilings, polished tables, and rolling green campuses. The humor which brightens every day shows him Ireland, land of eternal good fun, of laughing colleens, of warm sentiment. Participation in social activities takes him to still another country, to Spain, the land of intoxicating music, gay fiestas, color, romance.

The American high school student who takes this trip gains a bit of Oxford drollness, a drop of Irish wit, a dash of the romance of Spain, a strain of the music of Italy, becomes, indeed, truly cosmopolitan. Through these pages, then, travel with us around the world on the good ship Waite to see the life of every land, the spirit and activities of youth everywhere. Come aboard on our 1928 cruise. Much is in store for all of us.

THE · PURPLE "AND · GOLD"

PUBLISHED · BY · THE
SENIOR · CLASS · OF
MORRISON · R · WAITE
HIGH · SCHOOL · OF
TOLEDO ⁓ OHIO
1928

Dedication

MR. POLLOCK, captain of the good ship Waite directs every class across calm and stormy seas. He is always at the helm, steering the ship from rocks and reefs and into the harbor of good fortune. His watch is an unceasing one.

Upon him the responsibility for the operation and welfare of the high school depends. His work requires friendliness, tact, foresight, business comprehension, understanding of young men and women, and sympathy with their pleasures. All these qualities he has. He thinks of others before himself. Although he is a busy man he gives careful attention to the details of the school; he handles every situation with tact and justice. Thus he solves the countless problems, large and small, which must be met by a high school administrator every day.

To express our appreciation for his valued service as principal of Morrison R. Waite High School and our esteem for him as adviser, man, and friend we dedicate to Mr. Pollock this fourteenth volume of the Purple and Gold.

JAMES A. POLLOCK

Views of Waite

THE Annual Board is very proud of the art work appearing on the following pages. These views of Waite are half-tone reproductions of dry-points.

To make the dry-points the art students use an instrument with a sharp steel point, scratching the picture on the surface of a zinc plate. So that the illustration will not print backwards, the drawing must be done in reverse order. The zinc plate is cleaned and inked: the ink remains in the scratched lines with a thin film over the rest of the plate. Then the paper, which has been dampened, is laid over the plate. Plate and paper are now placed between mats and run through rollers. The picture is thus reproduced on paper. The print is then photographed and reproduced in this book as a half-tone.

The Annual Board offers its sincere thanks to Miss Kershner and the three art students responsible for this work, Jack Haley, James Stutzman, Pat Higginbotham.

Contents

OPENING SECTION
SCHOOL
CLASSES
ORGANIZATIONS
ACTIVITIES
ATHLETICS
ADVERTISING

The South Entrance

ON A CHILL, cold morning how welcome this entrance looks to us! Seen blocks away it quickens our steps that we may gain the warmth inside. Every time we pass through this entrance, another day at Waite begins. We only regret that some day we will pass through its brick and sandstone portals for the last time.

Pat Higginbotham

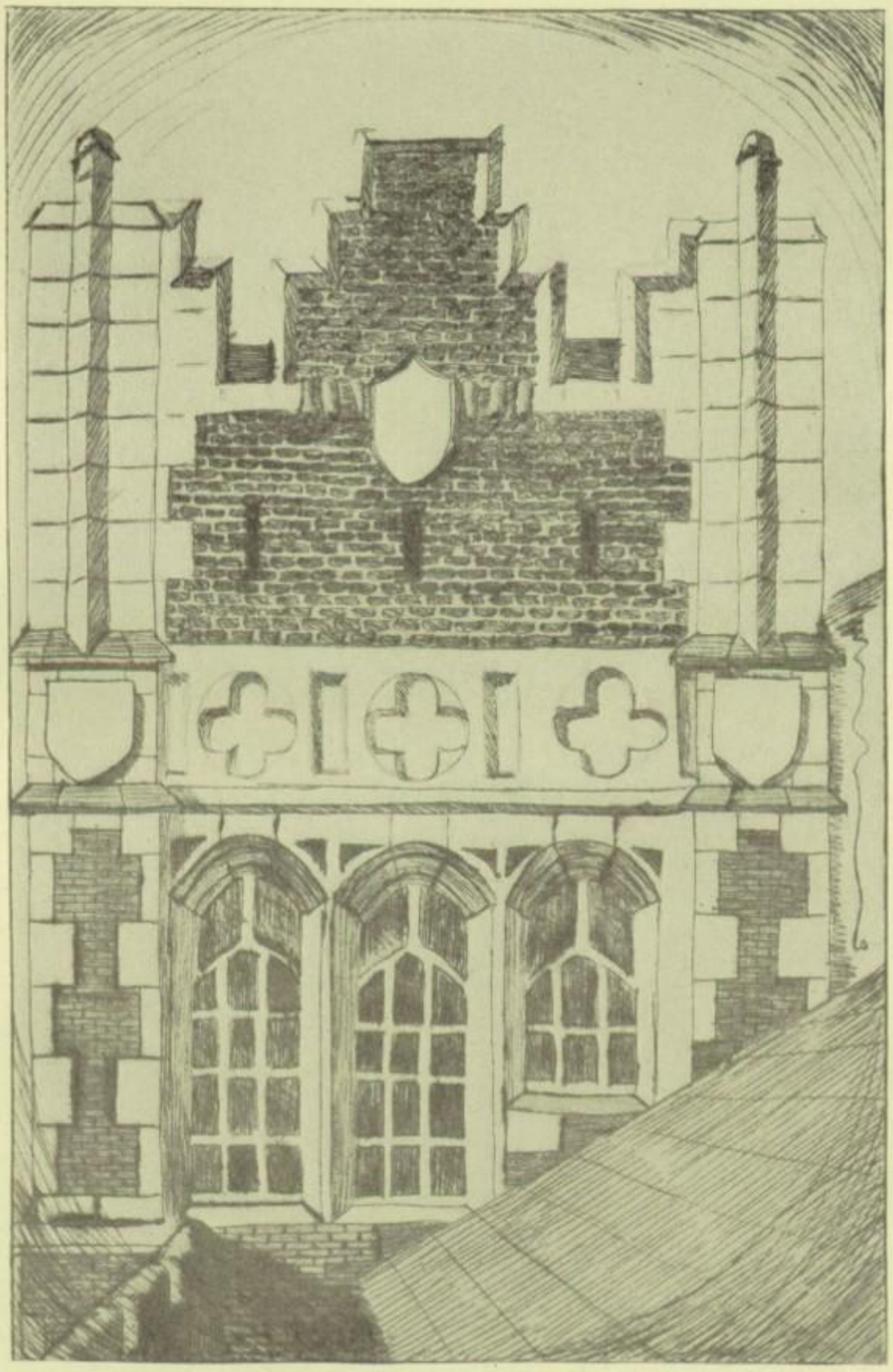
The Tower

"A MAGNIFICENT school in a magnificent setting," a stranger remarked as he looked at Waite the other day.

"The towers are what impress me," observed another.

Although the towers are not a new sight to us, we respond anew, each time we see them, to their beauty. In the early morning when the sun rises and lights all the sky beyond the school, the towers stand out like dark majestic shadows against the silver and rose.

This illustration of the central tower shows its symmetrical beauty. The towers lend to the school dignity and distinction.



Jack Haley

The Auditorium

WHETHER only the girls or only the boys or half the school or all the school is here the auditorium always seems brim-full; full of students, of enthusiasm, of good will and interest. The bells that summon students to the auditorium are the most welcome bells of the week.

It seems no wonder that the bells bring this eager response when we remember the programs we have had this year, stimulating talks, music from glee club and band and orchestra, a style talk, rousing pep meetings. With its creamy walls, its rich paneling, its harmonious proportions, it is one of the beautiful and well-loved spots of the school.

James Stutzman.

The Refectory

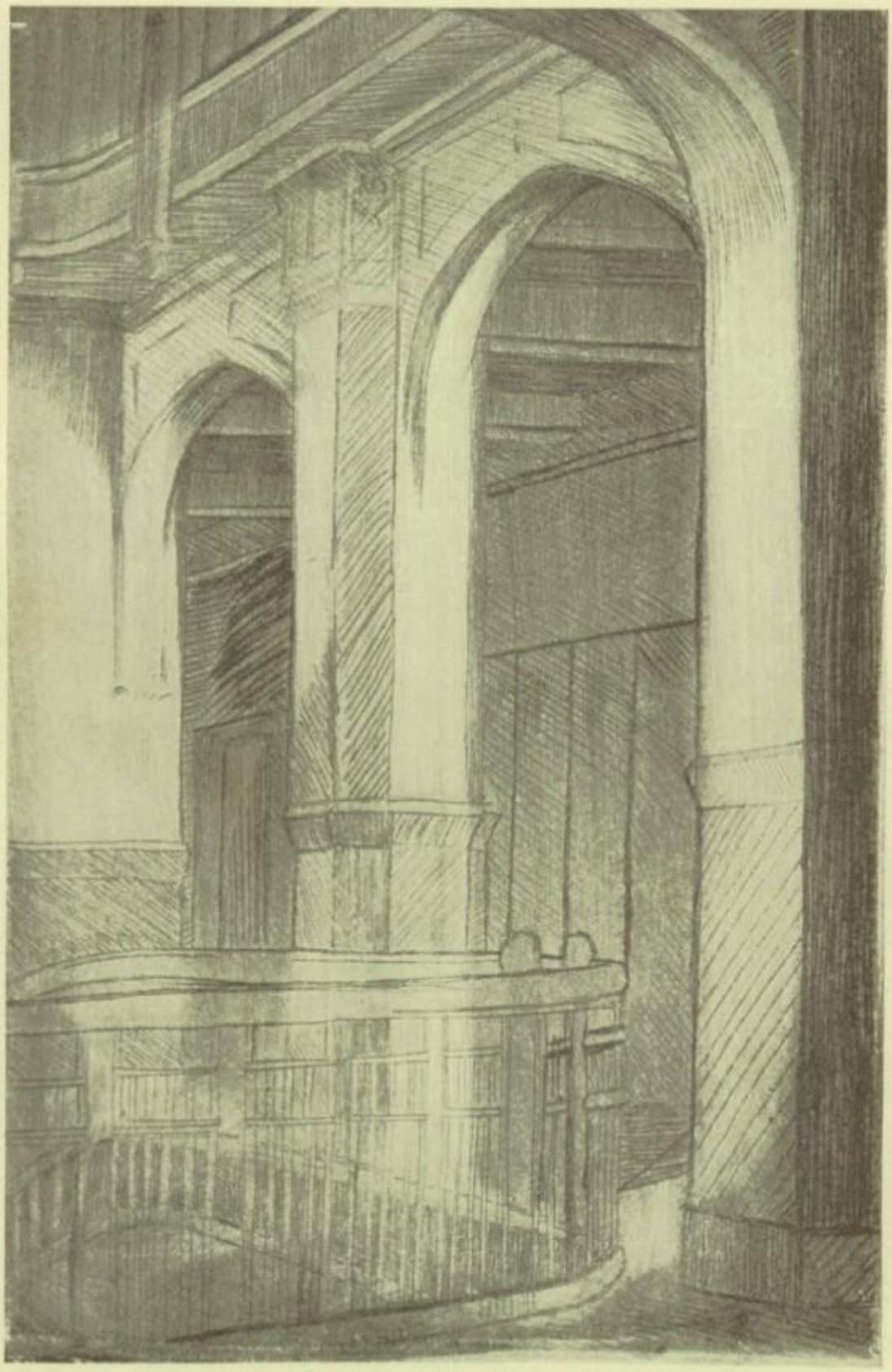
WHAT memories come to Waite students as they think of the refectory! First come memories of its immense windows, its pointed arches, its hanging lamps, its polished tables, its spaciousness. Then comes the memory of its cheery, gossipy, comfortable atmosphere which makes it a pleasant meeting-place after the busy morning hours. The lasting friendships formed about refectory tables will always be a pleasant reminder of the days at Waite.

Jack Haley

The Stair

AS THE student strolls down the second floor corridor in the early morning he comes from the dimness of the hall into the brightness of the windows and the stairs. Here at the end of the hall are tall majestic columns joined by gently pointed arches. Looking over the rail he sees the huge stair space extending from the first floor to the roof. A realization of the great size of the building comes to him.

In a half-hour the first bell rings; the steps are swarming with shifting files of students; and the school seems none too large to hold the hundreds of boys and girls who claim Waite as their Alma Mater.

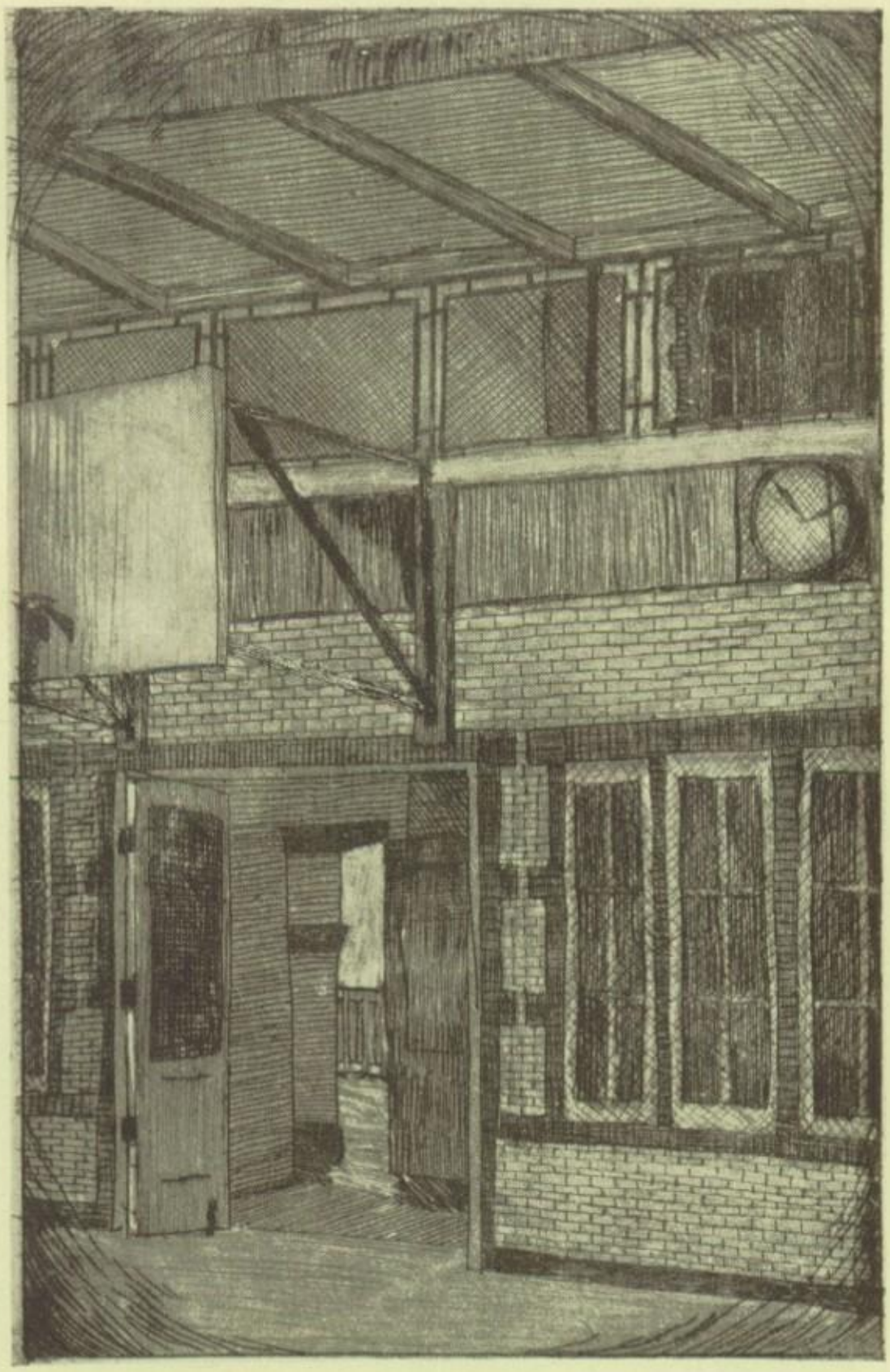


James Stutzman.

The Gymnasium

ALL who leave by this door go hand in hand with health and happiness. The gymnasium is a center of activity by day and night. All through the day boys and girls are here developing their strength and skill through exercise.

By night the gymnasium is sometimes the scene of a thrilling basketball game. Occasionally it is transformed, by colorful streamers, gaily-tinted arches and festoons, into a veritable fairyland for the dance.



Jack Haley

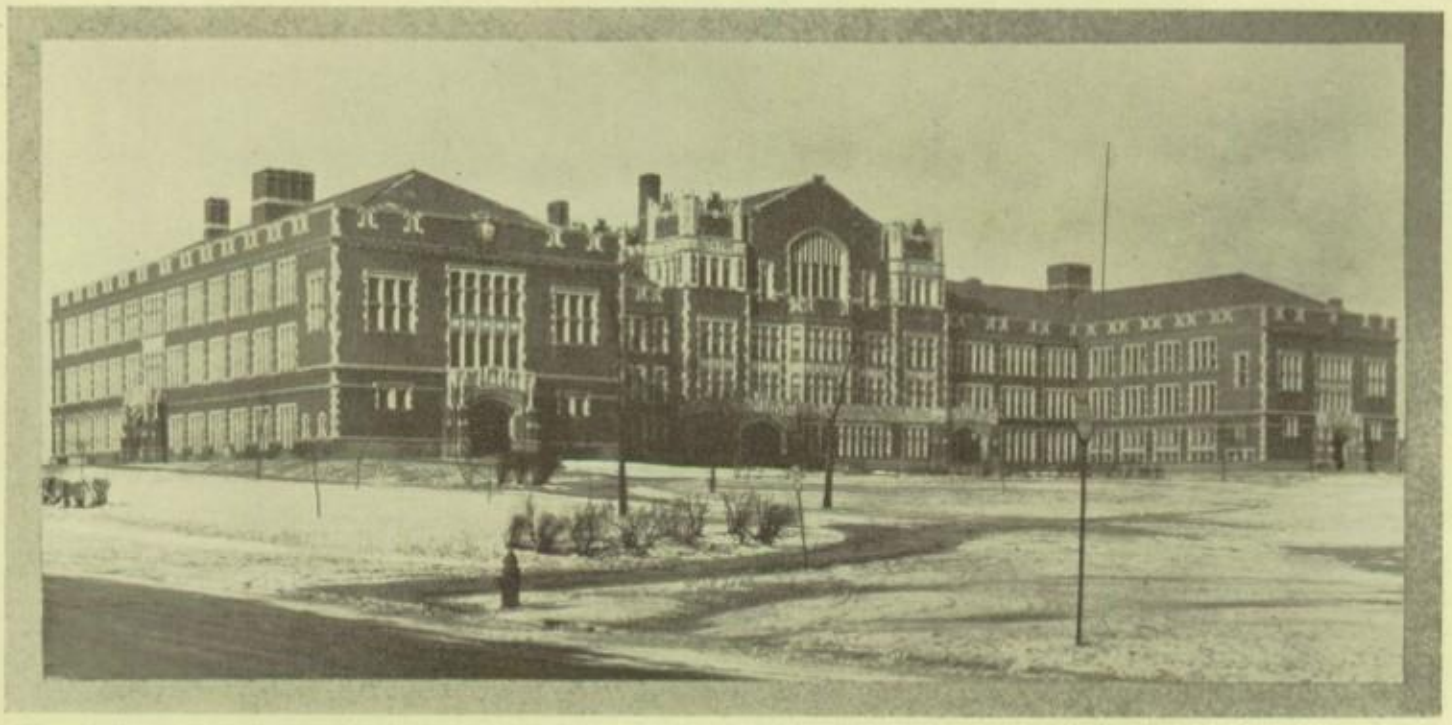
The Library

A SPACIOUS, cheerful room. A place of literature, art, and trophies. A place for committees and their endless planning. A place for study and meditation. And behind the desk, supervising everything, Miss Brown. No wonder we gather in the library.

James Stutzman

PAT HIGGINBOTHAM
school

James
Carson
2312½ auburn ave.



MORRISON R. WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

Administration

* * *

BOARD OF EDUCATION

WILLIAM E. WRIGHT ——— President
THOMAS DEVILBISS ——— ROBERT C. DUNN
GUSTAVUS OHLINGER ——— J. D. ROBINSON

MAY FOSTER, Clerk of the Board

MR. CHARLES S. MEEK
Superintendent of Schools

MR. MEEK, as superintendent of Toledo schools, has worked untiringly to keep the schools to a standard of high achievement. Believing earnestly in modern scientific methods of education, he has endeavored to make the Toledo schools practical representatives of these ideals.

While he gives impartial service and direction to all the schools of the city he has a personal interest in each one and responsibility for its welfare. The schools in turn appreciate his friendly guidance and are proud to claim him as the head of the Toledo public school system.

MR. ROSWELL C. PUCKETT

Director of Instruction of Toledo High Schools

TO MR. PUCKETT we extend hearty welcome. He comes here highly recommended, and although his office is a new one we are sure he will fill it capably. He is a friendly, interested, interesting person; as our new Director of Instruction he will deal directly and personally with the teaching in the class room.

Mr. Puckett received his Master's degree from Columbia University, and has practically completed his Doctor's work, except for his thesis, at the University of Iowa. As high school principal in Evansville, Indiana, he was most capable.

We sincerely wish him happiness and success in his new position.

THE high school of today aims to give its students training in mind, body and character; it aims to fit them to meet the world's larger problems and to direct their lives in whatever way they may seek expression.

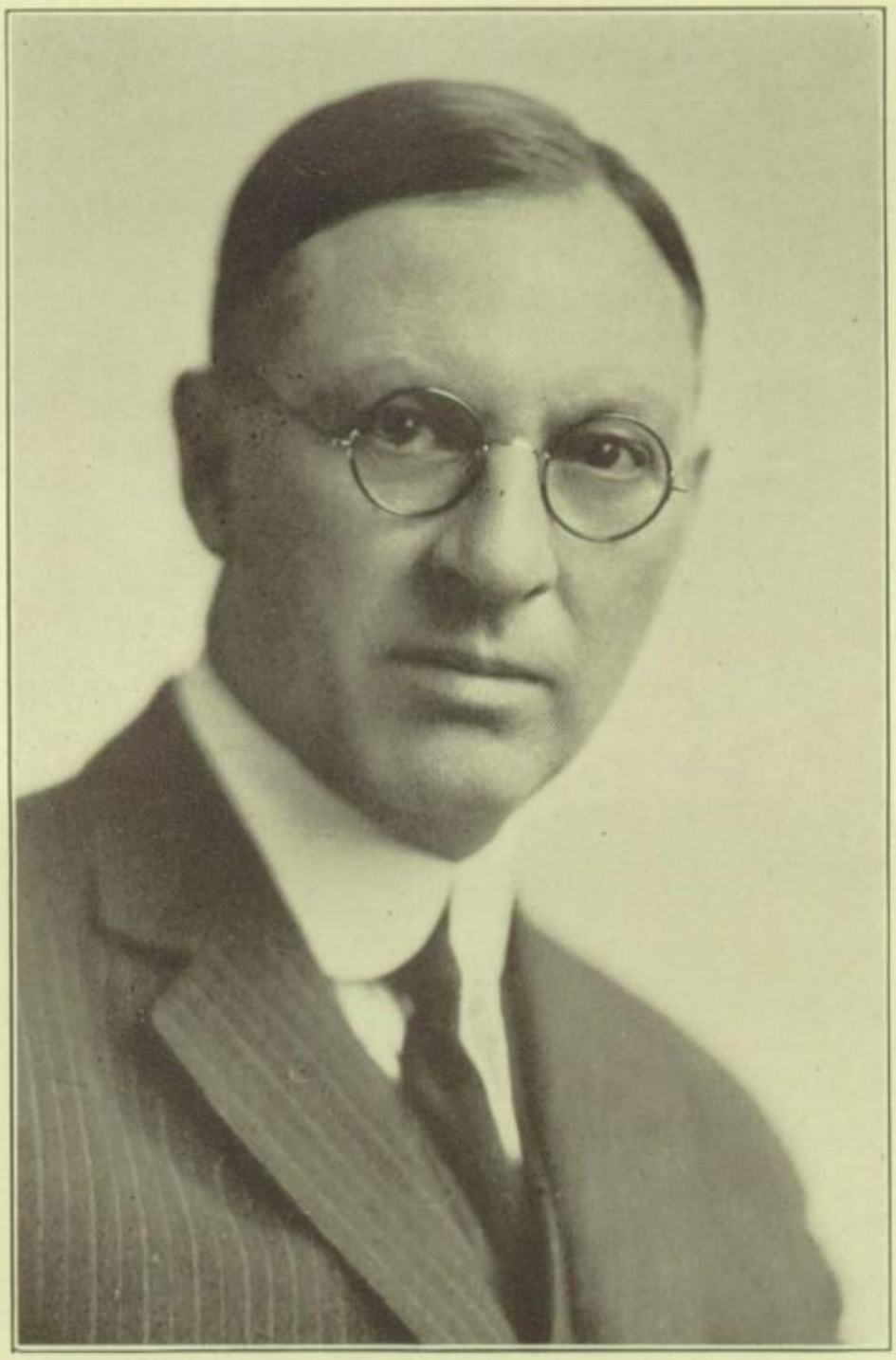
The most obvious purpose of the high school is to give mental training. It is our hope that the students leaving this high school in June will have received not only a group of organized facts but also a capacity for direct thinking, an appreciation of values, an open-minded attitude toward new truth, and an ability to interpret life with some measure of wisdom.

Accompanying this training of mind must come intelligent bodily training. The development of teams is only part of this program. Every member of the student body must be trained for healthy living by work in the gymnasium and by a wholesome social and athletic life. As important as physical training, exercise is the teaching of the value of a healthy body and ways in which to obtain it.

Right thinking and good health inevitably produce right character—the normal character which is able to adjust itself to the varied circumstances of life. The essentials of character which should be acquired through the four years of high school training are friendliness, honesty, loyalty, and willingness to work. Many persons have the idea that all higher education has as its purpose the avoiding of work. Instead, education should teach the student to find and to love his work, since if planned properly and done enthusiastically, work will bring happiness which cannot be attained in any other way. Education should teach the student the values of both leisure and work. In choosing his life work the student should avoid a vocation which gives the imagined joy of idleness in preference to that of honest service; with the former vocation he will find an emptiness in life which abnormal pleasures will not fill. The truly educated man most enjoys life when he gives most to his fellowmen.

Whether these June graduates enter college or go at once into the business world, they will be benefited by continued development of the habits that the high school has taught—the habits of right thinking, good health, and individual morality.

J. A. POLLOCK



MR. POLLOCK

Principal

MISS WEMP

MISS BEIER

MRS. ANDERSON

Wheelsmen of the School

WHEELSMEN of the good ship Waite are the members of our capable office force. In their work they leave nothing to be desired; though Miss Wemp, Mrs. Anderson, and Miss Beier have distinctly different personalities, they have three qualities in common; pleasantness, poise, and efficiency.

These wheelsmen are the workers who handle the business, file the records, and take care of all details and problems of school management. They ring the bells which direct the school hours in their regular course or add the spicy variation of an auditorium program. They give to seniors the slips which show whether their credits are weighed in the balance and found wanting. They preside over grades with cool detachment and send out a few—only a few, of course—unsatisfactories. To them come the students who have lost money and books or who have had trouble with obdurate lockers. Under their supervision, books are sold and attendance is checked.

To count the number of trips every student and teacher makes to the office, to count the number of questions asked and requests fulfilled would require the services of an expert mathematician; yet each question is answered and each request fulfilled with courtesy and with a smile.

Faculty

Alice Allen

MRS. ALICE ALLEN, A. B., A. M.
English Department
She knows all that happens and takes a personal interest in every student.

MISS FON BOERGER, A. B.
Latin Department
"Terrible dictu," a strong expression for such a pretty lady, yet she uses it constantly.

MR. WALTER BAIRD
Industrial Arts Department
A brusque manner betrayed by a twinkling eye.

MR. WARD BRICKER, B. C. S.
Commercial Department
A quiet, earnest, slow-spoken man.

MR. CLARENCE BALL, A. B., A. M., MUS. B.
Glee Club Director.
Patience, friendliness, tact, ability—that's Mr. Ball.

MISS PAULINE BROWN
Librarian
A warm and cheerful personality.

MISS ESTHER BECK, A. B.
Science Department
Her refreshing sincerity and laughter make a subject new and pleasant.

MR. RUSSELL BROWN, A. B.
Spanish Department
Waite's authority on Mexico; a most pleasant and accommodating gentleman.

Miss Mildred Burns, A. B., A. M.
English Department
Quiet as a mouse and busy as a bee; that's Miss Burns.

Mr. J. C. Collins, A. B.
History Department
His friendly chat and smiles are welcome everywhere.

Mr. Lee Canfield, A. B.
Physics Department
Smilingly he explains the mysteries of science, sermonizing a little now and then.

Mr. Earl Combs, Ph. B., A. M.
History Department
He brightens history with an Irish wit.

Miss Flora Carpenter,
Art Department,
When dance decorations are needed she is ready with suggestions and help.

Mr. C. C. Coontz, B. S., A. M.
Science Department
He makes teaching a business and business a teaching.

Mr. C. E. Collins, B. S. in C. E.
Industrial Arts Department
A widely traveled and well read man.

Miss Mildred Cowell, B. S.
English Department
Never flustered she is mistress of ready repartee.

MR. E. FANKHAUSER, B. C. S., B. S.
Commercial Department
If it's advice you need apply to Mr. Fankhauser.

MISS DOROTHY GERDING, R. N.
School Nurse.
She looks so sweet when she puts iodine on an open wound.

MISS ELLEN FOOTE,
Commercial Department
So small and yet so large in common sense and capability.

MISS GRACE GIBSON, PH. B., A. M.
Latin Department
She and Caesar are close friends.

MISS ANN GARVER, A. B.
Mathematics
A teacher of mathematics with a pleasant and sociable manner.

MISS JOSEPHINE GOODALL, A. B.
Science Department
A serious and deep thinking teacher who is always ready to help anyone.

MISS GERTRUDE GEER, A. B., A. M.
Science Department
A Sweet Briar graduate with a tennis lob, a golf complex, and a Franklin.

MR. JOHN GRASTORF,
Auto Mechanics Department
Quite at ease in any situation.

Miss Marguerite Griffith, A. B.
French Department
Her charming "N'est-ce pas?" has induced many to continue French.

Marguerite F. Griffith

Ruth Hogan

Miss Ruth Hogan
Commercial Department
The lady with the tan suit and the sunny smile.

Miss Marguerite Hall, A. B.
Mathematics Department
You can't deceive her for she knows your intelligence quotient.

Miss Lulu Howard, A. B., B. S., A. M.
Chemistry Department
A born Chemist who is absorbed in her work.

Miss Marion Hart, A. B.
English Department
Her eyes are brimming with jollity.

Mr. Steven Hurtuk, B. S.
Auto Mechanics Department
A most careful teacher whose work reflects the fact that he is always learning from books and from experience.

Miss Elaine Hirth, A. B.
English Department
A dark sparkling person, full of fun.

Miss Ethel Jackson, A. B.
Spanish Department
An able Spanish teacher with a liking for sports.

MR. F. E. H. JAEGER, B. C. S.
Commercial Department

Next to Mr. Pollock the busiest man at Waite; a shrewd and careful business manager.

MISS ANN KOCH, A. B.
French Department

A quiet, kind, and well-dressed lady who teaches French.

MISS HELEN KERSHNER, B. S., A. M.
Art Department

Quietly and efficiently she works out her ideas, giving us a glimpse of an original personality through her art.

MR. R. R. LEACH, A. B.
History Department

The gentleman who always reads the newspaper.

MISS HARRIETT KIMBLE, A. B.
History Department

Swift and graceful in her movements she accomplishes a great deal in a little time.

Harriet Kimble

MR. OSCAR LUTZ, A. B., A. M.
English Department

A friend to boys and an excellent teacher.

MR. FRED KLAG, M. E., E. E.
Physics Department

A regular fellow with a weakness for jokes.

Fred W. Klag.

MISS FAY MARINE, B. S.
History Department

A friend of youth; well informed on every subject of the day.

MR. FRED MATHIAS, B. S.
Mathematics Department
He smiles, accepts our excuses, agrees with us; but in the end we make up the penalty.

Louise Nelson

MISS LOUISE NELSON, A. B.
English Department
She has that gentle sarcasm that only amuses and does not hurt.

MISS CHARLOTTE MEAGHER, A. B.
English Department
Good things come in small packages.

MISS KATHRYN NEWBIRT, A. B.
English Department
A serious lady who loves poetry.

MR. WILLIAM MOFFAT, A. B.
English Department
You should hear the facts about the tennis games he wins; they are as unbelievable as fish stories.

MISS LAURA PAFENBACH, A. B.
Science Department
A quiet and dignified teacher, who expresses herself by actions, not words.

MR. MERRITT C. NAUTS, B. S.
Science Department
He takes life serenely, seasoning it with a great deal of work and conversation.

MR. GORDON PHELEY, B. S.
History Department
Although he is a very modern young man he is intensely interested in things of the past.

Miss Florence Rees, Ph. B., A. M.
English Department
She has a certain indefinable air of culture and courtesy.

Miss Barbara Grace Spayd, Ph. B.
English Department
Her name, Barbara Grace, fits her exactly.

Miss Mary Roache, B. S., A. M.
English Department
Behind those blue eyes are many a joke and assignment.

Mr. A. W. Stuart, A. B., A. M.
Mathematics Department
He answers any question with ease, for his mind is a store-house of information.

Mr. S. F. Rohlfing, A. B., A. M.
Science Department
A producer of winning teams.

Mr. Jesse Steiner, A. B.
Social Science Department
His smile and shrewd wit make him a pal to all.

Mr. M. B. Severance, B. C. S.
Commercial Department
A kindly gentleman who has not forgotten that he was young.

Miss Marie Stoll, B. S.
Domestic Science Department
Filled with wholesome energy and radiant with health.

Miss Mildred Pasch, A. B.
English Department
A Waite High graduate with personality and poise.

Miss Nelle Wales
Household Arts Department
A lady good to look upon, with her modish dress and air of dignity.

Miss Mildred Morgan, A. B.
History Department
Red headed—but calm and pleasant.

Mrs. Maude Werner, B. S., A. M.
Home Economics Department
She forecasts milady's wardrobe with accuracy, and helps the girls to be well dressed.

Mr. Ralph Swisher, B. S.
Mathematics Department
Nonchalantly he handles mathematics and sports with equal ease.

Miss Meredith Young, B. S.
Science Department
A quiet, persevering, energetic teacher who understands freshmen.

Miss Sarah Waite, A. B.
Mathematics Department
Waite is a very fortunate name since it is used to describe our school and the capable head of the mathematics department.

Mr. Alvin Younquist
Industrial Arts Department
A gentleman in every sense of the word, capable and progressive.

Faculty

Miss Victoria Carson, B. S.
Science Department
Tell her your troubles and she'll make them right.

Miss Anna Commager, A. B.
Commercial Department
The most kind hearted lady and most voracious reader at Waite.

Mr. J. W. B. Foley
Radio Department
He knows the most modern developments of a most modern subject.

Mrs. Delia Fortune, A. B.
Mathematics Department
She steers freshmen from the rock of Algebraic failure by her untiring efforts in helping everyone.

Mrs. Tom Hall, A. B., B. S. C.
English Department
Here before seven; never quits before eleven; one of the most friendly and conscientious teachers at Waite.

Mr. Eugene Miller
Oral Expression
A student of the modern dictionary, who also uses Shakespearian language with ease.

Miss Enzia Parks, B. S.
Mathematics Department
Most attractive in red, she adds a spot of color to the dullest study room.

Mr. George Pearsall, B. S.
Commercial Department
He's a jolly good fellow and no one denies it.

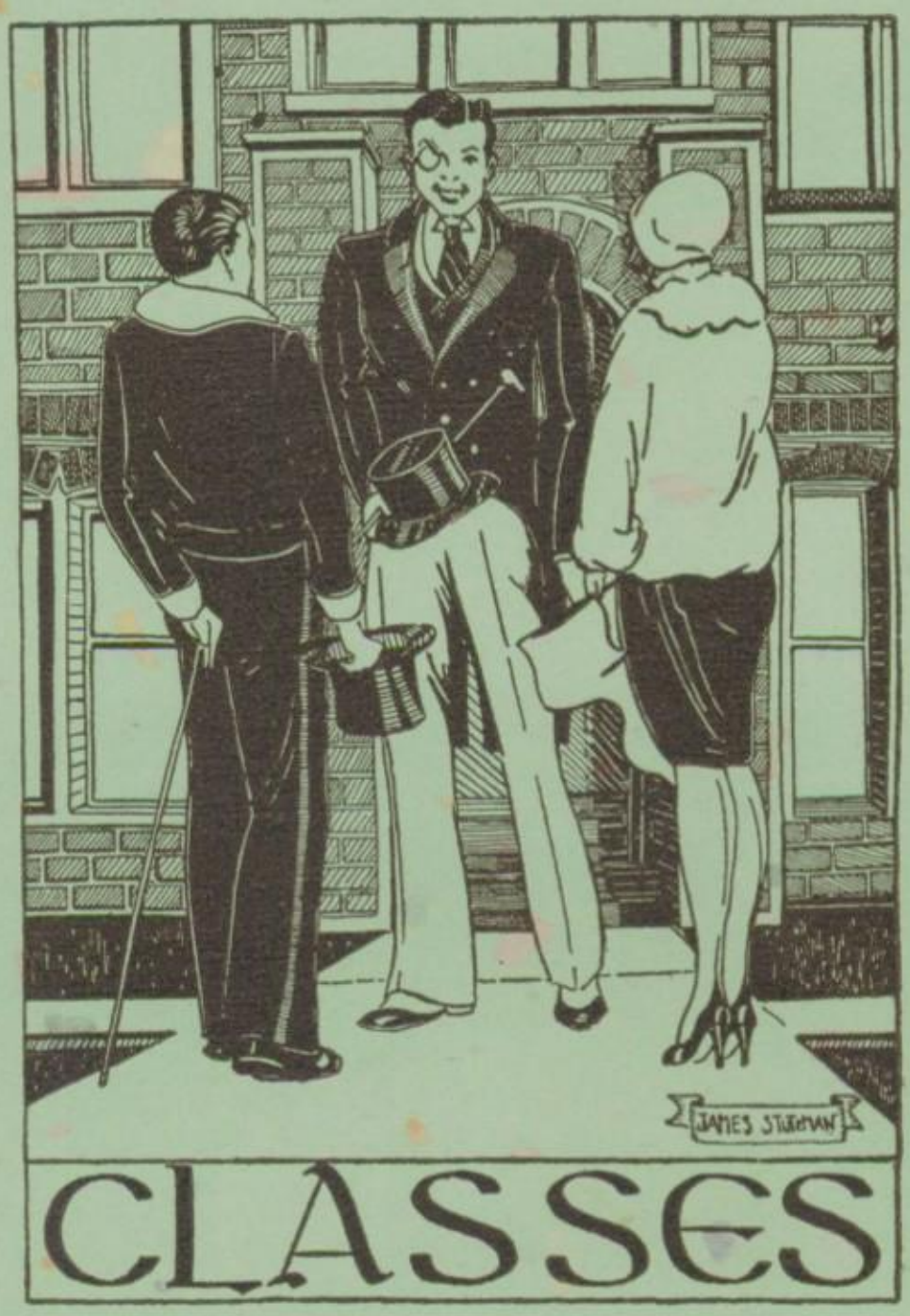
Mr. Carl Sterling
Industrial Arts Department
A man of sterling worth, interested in sports, quiet and modest.

Mr. Guy Sutphen
Conductor, Band
He works hard, and gives all the credit to the boys.

Miss Bessie Werum
Conductor-Orchestra
She's here only one hour a day, but in that hour she does wonders.

James Carson

2312 ½ auburn ave



CLASSES

Senior Class

Officers

CARLTON HISSONG	President
RUTH ARDUSER	Vice President
MARGARET MOORHEAD	Secretary
WILLIAM PRICE	Treasurer
RALPH BERNHAGEN	Sergeant-at-arms
Class Colors	Green and Gold
Class Motto	Palma non sine pulvere.

Senior Class Committees

Ring Committee

William Price, Chairman
George Young
Lois Best
Iris Fuire
Laura Harrison

Varsity Dance Committee

Clarence Day, Chairman
Anna Greab
Robert Schnell
Dorothy Dunsmore
Czar Haddad
Helen Kitson

Christmas Party Committee

Ross Scott, Chairman
Maxine Ogle
Ruth Arduser
Carleton Vobbe
Leslie Brown
Edward Summers
Kathryn Davis

Banquet Committee

Leslie Brown, Chairman
Jean Shocker
Kathryn Emch
Kenneth Hawk
Al Mauter
Ruth Catchpole
Pat Higginbotham

Announcement Committee

Richard Ricard, Chairman
James Miller
Maxine Floyd
Dorothy Doan

Senior Prom Committee

George Evanoff, Chairman
Ruth Arduser
Grant Cooper
Margaret Robins
Mellen Bitter
Rolland Buehrer
Dorothy Hygon
Gene Winchester
Margaret Moorhead

Motto Committee

Lee Thompson, Chairman
Kathyrn Emch
Ethel Southworth

Baccalaureate Committee

Robert Price, Chairman
Evelyn Shock
Leonard Linsenmayer

Color Committee

Elizabeth Clark, Chairman
Florencetta Wilson
Laura McEvoy

Play Committee

Harlan Diehr, Chairman
Max Thayer
Bob Bolbach
Carmen Emch
Madelle Fetzer

Class Day Committee

Robert Goorley, Chairman
James Drake
Floyd Siewert
Elizabeth Schnell
Theon Marti
Harry Whitmer
Elizabeth Bartlett

Graduation Committee

William Basco
Rosemary Bird

EDITH ALCOCK
General Course
Glee Club, Athletic League

LISLE B. AYRES
General Course
Engineers, Altobee Art Club
Annual Board, Retina Staff

MILDRED ANDREWS
General Course
Glee Club

GRACE BABCOCK
Art Course

WADE C. APTHORPE
Commercial Course

GLADYS K. BAILEY
Commercial Course
Home Room Representative

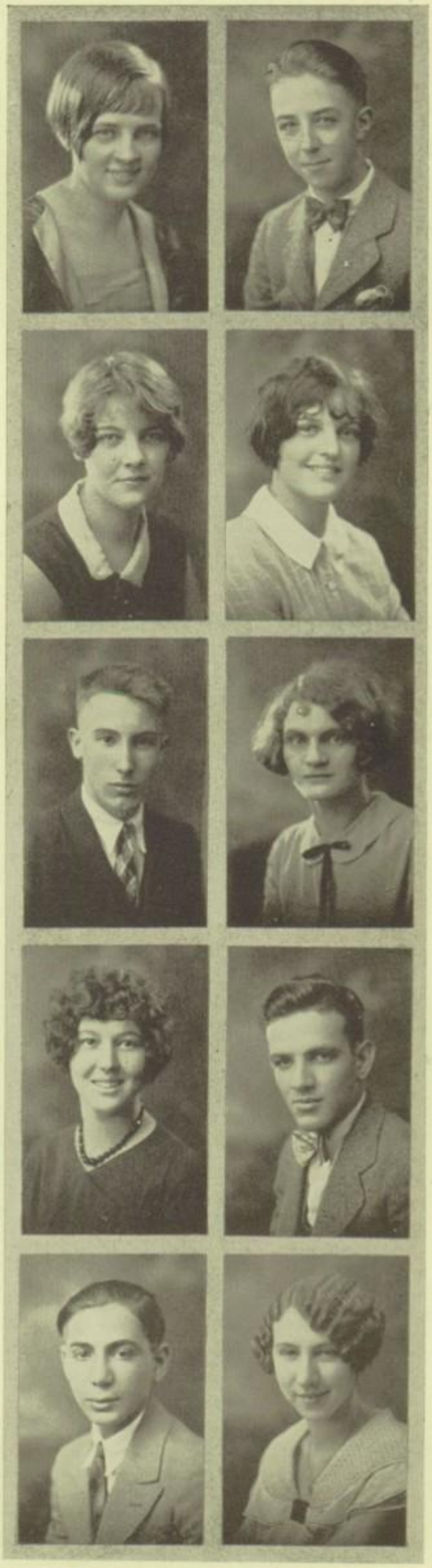
RUTH ARDUSER
Academic Course
Zetalethean, Vice-Pres.
Senior Class Vice-Pres.
Friendship Club, Treas.
Retina Staff

PHILIP S. BALL
General Course
Engineers, Altobee Art Club

JOE ARRIGO
Industrial Arts Course

Joe Arrigo

ELIZABETH C. BALAZE
Commercial Course
Commercial Club



STEVEN BANYAS
Industrial Arts Course

CLARENCE BECKETT
General Course

ELIZABETH BARTLETT
General Course
Periclean

DWIGHT BEEBE
General Course

WILLIAM BASCO
Academic Course
Senior Hi-Y, Forum
Optimates, Glee Club

HELEN BENTON
General Course
Orchestra

NOELLE C. BAUR
General Course
Friendship Club
Alchemist

RALPH BERNHAGEN
General Course
Quill & Dagger, Engineers
Student Council
Varsity "W" Club
Sergeant-at-Arms, Senior Class

GEORGE BAUMAN
Commercial Course
Varsity Football

MERLIN BERRY
General Course
Hi-Y Club

LOIS BEST
Household Arts Course
Periclean, Chaplain
Friendship Club
Alchemist, Sec.
Home Economics Club, Pres.
Retina Staff

RICHARD BLOOM
Industrial Arts Course
Engineer

RAYMOND BIGLEY
General Course
Orchestra

ROBERT BOLBACH
General Course
Engineer, Pres., Hi-Y, Chaplain
Forum, Censor
Retina Staff, Editor

ROSEMARY BIRD
Commercial Course
Zetalethean
Retina Board, Sec.-Treas.
Annual Board, Typist

FREDERICK BOLLIN
General Course

MELLEN BITTER
General Course
Altobee Art Club
Student Council

RUTH BOLLY
Commercial Course

LOUISE BLACKMER
Commercial Course

LUCILLE BORCHARDT
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Athletic League

MARGARET E. BOROS
General Course
Friendship Club

LUELLA BRINDLEY
General Course
Friendship Club
Athletic League

DOROTHY BOSSERT
General Course
Zetalethean, Alchemist
Glee Club, Optimates
Friendship Club, Athletic League

Dorothy Bossert

KENNETH BROEKSEKER
Industrial Arts Course
Engineers

CARL BOWMAN
General Course

LEONA BRAZEAU
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

MARY LOUISE BOWMAN
Academic Course
Friendship Club, Zetalethean
Athletic League, Pres.
Annual Board, Student Council

GERTRUDE BRAZEAU
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

L. BEATRICE BRAATZ
Commercial Course
Commercial Club, Orchestra
Athletic League

LESLIE T. BROWN
General Course
Forum, Varsity "W" Club,
Hi-Y, Student Council,
Varsity Football,
Engineer, Sergeant-at-Arms

WILLIAM BROWN
Industrial Arts Course
Alchemist

MARTHA CAROLYN BURKET
Commercial Course

WILMA BRUGGEMAN
Academic Course

PAUL BUSDICKER
Commercial Course
Student Council

HELEN BRUGGEMIER
Academic Course
Zetalethean
Glee Club

GENEVA BUZZA
Household Arts Course
Altobee Art Club
Home Economics Club

ROLLAND F. BUEHRER
General Course
Junior Hi-Y, Optimates LeCercle Francais
Senior Hi-Y, Treas. Quill and Dagger
Annual Board, Glee Club Treas., Pres.
Student Council

RUTH CABLE
Academic Course
Zetalethean, Chaplain
Friendship Club
LeCercle Francais

CLIFFORD BURDETTE
General Course

ADDIE M. CADARET
Academic Course
Zetalethean, Optimates
Friendship Club
LeCercle Francais

Raymond B. Cairl.

RAYMOND B. CAIRL
General Course

ALICE ANNE CHURCH
General Course
Athletic League
Friendship Club, Glee Club
Orchestra
Auto Mechanics Club

VIOLET CARR
Commercial Course
Commerical Club
Student Council

Elizabeth Clark '27

ELIZABETH CLARK
Academic Course
Athletic League

Ruth Catchpole

RUTH CATCHPOLE
General Course
Zetalethean, Friendship Club
Retina Staff
Student Council

MARY COLLINS
Commercial Course
Commercial Club, Sec.
Student Council

REESE CHAPMAN
General Course
Radio Club, Sec.
Engineer

ROBERT COOK
Academic Course
Hi-Y, Orchestra

HELEN CHRISTIE
General Course

EDNA COON
General Course

GRANT A. COOPER
General Course
Forum, Sergeant-at-Arms
Engineer, Altobee Art Club

DON CRANE
Industrial Arts Course

NEVA COREY
Academic Course
LeCercle Francais, Treas.

PAUL LEO CRAWFORD
General Course
Varsity Track
Varsity "W" Club

ALICE COTTRELL
General Course
Periclean
Glee Club, Sec

ELLA DAUBNER
Commercial Course
Friendship Club

CLELA COVER
Commercial Course

DOROTHY DAVIS
Commercial Course
Zetalethean
Commercial Club

GOLDA COWIE
Academic Course
LeCercle Francais
Friendship Club
Athletic League

CATHERINE DAVIS
General Course
Altobee Art Club, Vice-Pres.
Friendship Club

RUTH DAVIS
Commercial Course
Zetalethean
Commercial Club

GLEN DICKERSON
Academic Course

MYRTLE OLETTA DAVIS
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

LEGRAND DIEBALL
Academic Course

CLARENCE DAY
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Alchemist, Band, Vice-Pres.

ALICE C. DIEFENTHALER
Household Arts Course
Alchemist, Vice-Pres.

CHARLES DENMAN
General Course
Quill and Dagger
LeCercle Francais

HARLAN E. DIEHR
General Course
Junior Hi-Y, Sec.
Student Council, Engineer
Senior Hi-Y, Vice-Pres.
Forum, Sec., Orchestra, Pres.
Class Chronologist, Orchestra, Sec.

LOUIS NORMAN DEXTER
General Course

DOROTHY DOAN
Academic Course
Zetalethean, Reporter
Friendship Club, Sec.
Optimates, Retina Staff
Athletic League

ALICE H. DOMINIQUE
Household Arts Course
Athletic League
Home Economics Club

NELSON DUVENDACK
Industrial Arts Course
Band

MARIE DOYLE
General Course
Glee Club, Friendship Club
Home Economics Club

CHARLES DWIGHT
Commercial Course
Forum, Student Council
Track

VIRGINIA DOYLE
Commercial Course
Zetalethean, Altobee Art Club
Athletic League

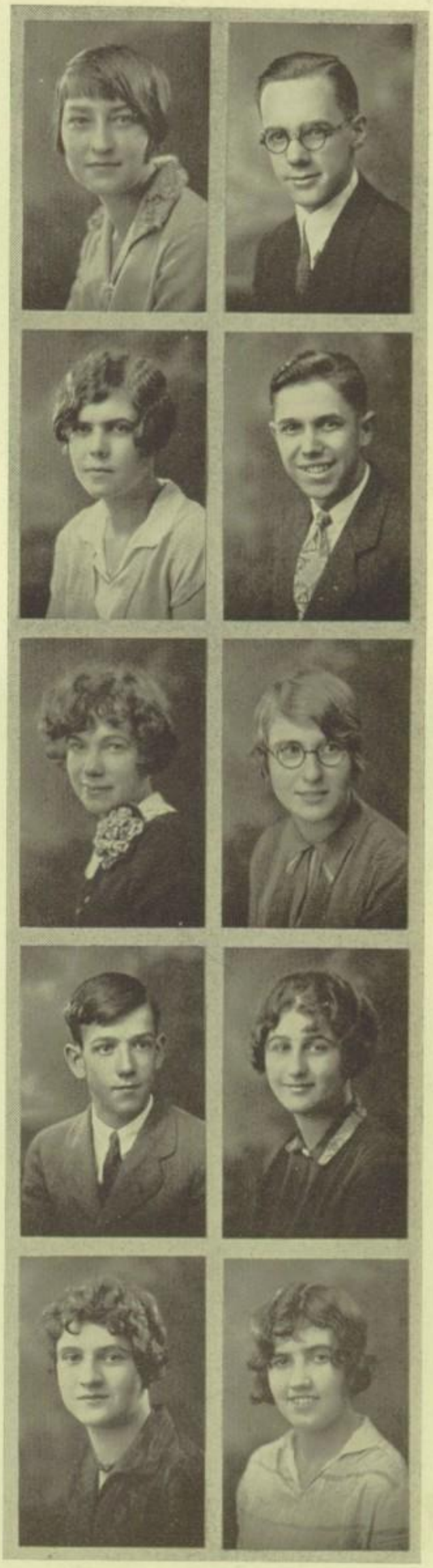
MARGARET EGLEY
Academic Course
Friendship Club
Athletic League

JAMES DRAKE
General Course
Forum, Vice-Pres.
Glee Club, Treas.
Optimates, Engineer
Alchemist
Cheerleader

ROSALIE ELSPERMAN
Academic Course
Zetalethean, Glee Club

DOROTHY DUNSMORE
Academic Course
Zetalethean, Treas.
Friendship Club

CARMEN EMCH
Commercial Course
Athletic League
Commercial Club



KATHRYN J. EMCH
Academic Course
Friendship Club, Sergeant-at-Arms, Pres.
Secretary of Junior Class
Zetaletheans, Sergeant-at-Arms
Optimates, Consul Censor, Athletic League
Retina Staff, Student Council

ROBERT FALOR
Commercial Course

GEORGE EVANOFF
General Course
Quill and Dagger, Pres.
Student Council

ROBERT FARNER
Industrial Arts Course

DOROTHY EWING
Household Arts Course
Friendship Club
Home Economics Club

CAROLYN FARRELL
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

VINCENT DALTON
Commercial Course

ROSE FARRIS
Commercial Course
Friendship Club
Commercial Club
Athletic League

ALMA EYSTER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Altobee Art Club
Athletic League

EDITH FERRALL
General Course

VELMA FEHLBERG
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Friendship Club
Girls Athletic Association

MAXINE FLOYD
General Course
Periclean, Treasurer
Altobee Art Club

MOLLIE FIELD
Household Arts Course
Zetaletheans
Friendship Club
Altobee Art Club, Recording Secretary

LORINE M. FORMAN
Commercial Course
Commerical Club

MAX FERRENBERG
Industrial Arts Course

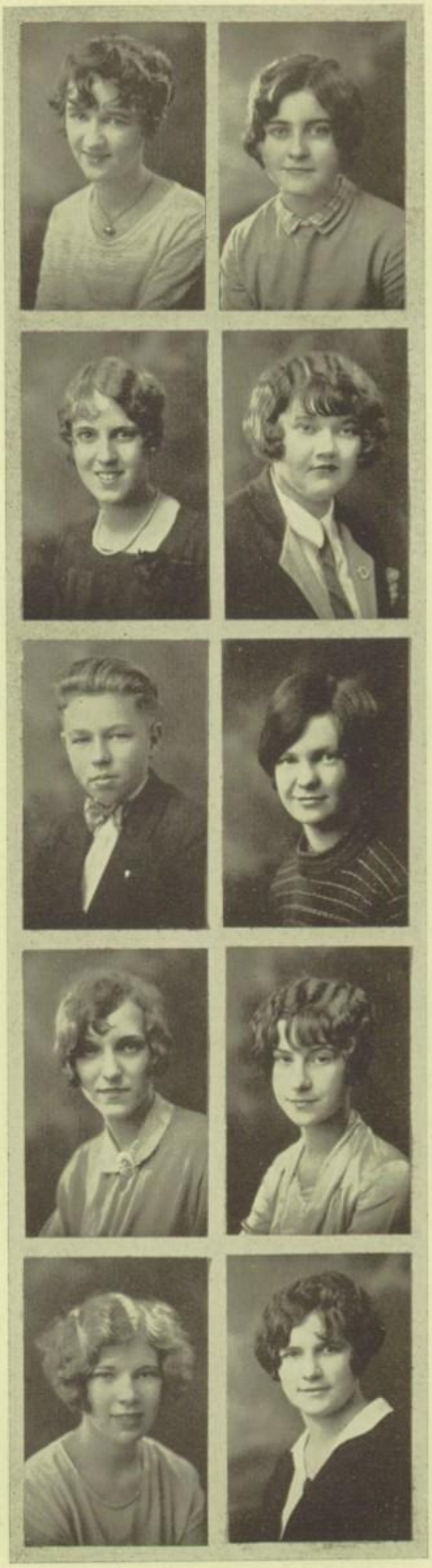
PHYLLIS FRANK
General Course
Glee Club

MADELLE FETZER
General Course
Periclean
Alchemist, Student Council
Home Economics Club
Retina Staff

GERALDINE FRANTZ
Commercial Course
Athletic League

DOROTHY FLATT
General Course
Glee Club
Athletic League

VERNA FREEMAN
Commercial Course



FLOYD FROST
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Engineers
Band

ROBERT GOORLEY
Academic Course
Quill and Dagger, Chaplain
Junior Hi-Y, Treasurer
Senior Hi-Y
Optimates, Secretary
LeCercle Francais

IRIS FUIRE
Academic Course
Zetalethean

ANNA GREAB
Academic Course
Zetalethean
Glee Club
Friendship Club

BEULAH GEHA
General Course
Altobee Art Club
Glee Club

ELEANOR GREENBURG
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Student Council

HAROLD GERTZ
Industrial Arts Course
Student Council

LOLA GREGERSEN
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

LOIS GOODRICH
General Course

FRANCIS GUMMOW
Industrial Arts Course
Engineers
Forum
Student Council

CARLTON HAAS
General Course

J. CARLTON HISSONG
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Hi-Y
Varsity "W" Club
President-Senior Class
Vice-President, Student Council
Freshman Football
Varsity Football

DON HASSE
Industrial Arts Course
Advertising Manager Band

BERNARD HALLORAN
Commercial Course
Quill and Dagger
Altobee Art Club

LILLIAN HABEGGER
Commercial Course
Athletic Association
Commercial Club

GEORGE H. HARRIS
Academic Course

CZAR HADDAD
General Course
Senior Hi-Y
Forum

LAURA WYNONAH HARRISON
Art Course
Altobee Art Club
Student Council
Home Economics Club
Band

JOSEPHINE HADDAD
Academic Course
Friendship Club
LeCercle Francais, Reporter
Retina Staff

HAROLD HAUSER
General Course

KENNETH HAWK
General Course
Student Council, Sergeant-at-Arms
Football
Basketball
Track, Captain

MABEL LOU HEILMAN
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

THOMAS WILLIAM HAYDOCK
General Course
Band

DILILA E. HELD
General Course
Zetalethean

ELINORE HEATH
General Course
Periclean
Friendship
Athletic Association

MARSHALL HELLER
General Course

ROLLO HEEBSH
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Glee Club

ELFREDA HELTEBRAKE
General Course

ELMER HEIDER
Industrial Arts Course
Student Council

GEORGE W. HEMMINGER
General Course
Forum
Engineers

ELINOR HENNON
General Course
Periclean
Athletic League

CATHERINE HIRE
General Course
Athletic League
Zetalethean

MARTHA HERMAN
General Course
Periclean
Alchemist Club
LeCercle Francais

FRED R. HOCKENBERGER
General Course

CATHRYN MAE HESSE
General Course
Periclean
Altobee Art Club

KATHRYN HOLTCAMP
Household Arts Course
Friendship Club
Altobee Art Club
Home Economics

PAT HIGGINBOTHAM
General Course
Altobee Art Club

JULIA A. HORNCZI
General Course
Friendship Club
Home Economics Club

JEANETTE HIGGINS
Academic Course
Periclean
Student Council
LeCercle Francais

EVELYN HOUSEL
Household Arts Course

WOLFRED B. HUMBERSTONE
General Course
Glee Club

FRIEDA JOHNS
Household Arts Course

EARL HUNTER
General Course

ROBERT JOHNSTON
Commercial Course

LLOYD M. HUNTSMAN
Industrial Arts Course
Junior Hi-Y
Forum

WM. JOHNSON
General Course
Forum
Engineers
Altobee Art Club

LUELLA HURREN
Commercial Course

STEVEN JUHASZ
Industrial Art Club
Baseball
Basketball, Reserve, Varsity
Varsity, Football

DOROTHY HYGON
Commercial Course
Pericleans, Vice Pres.

WALTER KALISKI
General Course

RICHARD KASPRZAK
Industrial Arts Course
Quill and Dagger
Alchemist
Engineers

JACK KENNEY
Industrial Arts Course
Orchestra

HELEN KESSMAR
General Course
Friendship Club
Alchemist

JUNE KESTER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

EVELYN KEEFER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Athletic Association
Altobee Art Club
Orchestra

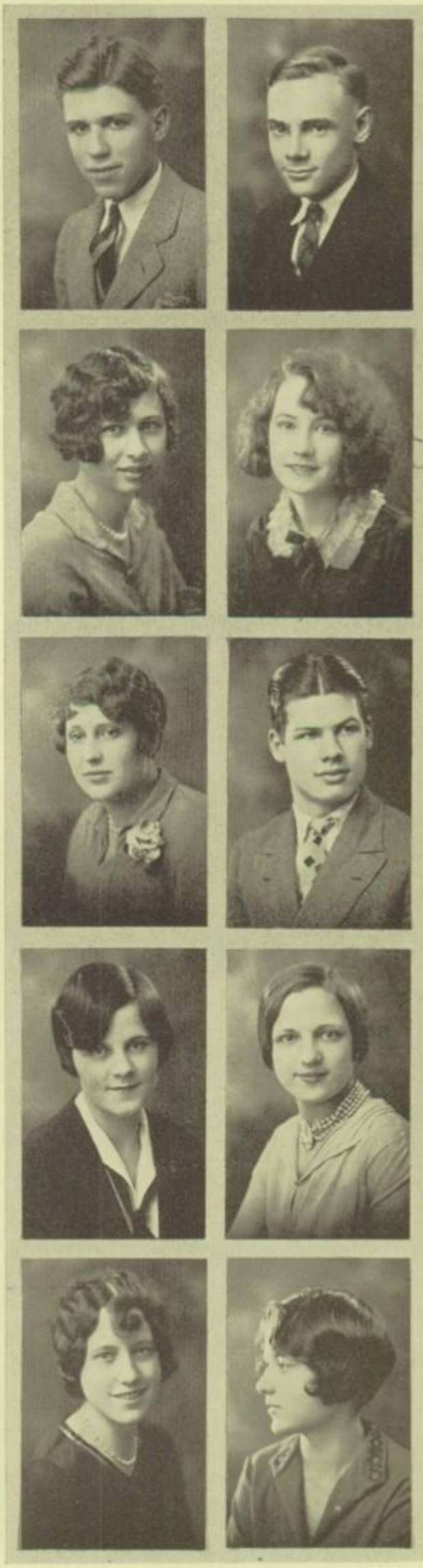
ROBERT KINNEY
General Course

ANNA KEETON
General Course

ELIZABETH KISS
Commercial Course
Athletic Association
Girls Auto-Mechanics Club

RACHEL L. KEMPTHORN
General Course
Friendship Club

HELEN KITSON
Academic Course
Friendship Club
Pericleans, Reporter
Kodak Klub



GLENNIS KLINGBEIL
General Course
Athletic League
Glee Club

FORREST KROETZ
Industrial Arts Course
Engineers

EDWARD KLOTZ
Industrial Arts Course

IRIS LABERDY
General Course
Altobee Art Club
Athletic League

WILLIAM KNOBLAUCH
General Course

VIVIAN LAFLEUR
General Course
Glee Club

MARGARET KOHUT
Commercial Course

MARY LAKATOS
Commercial Course
Friendship Club

ELSIE SOPHIA KROB
General Course
Friendship Club
Home Economics Club
Altobee Art Club
Athletic League
Retina Board

COLETTE LANGENDERFER
General Course
Athletic Club

MILDRED LARK
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Glee Club

RUTH LOHFINK
Commercial Course
Friendship Club
Commercial Club
Athletic League

HYMAN LEAVITT
Commercial Course

FLORENCE C. LONG
Commercial Course
Altobee Art Club
Athletic League

IVA LEHMAN
General Course
Athletic League

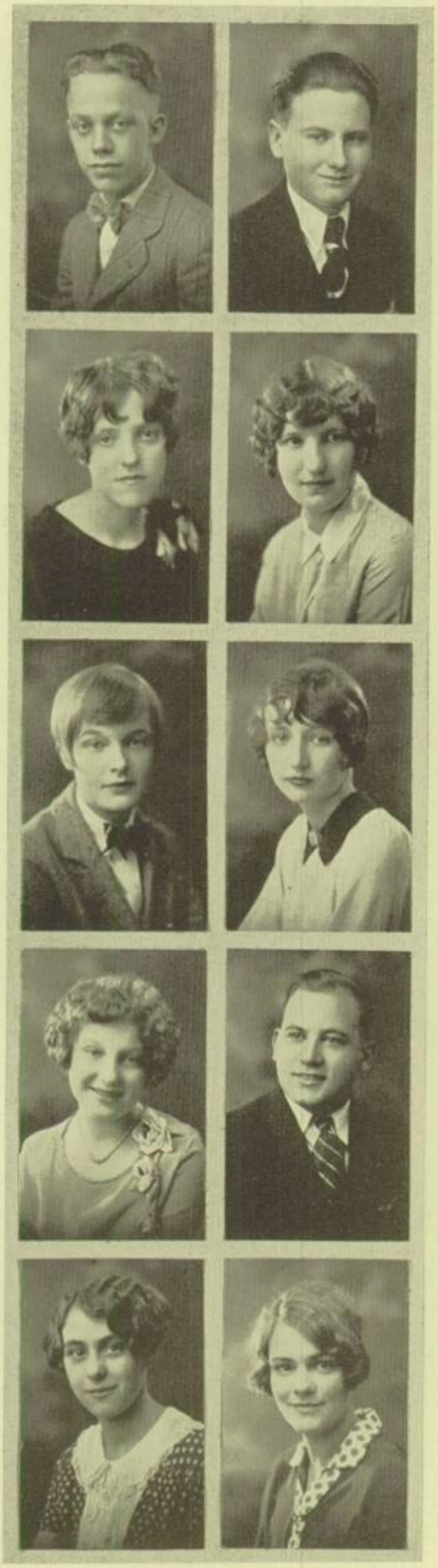
MABEL LOVELL
General Course
Optimates
Student Council

THELMA LINK
Commercial Club
Periclean

MARIAN LOVELL
General Course

LEONARD R. LINSENMAYER
General Course
Senior Hi-Y
Band Forum
Orchestra, Treas.

ROBERT LUZIUS
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Junior Hi-Y



DONALD MACVAY
Commercial Course
Orchestra

ALBERT MARBLE
General Course

DOROTHY MACVAY
Commerical Course
Orchestra

ELIZABETH MARTHA
General Course

GLADYS MAY
Commercial Course
Athletic League

THEONE L. MARTI
Academic Course
Zetalethean
LeCercle Francais

MARY ELIZABETH MAHAFFEY
General Course
Periclean, Sergeant-at-Arms

ALOYSIUS MAUTER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Forum, Pres.
Student Council

RUTH MANN
General Course
Home Economics Club

LAURA M. McEVOY
Academic Course
Zetalethean
Friendship Club
Athletic League
Retina Staff

JAMES MCKINLEY
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Varsity Track

HAROLD MEYERS
General Course
Student Council

EDNA MEEKER
Commercial Course
Commerical Club

DOROTHY JANE MILLER
General Course
Friendship Club
Periclean
Home Economics Club

WILLIAM MEISTER
Industrial Arts Club
Waite Engineering Society
Toledo Model Yacht Club, Waite Chapter

JAMES MILLER
Academic Course
Hi-Y
Quill and Dagger
Alchemist, Pres.
Optimates
Student Council
Annual Board, Literary Editor

ALMA MEYERS
General Course
Friendship Club, Chaplain
Athletic Club
Student Council
Alchemist

WILMA MILLER
Commercial Course

ERMA MEYERS
Household Arts Course
Senior Friendship Club
Home Economics Club, Vice Pres.

LISLE A. MILNE
General Course
Orchestra

MARGARET MOORHEAD
Academic Course
Friendship Club
Annual Staff
Zetalethean, Secretary
Secretary, Senior Class

RUTH MUENCH
Academic Course
Pericleans, Friendship
Alchemist Student Council
Athletic League, Reporter
LeCercle Francais, President
Retina Staff, Class Prophet

ROBERT MOREY
General Course
Quill and Dagger, Sergeant-at-Arms
Varsity "W" Club, Altobee Art Club
Glee Club
Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball

HARRIET MUNDWILER
General Course

HOWARD MORRILL
Commercial Course

GENEVIEVE C. MUSSON
GENERAL COURSE
LeCercle Francais, Secretary
Alchemist, Reporter
Friendship Club

LAUREL COAD MORRIS
Academic Course
Zetalethean
LeCercle Francais, Vice Pres.
Retina Staff, Annual Staff
Student Council

HAROLD MYERS
Industrial Arts Course

ART MORSE
General Course
"W" Club
Varsity Football, Reserves Basketball

OPAL U. NELMS
General Course
Home Economics Club
Athletic League

IONA V. NOPPER
General Course
Friendship Club
Optimates

ILO PALMER
Household Arts Course
Home Economics Club
Girl's Auto Mechanics, Sec.
Friendship Club

FLOYD ODENEAL
General Course

ALVAN PANKRATZ
General Course

MAXINE OGLE
Academic Course
Pericleans, Censor
Friendship Club, Reporter
Student Council

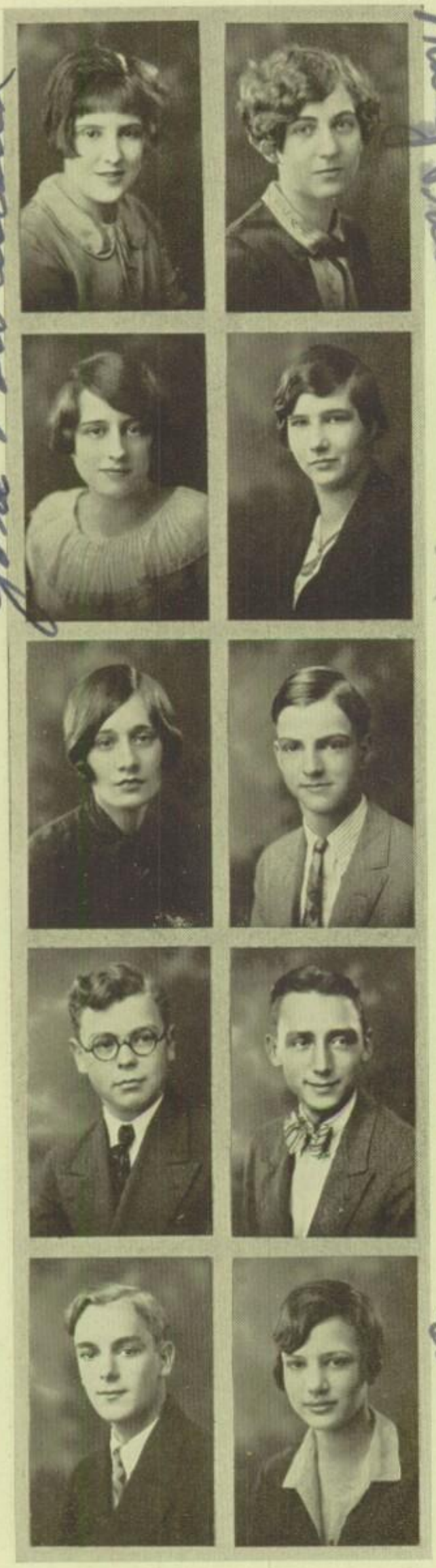
ETHEL PAPPAJOHN
General Course
Orchestra
Friendship Club

MERLIN OSTERMAN
Industrial Arts Course
Hi-Y
Orchestra, Band

HAROLD PELTON
Commercial Course

HELEN PAGE
Commerical Course

JOHN PETRO
General Course



FERN PICKETT
Commercial Course

MARY PRINCE
General Course
Periclean, Athletic League
Optimates, Friendship Club
Student Council
Senior Class Historian

ZORA POWLESLAND
Academic Course
Friendship Club, Optimates, Treas.

GERTRUDE PRYKE
Household Arts Course
Friendship Club, Athletic League
Home Economics Club

ALICE PRATHER
Commerical Course

KENNETH REILEY
Industrial Arts Course

ROBERT L. PRICE
Academic Course
Junior Hi-Y Senior Hi-Y Secretary
Glee Club, Publication Board
Treasurer Junior Class Forum, Chaplain
Optimates, Consul

CALVIN REUTHINGER
General Course
Quill and Dagger, Reporter
Retina Board, Adv. Manager
Asso. Editor, Annual Board
Business Manager, Senior Hi-Y

WILLIAM PRICE
Academic Course Treasurer Senior Class
Senior Hi-Y, Quill and Dagger
Band, Junior Hi-Y Reserves Basketball

LUCILE REUTHINGER
Household Arts Course
Student Council
Zetalethean, Friendship Club
Annual Board: Advertising Mgr.
Associate Editor, Editor-in-Chief,
Retina Staff

EDNA RIEMAN
Commercial Course

EARL DAY ROBERTS
Academic Course

MARGUERITE RICARD
General Course

MARGARET ROBINS
General Course
Zetalethean, Pres.
Annual Board
Athletic League, Treas.
Friendship Club
Student Council, Sec.

RICHARD RICARD
Academic Course
Hi-Y Forum

LOIS ROBINSON
Household Arts Course
Friendship Club

ELSIE RINGER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

ELSIE ROMER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Altobee Art Club
Athletic League

BEATRICE RIPPEY
General Course
Periclean, Alchemist
Annual Board, Publication Board
Home Economics Club, Sec.

GLENN ROSENE
General Course

Elsie Romer

ANNA ROSSI
Commerical Course
Friendship Club

ALVIN RUPPEL
General Course

JACK L. ROUNDS
Industrial Arts Course
Hi-Y

REBA SLATER
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

HELEN JANE ROUTSON
Academic and General Courses
Periclean, Corresponding Sec.
Altobee Art Club
Athletic League

ALBERT SCHINDLER
Industrial Arts Course
Engineers, Secretary
Student Council

EARL RUDOLPH
Industrial Arts Course

ELIZABETH SCHNELL
General Course
Zetalethean
Friendship Club
LeCercle Francais

JACOB F. RUDOLPH
General Course

ROBERT SCHNELL
General Course
Hi-Y Club
Quill and Dagger

ROSS SCOTT
Industrial Arts Course
Engineers, Chaplain Hi-Y Pres.
Forum, Student Council, "W" Club,
Football AWA Varsity
Track, Basketball Reserves

JAMES SHAMY
General Course
Senior Hi-Y Retina Staff
LeCercle Francais

LEROY SCHULTZ
Commerical Course
Commercial Club
Forum, Hi-Y, Glee Club
Cheerleader

EVELYN SHOCK
General Course

MILDRED A. SECORD
General Course

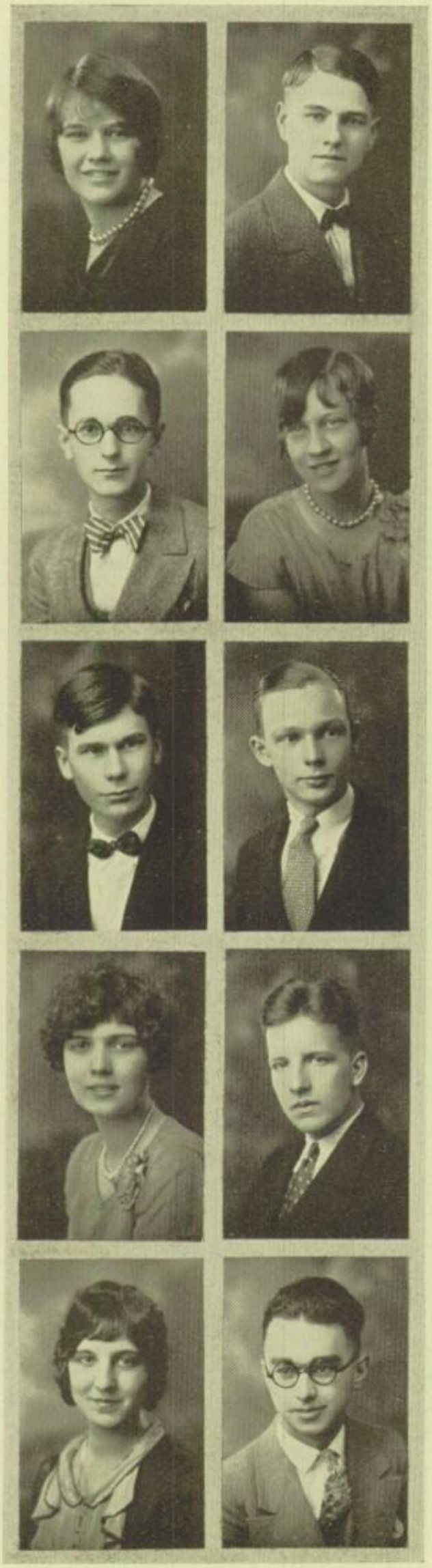
JEAN I. SHOCKER
General Course
Pericleans, Secretary
Friendship Club, Vice-Pres.

MARION SEGUIN
Commercial Course
Athletic League
Altobee Art Club
Commerical Club

FLOYD SIEWERT
General Course Forum
Varsity "W" Club, Sec. & Treas.
Basketball Varsity, Captain
Reserve and Student Manager

ABE SHAMES
General Course
Senior Hi-Y

WENDELL SILCOX
Commercial Course
Commercial Club



LOIS SKILLITER
General Course
Periclean, President
Altobee Art Club, Treasurer
Athletic Association
Friendship Club
Junior Class, Vice President

PAUL STEADMAN
Commercial Course

RICHARD C. SMITH
General Course
Senior Hi-Y
Engineers, Forum

VERA STEINMILLER
General Course
Optimates
Friendship Club
Athletic League

KENNETH SNYDER
General Course

THOMAS STEPHENSON
Industrial Arts Course

ETHEL SOUTHWORTH
General Course
Friendship Club
Optimates, President
Student Council

Ethel Southworth '29

GORDON C. STODDARD
General Course

LUCY SQUEO
Commercial Course
Athletic League
Commercial Club, Reporter, Vice Pres.
President; Student Council
Retina, Typist, Annual Secretary

ELLSWORTH STOWELL
Academic Course
Orchestra

PAUL STUTZMAN
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Glee Club
Altobee Art Club

KATHRYN TERPANY
General Course

STEVEN SZABO
Commercial Course

FRANKLIN TEXTOR
Commercial Course

VERLEAH MAE TABBERT
Commercial Course

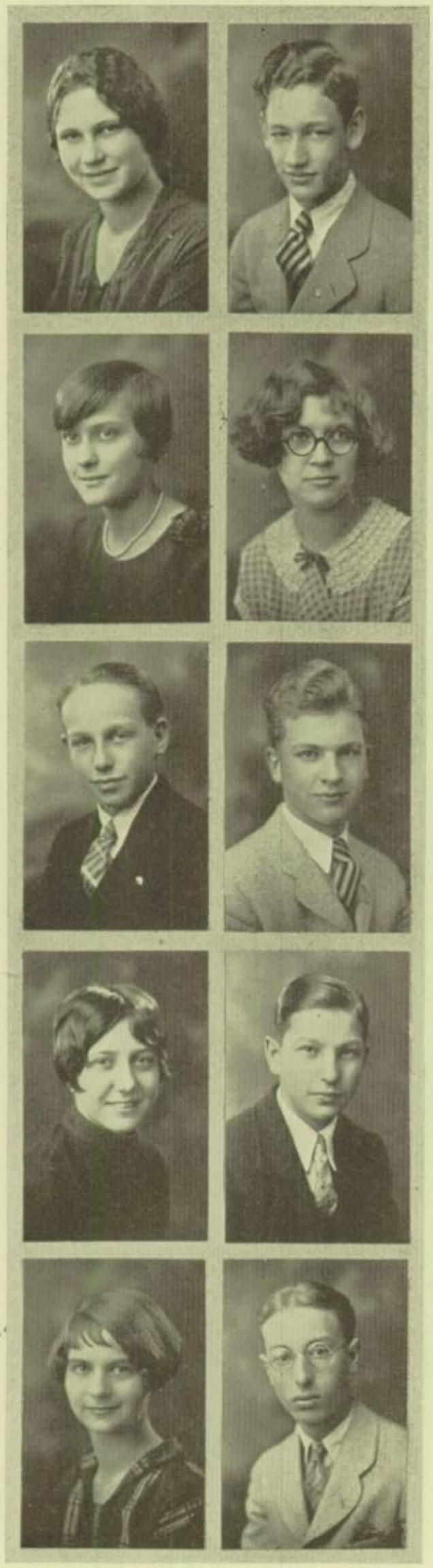
MAX THAYER
General Course
Quill and Dagger

RALPH TAIT
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

ALMA THOMPSON
General Course
Glee Club

LAURA TAYLOR
Academic Course
Friendship Club
Optimates
LeCercle Francais

LEE THOMPSON
Academic Course
Optimates, Scribe



ANNA TIEDIEN
General Course
Friendship Club

GEORGE VALIQUETTE
General Course
Quill and Dagger
Engineers, Hi-Y

CLARA TRETER
General Course

Violet Veh

VIOLET VEH
Commercial Course

GEORGE TYLL
General Course
Band, Golf Team

CARLETON WM. VOBBE
General Course
Engineers, Vice President
Glee Club, Vice President
Hi-Y, Sergeant-at-Arms
Annual Board, Associate Editor
Band, Quill and Dagger

ANN UGLICK
General Course

CARL VOGELI
Commercial Course
Commercial Club, Treas.

Elizabeth Unser

ELIZABETH UNSER
General Course
Orchestra
Friendship Club
French Club
Athletic League

WALTER VYE
Commercial Course

ELIZABETH WADE
Commercial Course
Commercial Club, Vice President
Zetalethean

LAURENCE WECHTEL
General Course

MILDRED WAITE
Commercial Course
Periclean
Glee Club

STANLEY WHITE
General Course

MAURICE WASSERMAN
General Course
Engineers

GERTRUDE WIEMEYER
Commercial Course

RONALD E. L. WAY
Academic Course
Orchestra

CHARLES WILLFORD
General Course
Engineers

LILLIAN WEBER
General Course
LeCercle Francais

MARY E. WILKINS
General Course

FLORENCETTA WILSON
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

OPAL WITHERELL
Commercial Course
Commercial Club, Chaplain

GEORGE WILSON
General Course

OTELIA WOLF
General Course
Home Economics Club

GENE WINCHESTER
Academic Course
Junior Hi-Y, Vice President
Quill and Dagger, Vice President
Student Council, President, Hi-Y, Optimates
Pres. Jr. Class, Annual Board Organizations

BERNARD WOZNIAK
Academic Course,
Alchemist, Sergeant-at-Arms
Engineers, Track Team
Altobee Art Club Annual Board
Quill and Dagger

GEORGE WIRWAHN
General Course

REGINA WOZNIAK
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

NORMAN WITHERELL
Commercial Course
Hi-Y Club
Varsity Football

GEORGE YOUNG
Academic Course
Hi-Y Club; Forum, Treas.
Engineers, Student Council
Optimates, Aedile, Consul
Retina Board; Sports
Annual Board; Sports.

NORMAN YOUNG
General Course
Engineers

RUTH KOWALKA
General Course

GEORGE ZILLIEN
Industrial Arts Course

HERMAN SCHNABEL
Industrial Arts Course

LAURA ZRAIK
Commercial Course

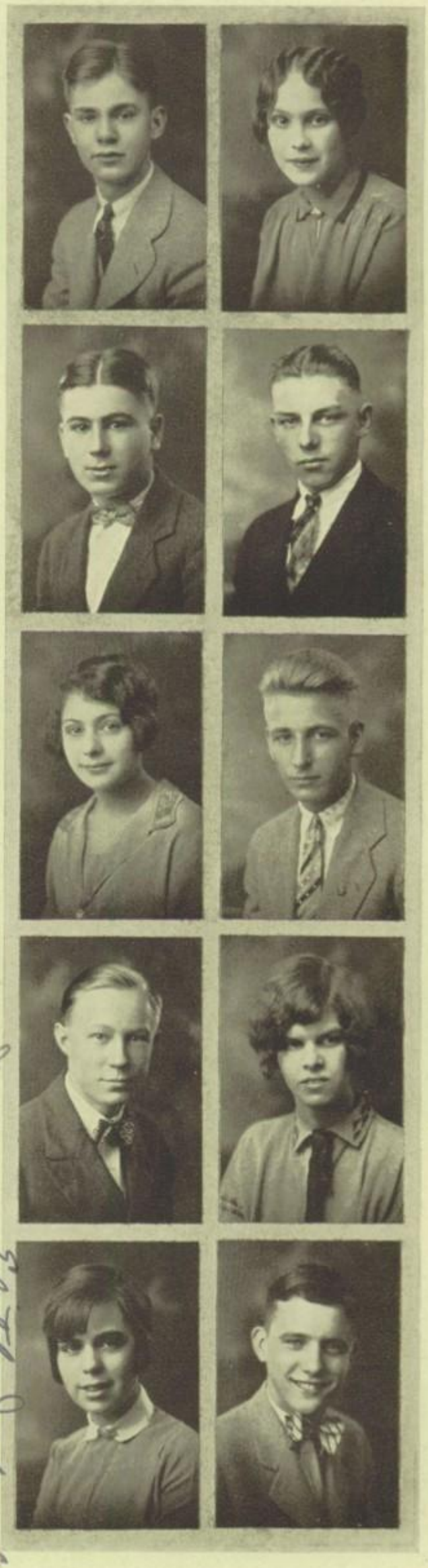
RUSSELL SHROEDER
General Course
Hi-Y, Engineers
Quill and Dagger

MILTON BORCHERS
General Course
Engineers

MABLE STONER
General Course
Friendship Club
Optimates

EDITH JOHNSTONE
Academic Course
Friendship Club
LeCercle Francais
Athletic League Retina Board

ED SUMMERS
General Course
Quill and Dagger, Sec.
Engineers
Retina Board Annual Board



Seniors Without Pictures

* * *

ANTHONY BALOGH
Commercial Course

GILBERT BARTKO
General Course
Junior Class Sergeant-at-Arms
Varsity Football, Captain
Varsity Basketball

ROBERT DOWLING
General Course

MAYBELLE EWING
Commercial Course
Glee Club

RALPH HAGMAN
General Course

ERMA HERRICK
Post Graduate Course

HELEN MATHEEFF
Commercial Course

STEPHEN NICHOLAS
General Course
LeCercle Francais

ANN POPOFF
Commercial Course

THELMA SCHUETT
Commercial Course

HELEN SHARRAR
Commercial Course

GRAHAM SMITH
General Course
Engineers, Hi-Y
Alchemist, Treas.
Altobee Art Club
Retina Board

VERNELL SULLINS
Industrial Arts Course

VIRGINIA WHEATON
Commercial Course
Periclean

PAULINE WHITCOMB
Commercial Course

HARRY WHITMER
General Course
Engineers
Varsity Football

Our Star

* * *

One night I wakened from a dream,
And saw a visionary light
Assume the shape of golden star
And suddenly take flight.
Again it came, and brightly shone;
It wavered once, and then was gone.

Our future like a star is beck'ning
It shines forever, burning bright.
Some may be seen as blazing comets;
Some as reflected light.
And yet they are an untold story,
These shining stars of wondrous glory.

Our years at Waite will clear the mists.
Her guidance gives us hope anew
Our star with greater brilliance shines
Our visions may come true.
Waite gave to us our heritage.
Her fame will live from age to age.

LUELLA HURREN.

Class History

I ENTERED our Senior studyroom one fine, spring day this last month with the intention of preparing my Latin lesson. Fortunately I had a seat by an open window which let in the gentle breezes and subdued twittering of sparrows. There I settled for an hour of intensive study on an assignment called a general review. The first declension! Yes, I knew that. Yawning, I leafed over about thirty pages and was soon upon the second declension. Again, to my satisfaction, I decided that it was needless to review this section, for who could ever forget such distinctive personal endings? The third declension; my head nodded, and nodded, and I was asleep.

In a few seconds I heard a faint rustling of leaves which grew louder and clearer until I finally was able to distinguish definite words. This weak-voiced orator was one of those huge dictionaries which had been brought down from 178. I listened eagerly.

"Do you remember the members of the Freshmen class in 1924?" it asked the Nelson Encyclopedia in its small, piping voice. "They were good friends of mine. To many, they seemed to be just an ordinary group, but to me they were of supreme interest. They little realized as they conscientiously pored over my pages how often I listened to their discussions about school affairs."

"Look at this," it demanded as its pages opened to a place where the word "co-operation" was heavily underlined. "That is one of the most essential things in high school and this class gave an admirable display of it, especially in its participation in the inter-class English parties and in its ardent support of football."

"They showed this quality of co-operation in working with their teachers also. I think they took to heart that speech of Senator Fess, which was made to them in their first year. He told them that 'At no time in the history of their country have young men and women of themselves than at present.' At least I judged they took it seriously from the commendable grades they received for twenty weeks' work and examinations at the end of their first semester."

"With their new term came the promise of a mass meeting every Tuesday morning for the purpose of stimulating school spirit and giving educational entertainment. These proved to be well worthwhile. One of the best of these programs was the presentation of violin music by Abram Ruvinsky. How they enjoyed that!

"The remainder of the year passed quickly. On March fourth, through the medium of the radio, Calvin Coolidge delivered his inaugural address to them as they sat assembled in assigned rooms. Soon another semester was over; examinations re-occurred; they were now ready to enjoy their first real summer vacation. From that time I lost track of them until I was brought up to this room, but my friend, Innocence, in that picture on the wall, may be able to tell you something about them. This demure maiden recently made a journey from 64 up to this place."

I turned my attention from the dictionary to this young lady in the painting on the

front wall as she said, "Yes, I heard them tell everything that happened in their Sophomore year. Like everyone else, students talk more of their pleasures than of their work and that is what I heard most about. One pleasant event of their Sophomore year was hearing Edgar Guest recite some of his cheerful poetry. As a delightful successor to this event came the second consecutive annual victory over Scott in which gallant Bartko was hero. That same week the team won city championship from Libbey.

"The year seemed to bring a whole series of pleasant events. Following this good fortune at athletics came a different type of pleasure, the presentation of historical movies by Yale University. For the small fee of five cents, early American history was vividly portrayed. Musical activities also played an important role. It was a real treat to them to hear the Oberlin Glee Club and the Toledo Symphony Orchestra."

"By the way, they were working hard that year, too. The Annual Board offered a free annual as a reward to students who obtained a page of advertisements for the year book. The whole scheme worked out well and as a result Lucile Reuthinger, Margaret Moorhead, and Laurel Morris won applause."

"Quite a change came that year also. As the class was nearing the end of the second semester, the students bade goodbye to their friendly Assembly Rooms and entered their Home Rooms. To tell the truth I knew little about them the next year, but it may be that some of these desks can tell you of their history."

Suddenly I was startled by a deep, wooden voice which declared in masculine tones that he was quite familiar with their work in their third year because of the chatter he had overheard. I noticed that it was the very desk on which Carleton Vobbe's initials were carved.

"The first step these youngsters took in their junior year was organization; they chose Gene Winchester, Lois Skilliter, Kathryn Emch, Robert Price, and Gilbert Bartko as their leaders. Football next claimed their attention and for the purpose of stimulating its support, some of the English classes presented clever mass meetings on Friday afternoons. A few members of this class took part in the entertainment. Days passed; Thanksgiving was upon them, they won. Of course, the biggest social event of every Junior year is the J-Hop. So it was in theirs.

"Several unusual events followed. Once they were assembled into the auditorium to be shown some of the mysteries of the telephone. At another time Sherwood Eddy spoke to them, leaving behind some splendid advice. The Student Council also did its bit. It planned the project for the Better Waite Week which was carried on in each Home Room to determine ten things Waite most needed.

"The year was drawing to its close. Late in April the class brought the Ohio Northern Band to Waite for a concert. The crowning event of their Junior year was the Mixer. As fate would have it, the day was May thirteenth, the admission thirteen cents, the dances numbered thirteen, and the favors were black cats. That is why it was successful. As evening precedes dawn, so these last events closed their junior year, and in ding so, introduced the dawn of their last year at Waite.

"Senior years have a characteristic way of almost flying; they are so brimful of joys,

inspirations, longings, and cares that it is beyond me, a humble, lowly, wooden seat to unfold such great moments. Instead, that faithful timepiece on the wall who looks on so vigilantly will reveal to you with pleasure some of the things the class of 1928 did in this last year."

For the first time I took notice of the clock, both hands of which pointed to exact midday. It spoke in a ticking, gossipy voice. "First, I suppose I really ought to reprimand these seniors for their lordly airs and over-supply of knowledge, but that is hard to do because I liked them in spite of it. They were a jolly, enterprising group. These seniors were the first Waite students to use the petition system of nominating candidates. By that method the class organized in a short time with Carlton Hissong as chief executive. The officers with the well-chosen committees have led the class successfully through the year.

"The seniors, with the other Waite students fought hard for athletic prestige. Some fought on the field while others did their bit in the bleachers. At last Thanksgiving Day arrived. Will anyone ever forget that they lacked but one point of making the score a tie? After the football season, the next important event was the Christmas party and class rings. To this day, I still remember the time they had in choosing a ring. Should it be number one or number eight? Within a few days, the seniors became even more shining lights in Waite, for they were now possessors of those precious circlets of gold and flashed their hands before the dazzled eyes of lower-classmen.

"As the new semester began, they were on the homeward stretch toward graduation; the clock announced as one of its black hands silently pointed to the half hour. "For a second time athletics reigned, with basketball as the leading sport."

Next in order came the Senior Prom which was the customary scene of gaiety and dancing. The rest of their social functions were but final moments of their high school days. To-night, at their Senior Banquet, they eagerly await that priceless book which shall in after years recall to them the memories of Waite. Soon these seniors will listen to a baccalaureate sermon, will frolic on the class day, and then will graduate."

The minute hand of the clock had now reached its hourly goal and as it did so I was recalled to consciousness by hearing Mr. Mathias decisively say, "Two hours penalty for those who nap in school hours." But how trivial is a penalty when through its cause I had re-lived my high school life! How full of pleasures those activities were and how resplendent with gleams of the light of the future.

As I awakened from my dream, I seemed to be awakening to a realization of all that we had received from Morrison R. Waite High School. Suddenly I realized, with a certain painful tightening of the heart, how many dear associations our school had for us, how the very walls and desks and clocks and books had become our friends in the four years we had spent there. I knew then that we would never forget Waite, but would keep the memories of our days alive by living up to her traditions and ideals through our life.

MARY PRINCE

Prophecy

IT WAS a beautiful June day in 1948 as I walked down Summit Street and into the new seventy-two story Valiquette & Wasserman Law Building. That morning, I had heard that the will of Genjalin Bump of Australia was to be read in the office of the famous lawyer, Grant Cooper. Having been well acquainted with Genjalins' cousin, Bimbo, when I attended Waite, I thought he surely ought to leave me something. Still thinking, I stepped into a skyrocket elevator, a new invention by George Evanoff for tall buildings and skyrocketed up to the sixty-third floor in about two seconds. There, the expert operator, informed me that I had reached my destination. Looking up I recognized him as Steven Juhasz.

"Why Steve!" I exclaimed, "I thought you were a Football Coach at Yale." "You bet," he answered, "but just now, business is slow and I crave excitement." "You'll get it," I thought. "Everytime I get into one of those Evanoff elevators I hold my breath for fear that it will shoot right through the roof and up to Mars."

In high hopes I walked into Coopers' law office just in time to hear the opening words of the will.

"I, Genjalin Bump, hereby divide all my property and possessions as follows:

My mansion to Earl Hunter. He must see that it is in good condition and always keep open house for my old friends at Waite.

My grounds and gardens to Merle Landis, who is to continue my special botanical research work and to provide for many outdoor festivities for the Class of 1928.

My gymnasium to Mary Louise Bowman and Margaret Robins that they may teach the world physical fitness.

My swimming pool to Gertrude Pryke whose duty it is to teach the newest popular strokes."

Grant, who had been doing the reading, paused and cleared his throat. Thinking that he had finished, I was starting to leave when the sound of someone pronouncing my name made me prick up my ears. Grant had resumed the reading.

"And last but not least, I leave $50,000 to Ruth Muench on the condition that she spend all of it within one week after the reading of this will for the purpose of looking up the class of 1928, and for helping out any of her classmates in the financial line."

"Hurray!" I thought, "this is what I've always wanted to do. Now's my chance." Grant told me that the money had been transferred to the new bank around the corner of which Gene Winchester was president and James Miller, vice-president. "You'd better hurry over there now," advised Grant, "the bank will close in about five minutes." I took the identification card he handed me with a hurried "Thank you" and proceeded to make a hasty exit. A bit too hasty perhaps for I almost knocked over Leslie Brown who was coming in with a huge armful of books. Oh yes, Les was now official bookkeeper for the lawyers of the building. I've always said it takes a big man to carry big books. There was no time to talk things over so after asking his pardon I again resumed my speedy journey to the bank.

Ah! just in time. The dignified looking bank detectives whom I recognized as George Young and William Brown were already making ready to lock the doors. Of course, seeing it was I, they allowed me to enter and I made my way to the teller's window where Gladys Bailey reigned. On seeing her, I asked if she knew what had become of Margaret Moorhead.

"Oh yes," she replied, "Marge is bank secretary here and Neva Corey is treasurer." "Goodness, how smart some people are." I thought. Then I told Gladys all about the will and my share in it, and she very obligingly handed me the $50,000 as though she were perfectly accustomed to handling such large sums of money. She seemed quite interested in my problem of looking up the rest of our class and after asking her opinion as to how the money should best be spent, she suggested, "Why don't you buy a new Reuthinger aeroplane? Calvin is making planes now that go 500 miles an hour. You could easily travel all over the world to visit some of the far away members of our class within a week's time."

That sounded good to me. I did feel a bit out of date driving around an almost extinct automobile with everyone else using aeroplanes for transportation. "That's a good suggestion," I said to Gladys, "and I'm going right around to Shames and Shamy's retail store to get one." In a few minutes I found myself in the subway going under the Maumee River to the East Side which was an important part of the downtown section and where I intended to go aeroplane shopping. On the way over I was reminded of the many times I used to walk across old Cherry Street Bridge which was now a thing of the past. Thanks to Genevieve Musson, who just hated to have her hair blown about as she trudged faithfully, twice a day across the bridge to school and back, we now had a sub. Genny merely argued with the city officials on that point until they were tired out. Then she completely defeated them by ending her argument in French. The next day the contract for a subway was given to the Bolbach and Bernhagen Engineering Company, who finished it in record time, while Mayor Hissong appointed Genevieve assistant arguer under Laura Taylor, the Chief.

A flash of light! Ah! I was out in the good old fresh air again and proceeded to drive across Front Street when a shrill whistle arrested me. I stopped and watched an irate traffic cop come toward me with a sinking heart.

"Say! young lady," he began in fierce tones, "what's the idea of going right through the stop signal. Do you want a ticket for— Well of all people, Ruth! Who'd a thought you'd be so dumb." In astonishment I looked up and recognized Carlton Hass as my accuser. Having regained my courage again, I retorted. "Well, you're not so smart. Just look at the traffic tie-up on your corner now!" Carlton could always take a little joke and as he went away laughing I continued to drive down the street until I reached the big store where our old friends James Shamy and Abe Shames were on the 16th floor which later turned out to be the roof. Martha Herman who seemed to be in charge of this department, approached with a beaming smile. "Anything you'd like to look at in planes?"

"Why yes, what kind have you and why are they on the roof?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied "we can demonstrate them to our customers by driving them out over the city a bit, and as for the kind of planes we carry, they are the Hockenbergers, Mahaffeys and Reuthingers." "Those names sound familiar. Don't they belong to Fred, Mary, and Calvin?" I ventured. "Exactly," answered Martha," and now you'll probably want to know the merits of each plane. Fred made a plane which is intended for local flights. Just a little family bus for a Sunday afternoon outing down to Florida or California. Mary's plane is just about the same, except that it is a lady's air car fully equipped with a mirror, vanity case, umbrella rack, and what-have-you."

"And how about Calvin's?" I queried. "Oh," Martha explained, "Reuthinger planes are really a secret invention on the part of Calvin. They are able to travel 500 to 700 miles per hour and can make 100 miles per gallon of gas. This plane is intended for long distance flights." "I'll take one," I decided, "how much is it?" "There's a sale on them today, only $20,000.89," said Martha modestly. "They're asking $20,001 for them at other stores."

"It's a good thing that I got that $50,000 to help me out," I thought as I wrote out the check for my purchase. "It's quite an extravagance, but it will do a world of good if I can travel all over to trace the lost nineteen-twenty-eighters." As an afterthought I added, "Where can I receive instructions for running this plane?"

"That's up to Calvin's sister, Lucile. She instructs all of our buyers," explained Martha. "Just a moment, I'll call her."

"Oh, Lucile, there's a job waiting for you!" she sang out. In a second Lucile herself appeared in a chic flying costume designed by Elsie Krob.

"Well, Hello stranger!" she laughed, "what's on your mind, do you want to take the air?"

"Good guess!" I answered. "Will you teach me to navigate about a bit? Just show me the throttle and the brakes and I'll probably be all right."

"Too bad, but all there is to the control system is a set of dials," explained Lucile. "The newest planes are run like the old-fashioned radios. Suppose we take a little ride so you can learn to drive. Now just give this plug a slight jerk."

I jerked, but not slightly enough for the plane shot up like a bullet and before I could

gather my wits we were at a tremendous height. Of course I didn't desire to visit the sun, so I quickly turned the first dial I saw. With a sickening lurch we started going backwards. Another turn and we were flying upside down.

"Say! how do you run this thing anyhow?" I shouted in distraction to Lucile who seemed to be enjoying my remarkable driving as a huge joke. It must be admitted that I felt rather foolish when she explained the perfectly simple plan of operation. To my wonder all that had to be done was to tune in on the desired direction and speed while the plane did the rest. I decided that I had done quite enough for that day. As I now understood the method of piloting my plane which I immediately named "Cal" after its inventor, I decided to drive home in my old-fashioned auto and let Lucile deliver "Cal" that evening. On the way home I stopped at Day's Delicatessen for a yard of Summers' Stylish Sausage and a dozen of Formans' Fashionable Friedcakes. Preparing a large supper did not strike my fancy; not if I wanted to take a good rest before setting out on my intended trip around the world the next morning. Adding to my purchases a quart of Popoffs' Potatoe Salad, I made for home; ate my little repast, read the funnies, enjoying most of all the comics by Graham Smith, Pat Higginbothan and Lois Robinson; then I hopped into bed. I might add that my bed was equipped with a Slumber Spring, the kind that sings a little lullaby instead of squeaking, a device which was perfected by Gordon Stoddard and Charles Willford. Their slogan was "Solid Comfort plus a Tune." I had always thought they followed that motto even in high school.

Bright and early the next morning I jumped into "Cal" and tuned in for Washington, D. C. An hour later I was walking past the Capitol Building. Who was that familiar figure walking down the Capitol steps with such a dignified air. I looked again and perceived that it was none other than the Speaker of the House himself, Senator Mauter. "Hello, Aloysius," I called. "What's the political news,"

"Oh, Hello," he answered, "what newspaper do you write for?"

"I'm not a reporter; I'm just rounding up our classmates and want to know if any have gone in for politics." I explained.

"Oh yes, I see now," he mused. "Well, William Basco and Merlin Berry are both senators; Rollo Heebsh is Secretary of State; Lois Best is Secretary of War; and Carleton Vobbe is going to run for president this fall.

"That's a fine report. Do you know of anyone else in town?" I queried.

"No, that's all in Washington," he told me. "You'd better try another place."

From Washington, I made for Atlantic City, where I witnessed a bathing beauty contest. Among the contestants I noticed Jean Shocker, Ruth Arduser, and Edith Farrel giving their sweetest smile to the judges who were none other than Francis Gummow, Stanley White and Max Ferrenberg. Poor fellows; how I did sympathize with them! I didn't wait to see the results for I was eager to hurry over the country. Not knowing where to go next, I decided to take a chance. Shutting my eyes, I gave the dial a slight turn and waited to see where I would land. After a short time, twenty minutes perhaps, "Cal" landed in the middle of Raymond Cairls' corn field. I remember, how that boy used to crave a farmer's life back in '28. Raymond came running up to see how much damage I had done to his corn in landing. On seeing me he just grinned and said, "Hello, birdie, I almost thought for a minute that I'd have to turn you over to the chief of police in the next town." "What is the next town," I inquired, "and who's constable?" "Oh, didn't you know," he asked in surprise, "why it's Drakeburg; founded by James Drake, and the chief of police is none other than Floyd Frost himself. Maybe you'd like to know that your old friend, Virginia Wheaton, is the mayor of Drakeburg and that Paul Crawford is the mayor's chauffeur." "Is that the same Drakeburg that is threatening New York City?" I queried. "The very same, answered Raymond, it's right in the center of New York State." Such luck! I would have just enough time to fly over to Drakeburg for lunch, I thought, glancing at my Marble watch, (not that it in any way resembled a marble, it received its name from Albert Marble) the famous nonstop watch maker. Soon I found myself in Draketown, and parked "Cal" in front of Unser's Cafeteria. Wondering whether Elizabeth Unser had gone into the terrifying task of pacifying hungry people I entered and found that I was right. Elizabeth was not in at the time, but I filled my tray and proceeded to find a table. Thank goodness, I wouldn't have to eat alone, there was Golda Cowie at a table all by

herself. We talked about everything under the sun, but, she would not tell me her present occupation. "You'll find out soon enough, don't worry," she smiled, as we parted outside of the cafeteria. Puzzled, I returned to my plane to find a yellow tag attached for parking overtime. About a block away, a whistling cop who very closely resembled Steven Banyas strolled innocently down the street. The ticket stated that I was to appear at court within twenty-four hours. Not exactly relishing the idea, I nevertheless decided to have it over with as soon as possible and went to the designated court immediately. "Hello, you here so soon?" I heard a strangely familiar voice addressing me. Following the sound, imagine my surprise in discovering that Goldie Cowie, from her position at the Judge's bench had spoken. She continued, "I'll excuse your offense this time, but suppose you stay a while and see how we hold court." Gladly, I consented, and seated myself beside her as she requested.

"Here comes the next case now. We'll make short work of it," Golda laughed, as I saw Harold Myers and Lloyd Huntsman, preceded by their respective lawyers, George Hemminger and Forest Kroetz, enter. Behind them, came William Knoblauch limping along with a sour expression on his face.

"How do you do, folks, what's on your mind?" asked Judge Cowie informally. Then there was a clamor; with everyone trying to talk at once. The situation was relieved when the floor was given to George Hemminger, representing Harold Myers. As he told the story, I concluded that Harold was a medical doctor and Lloyd Huntsman, a chiropractor. Quite a while ago they had decided to use their respective talent on a patient who had the gout. Whichever one cured the patient was to receive $500 from the other doctor. As it was, no decision could be formed as to who cured the patient. "Who'se the patient?" inquired Golda. William Knoblauch rose, saying, "I'm the patient. Neither of those two doctors cured me. I bought myself some of Elizabeth Clarks' Gout Getter and that helped it, only it's in the other foot now." "We'll give the jury two minutes to decide the case," announced Judge Cowie. From the jury box filed Anna Rossi, Evelyn Shock, Alice Church, and Walter Vye. Walter, as foreman of the jury rose after two minutes and said, "We, the jury think that the case is not ready for decision since the patient is not cured. "Goodbye $500," lamented Drs. Myers and Huntsman. How can we carry on our practice without funds." Slipping some bills into her hand, I told Golda about Genjalin Bump and she in turn, gave each of the doctors $500 and $25 to the patient to buy some more "Gout Getter" saying it was the decision of the court. She dismissed the case and asked the court stenographer, Ethel Pappajohn to file the case. I hadn't seen her before for her desk happened to be behind a pillar where she had been tapping away busily on a Silcox silent typewriter.

"That's all for to-day," said Golda. "This court is run by appointments and there are no other cases listed for to-day." "Well, in that case, I may as well hop off this continent and extend my search. Where's a good place to go to see my classmates?" I asked. "Why not fly to Paris?" she suggested. "It's still as popular as it was in Lindy's day." "Thanks for the suggestion," I called back to her as I found myself once more whizzing through the the air.

All was well until I was about four hundred miles away from the mainland. Then to my horror, the engine started to sputter and miss. Heavens! What was wrong? Then it dawned on me. Thoughtlessly I had forgotten to buy gas before I started on my Trans-atlantic Hop. There wasn't much time to think about it now, however, with "Cal" acting like a bucking broncho. Frantically I looked about for land but I might as well have looked for a palm tree at the north pole for all the good it brought me. "Guess I'll have to swim back," I thought ruefully or maybe one of those beckoning sharks will give me a ride. My reflections were suddenly cut off by a loud roaring. "Hello," called a voice, "what's the matter, want me to tow you in?" An aeroplane was flying along beside me and a much behelmeted, begoggled pilot had addressed me. I called back, "I'm out of gas." My rescurer tossed me a rope which I quickly tied to my plane and then to my alarm, walked calmy from the leading plane to mine on the rope. I was now more terrified than before with no one to guide the plane ahead. The pilot was now tranquilly stepping into my plane and surely I must have looked like a scared rabbit just then for my visitor laughed, saying, "Oh Ruth, shame on you; don't you even know me anymore? Here, I'll

take off my goggles and helmet. It's not quite as windy in here." I stared in unbelief. "Alma Meyers, an air pilot! Where did you ever get so much nerve to walk over on that rope? Will your plane run all right without you guiding it? Where are we going?" I shot at her. "Just a minute, one at a time, Reddy," she laughed. "You know, I'm a dare devil pilot along the coast, and the funds go to the orphans' home; and don't worry about my plane. It works just like yours with a radio dial. Answering your last question, I was going down to the Bermudas to visit my sister Erma and I've decided to take you along with me. You can fill your tank down there." We talked on and on about various subjects. I found out that Mildred Lark was a lion tamer with Carl Voegeli's Circus and that Edith Alcock, Dorothy Doan, and Ruth Catchpole had taken up the art of baking chocolate cake in Florida. Harry Whitmer had just returned from the wild and wooly West, disgusted because he coundn't find any Indians, and to make him feel better, George Zillien, Robert Luzius, and George Wilson had started a Wild West show. Before we realized it we had landed at St. George, a picturesque harbor town which was at one time the capitol of the Islands. Since the island was composed almost entirely of rock, all that had to be done was to go into the backyard, cut out enough sandstone for a house and set it up. That's why I noticed such long faces on Lawrence Whechtel and Carl Bowman who were sitting moodily on the pier, for they told me they were contractors out of work since the natives desired to fashion their own homes. Later on however, they announced brightly that they were going to Brazil to build a mansion for the newly rich coffee grower, Iva Lehman. She surely wouldn't want to live in just an ordinary mansion now since Ella Daubner had drawn for her that striking plan for a beautiful ultra modern villa. We left them waiting for the next boat to South America and proceeded to pay a visit to Erma Meyers. "Smell those cherry pies," said Alma, as we came to a stop in front of a creamy sandstone bungalow. "That's where Erma lives; I can tell by the smell of her pies." It certainly did smell appetizing. Leaving our planes across the street at a service garage, which I noticed was run by Freda Johns, we mounted the steps of that attractive little home and were greeted at the door by Erma herself who was clad in a dainty Skilliter House Frock which had been inspired by Lois Skilliter, the movie actress. Of course Irma first of all introduced me to her dear little girl who told me that she was going to attend Helen Jane Routson's private kindergarten in the fall. Then she gave us some of her famous cherry pie which she claimed was made according to the recipe used by George Washington's mother when he chopped down the tree with his little hatchet. I asked Erma what made her pie so delicious and she told me very confidentially that she used Violet Carr's special process flour and Florence Long's shortening; she put it in a Richard Smith pie tin and baked it in a Blackmer Oven which was lit with an automatic Bassett lighter. I don't know just how she ever got the combination but it surely brought results

As it was getting dark, I decided to accept Erma's invitation to take dinner and to spend the night with her and Alma instead of trying to resume my journey. The table was covered with a beautiful Irish linen cloth which had been sent to Erma by Jeannette Higgins. As I understood, Jeannette had the monopoly on the linen industry in Ireland. One thing that drew my attention was her set of dishes. They were actually self-washing and drying. Erma demonstrated them to me after dinner by just stacking them up in the kitchen and leaving them stand while we listened to a fine program on a Tyll Radio. "Tom Haydock's orchestra and the "Twinkler—Twins" Donald and Dorothy MacVay were the main features of the program. When we returned to the kitchen, lo and behold! the dishes were stacked up, just as we had left them but they were now as bright and shiny as though they had been washed and polished with the utmost care. "Goodness," I exclaimed, "This looks pretty spooky to me."

"Nothing spooky about it," answered Erma, "Haven't you ever heard of Meister's magic dishes? You remember how William just abhorred washing dishes until he finally invented the self-washing kind." I made a mental note to buy myself a set of those dishes some day.

Early the next morning I was awakened by a Pelton Alarm Clock, and was almost tempted to throw a Beckett Brick at it because I couldn't find the thing-a-ma-jig to shut it off, but on second thought I decided to get up. After a savory breakfast, in which was included some of Hire's Cereal, I made ready for the next hop of my flight. In crossing

the street to get my plane at the service station I was almost scared out of a half a year's growth when someone just beside me cried, "Onions! Onions! Genuine Bermuda Onions! Only 24c a bushel!" I turned and saw Richard Bloom pushing along a huge onion cart with one hand and eating a fragrant Bermuda with the other. Asking him how he ever came to choose this as his occupation, he answered, grinning, "Oh, onions have such a strong appeal, you see, but I have a good method of preventing the natives from being entirely overcome. My partner always follows with some neutralizing agent." I looked and saw Al Schindler approaching with a cart identical to Dick's but laden with flowers instead of onions. At that, they continued on their way good-naturedly, while I went to the service station, had Mildred Andrews fill my tank with Dalton Gas, and bid goodbye to Bermuda turning the dial for Paris, or what I believed to be Paris. For a long time I saw nothing but a vast expanse of water and waves which reminded me of Richard Ricard's Water Waving Parlor for men only, back home. It grew dark and now I did become a bit alarmed for I foolishly had forgotten to take along something to eat. I firmly resolved to always carry some of Bernard Wozniak's concentrated Food Pills. At any rate, I didn't need any of Lola Gregersen's Sleeping Powders, for I soon fell asleep to the monotonous hum of the motor and when I awoke with the rising of the sun, trusty "Cal" was preparing to make a landing. Down below, I saw a group of islands, but the one toward which we were heading especially attracted my attention. By some means or other, it had been made to resemble a huge sandwich and even the houses, as I noticed on approaching were built to resemble sandwiches of every kind. "Why, that must be Sandwich Island!" I exclaimed, and indeed it was. Upon landing at this famous tourist stop-over I found myself surrounded by Sandwich Shops of all sizes and dimensions. One, of a very quaint architecture, attracted me more than the others, and being almost famished, I entered quickly. I found that Maxine Ogle and Helen Kitson, the proprietors, adored making sandwiches. Their shop was said to be the best on the island and after sampling some of their wares (pretty big samples, at that!) I was under the impression that it was the best in the world.

Just for fun, I offered Max and Helen some of the money which had been assigned for me to spend on my former classmates. "Oh," chirped in Helen, "we wouldn't refuse anything like that. How much could you spare?"

"Are you serious?" I asked, thinking that their business was fairly prosperous. "Could you really use some capital?"

"Use it!" exclaimed Max, "Well, I should say! We're in desperate need of one of those Osterman and Rieley Sandwich Automatics which is capable of turning out 355 sandwiches per minute, for our trade is becoming too big for us to handle. Theone Marti, a friend of mine, could get us one cheap, for only $9,000 because she is assistant manager of the McKinley, Roberts & Burdette Corporation which handles this machine; they need the business, too."

"All right, you'll get it if you'll tell me truly what became of the Price brothers. According to what I've heard, they're doing everything from selling shoes to making powder puffs."

"I'd have told you anyhow," laughed Max, "just before you came, Harold Meyers delivered a cablegram announcing the success with which Bob had met at his first public banjo concert. Playing on a Greenburg Banjo, he presented a novelty number, the Joint Symphony composed by Martha Burket, Wilma Bruggeman and Mary Prince. The harmony was remarkable, having been worked out by Dorothy Flatt, and of course this number, along with "Why must I be a Bachelor" by Ross Scott, made the concert such a success that Bob's brother, Bill, was busy for the next twenty-four hours counting up the money which was taken in." "I have some good news, too," added Helen. "Do you remember Philip Ball? He now holds the title for being the World's Tennis Champion. Mellen Bitter, representing all the Chamber of Commerce, presented him with a silver tennis racquet and Elinor Hennan, Dorothy Hygon, and Maxine Floyd awarded him the trophy in the name of the Fair Ladies of the world. Now, isn't that just perfect?"

"More than that," I answered, looking out into the street, where I noticed for the first time that although it was perfectly smooth, it appeared to have the texture of a toasted sandwich. "How are these streets made and by whom?" I queried.

"Oh," said Max, "the effect is obtained by using equal parts of Brockseker's ready-to-pour concrete and Rosene's Magic Preparation. This kind of street is to be found only in the Sandwich Islands, and is constructed by Ruppel and Klotz, Paving Contractors."

For a fact, the street looked almost good enough to eat, but woe unto him who should choose to take a bite out of the pavement! Probably that was why (as I discovered later) Zora Powlesland had become a dentist on the island. Zora of all persons, who wouldn't have had the heart to swat a fly when she attended Waite. It was, however, quite by accident that I discovered her occupation. Helen and Maxine had offered to show me a bit of the town, and as we rambled slowly along Hamencheese Avenue, we soon came to a queer, tooth-shaped building.

"Here's where Dr. Powlesland wields her art." Helen remarked, and straightway we proceeded to call on Zora. The entrance to the building was made to represent a cavity in the tooth which led up a flight of steep stairs. "Why, oh why, must all dentist's offices always be approached by such a breath-taking flight of stairs," I pondered as we ascended, but that seemed to be a question which only a dentist himself can answer. It might be that he wants the patient so out of breath that he cannot talk back when he suggests pulling a dozen or so of teeth. At the top, we came to a door upon which he read the words Dr. Z. Powlesland—Absolutely Painless Dentist, and entered, only to hear a series of very painful groans which issued from the chamber beyond. We were in a comfortable waiting room, furnished with immense Kempthorne Komphy Chairs, the kind that sink to such an extent that it requires a great deal of effort to get out of them again. This was undoubtedly done to keep the patients from leaving before their turn. Each of us took possession of a chair and a magazine which is always present in a dentist's office, and proceeded to wait until the doctor had finished with her groaning patient. Looking through my magazine, I came upon an article by Florencetta Wilson, entitled, "The Easy Road to Beauty." Quoting from her article: "To keep the skin smooth and white, I always use 'Marie Doyles' Facial Cream. Mollie Field's Tooth Paste keeps my teeth like pearls and to keep my eyes healthy and clear, I find that a few drops of Josephine Haddad's Eye Life is beneficial. Of course, to be really attractive, it is essential to keep your hair glossy and neat. For those with light or auburn tresses I highly recommend Mildred Waite's shampoo, and for those with dark hair, Bulah Geha's Preparation is the best on the market. Another important duty is to keep the hands and finger nails looking as they should. By applying some of Laurel Morris' Hand Lotion after washing my hands, and by using Elinor Heath's Liquid Nail Polish which actually stays on six weeks, my hands are always in the finest condition."

There was quite a bit more to the article but at this point the door opened and the nurse, whom I recognized as Anna Tiedjen, came out and told us we were next. As soon as she recognized us, however, she laughed and changed her business-like manner.

"Who was the patient who did all the moaning?" we all asked. "His yell sounded strangely familiar."

"It ought to be," responded Anna, "here he comes now." Out of the dentist's office, came LeRoy Schultz, grinning for all he was worth, though why he should grin,we could not understand.

"Well, LeRoy," chided Maxine in fun, "you don't look so much hurt that you had to moan and yell as you did about having a tooth pulled."

"Your error," he retorted, laughing, "I didn't have my tooth pulled. I only came here to develop that wonderful yelling voice that I acquired as cheerleader at Waite, for you see this is the only place where I can exercise my lungs without having the entire police force at my heels. Isn't that the truth?" This last was addressed to Dr. Powlesland herself who had appeared in the doorway to see what all the commotion was about. It must have been an hour or so before we again found ourselves walking down the street; there was so much to talk about. At length Helen said, "I just thought of someone else here that you'd like to see."

"Who?" I asked.

"Follow me and you'll soon find out," she said in that tantalizing way of hers. "But I'll give you just one hint. She is highly renowned as a seeress and is known to the world as Madame Sistomine.

That hint only made the mystery more profound, but as we stopped before a large, beautiful mansion I felt that I would soon discover who Madame Sistomine was. As the door, we were met by an imposing yet gracious butler, Floyd Odeneal. We were ushered through spacious marble halls into a gorgeous room hung with rich velvet tapestries that fell in heavy folds upon a deep sable rug.

Naturally, I expected Madame Sistomine to be dressed in the long flowing robes of a seeress, and had her pictured in my mind as a mysterious personage with deep-set, magnetic dark eyes. I was right about the dark eyes only, for when Madame Sistomine entered I saw that she was none other than my old friend Carmen Emch, and furthermore, she was dressed in a modern and up to date sports outfit. She invited us to stay for tea, which was wheeled in on a Textor Tea Wagon by Laura Zraik.

"I never knew," I said at length, "that you could tell fortunes; by the way, why do you call yourself Madame Sistomine?"

"Just for the novelty of it," answered Carmen, "and as for fortune telling, I'll solve the mystery for you." So saying she drew aside one of the heavy draperies and pulled out a queer looking instrument, which was a cross between a crystal ball and a radio. "This," she continued, "is what tells the fortunes and also shows you what is going on at another part of the world."

"Sounds good," I said, "Can you tell where I am going next?"

"Certainly," she answered, "I see by this crystal that you will spend the night in Tokio. I also perceive that you have been aiming to get to Paris ever since you set out on your journey but you seem to be getting farther and farther away from it. It is destined that Paris shall be your last stop, and there you will meet with an exciting adventure. And now I will demonstrate the other good feature of this instrument, that of taking you to a place which you cannot very easily visit with your plane."

"Looking into the crystal ball, I could see a giant steamer plowing her way through some ocean, yet which one I didn't know until I noticed that at the bottom of the picture were the words, 'The Rover on her way to England.' Peering closer the boat seemed to grow larger until I could see the passengers and the crew plainly. Proudly decked out in his uniform was Gilbert Bartko the captain, and among the crew, I saw that Dwight Beebe, Charles Denman, and Nelson Duvendack were deck stewards; Robert Dowling was purser; William Johnson and Earl Rudolph enjoyed life as first and second mates while, in the kitchen, whence savory odors must have been coming, presided John Petro as Chef de Cuisine. Among the many well-to do passengers were Dorothy Ewing, Anna Greab, and Carolyn Farrell who seemed to be enjoying themselves in Klingbeil Steamer Chairs with Goodrich robes over them. The scene shifted to the ball-room of the ship. Robert Cook's Orchestra was playing Bartlets' Touchdown Stomp as I could tell by the struggles of Harlan Diehr and Ellsworth Stowell with their instruments. As a novelty number, Rosemary Bird was favoring the group with a special step of her own invention. The ship's chaplain, Robert Goorley, looked a bit shocked for a moment until he tried the step himself, then he couldn't be stopped until the ship gave a lurch and he landed unceremoniously in Elizabeth Balaz's lap. Here the picture faded out and I saw the message "Tokio is calling you." If the radio-crystal ball intended that I should spend the night in Tokio, I thought that I'd better hustle, and hustle I did as I hurried back to the Sandwich Shoppe with Maxine and Helen where I hopped into "Cal", filled the tank at Kathryn Terpany's Gas and Lubrication Shoppe, and flew off.

I arrived at Tokio about ten o'clock that night, and found my way to the nearest hotel. A big Halloran Electric Sign told me that the hotel belonged to Lucille Borchardt. My luck seemed to be increasing for there were quite a few of my friends in the lobby. With a Sherhock Holmes expression on her face, Myrtle Davis played the role of house detective perfectly and not to be outdone, Mary Wilkins made a fine clerk. Contrary to custom, the bell-hops were girls, being called belle-hoppes as might be expected. Among them, Alice Dominique, Ilo Palmer, and Rose Ferris were from Waite. They could hop too in their typically oriental costumes.

The hotel itself had been built in true Japanese style by the Kasprzak and Kaliski Art Construction Company and the lobby was decorated with Laberdy Silk drapes upon which immense Japanese birds had been painted by the famous artist, Grace Babcock.

As I was quite sleepy, I went to my room, but found it almost impossible for me to go to sleep before looking at all the beautiful furnishings. The color scheme had been cleverly worked out by Helen Bruggemeir, who had taken up interior decorating, as Ethel Southworth, the chamber maid, informed me.

Finally, however, I did finish looking at everything including the Linsenmayer Windows, which were unbreakable; the Crane Plumbing Fixtures; the Pankratz Door Knobs; and even the Geraldine Frantz Oriental Soap, then I went to sleep. About three o'clock in the morning, I was rudely awakened from my peaceful slumber by a frightful thumping and slamming of goodness knows what. Fearing the worst, that another Japanese earthquake had been let loose, I groped about for the light, but it was unnecessary, for it was a Fetzer Mind-Reading Lamp which turned itself on whenever anyone wished it. I must have wished pretty hard, for it did turn itself on, but still the racket persisted; only how it seemed to come from the room adjoining. Putting my ear to the wall, I could hear someone moving about in the next room, sounding for all the world as though he were practicing the old-fashioned Charleston that we used to do when we went to school. "Well," I decided, "if my next door neighbor can pound on the wall, I surely can," and rapping, not too lightly, I called out, "What's wrong? Want any assistance?" To my surprise, a voice answered, "I certainly do; come on over, Ruth."

"Now, how does my neighbor know who I am?" I pondered, as I made my way to the next room and entered. There, just as mischievious as ever, was Dorothy Miller, clad in a Japanese kimono about six sizes too large for her, throwing a queer looking object in the direction of a wildly buzzing insect of some sort.

"Lo, Rufus," she called as I entered, "help me catch this bug. It looks like a fly but it must be one of those Chinese Dragons in disguise the way it pesters me. And to think, just yesterday I got myself one of those Nicholas Sure-Aim fly swatters and I can't hit a thing with it." With one final effort, she again threw the swatter (this was the kind that had to be thrown) and this time, it sailed out through the open window, the fly following to see what became of it. "Well, that's that," sighed Dorothy shutting the window. "Let's talk awhile now; you'll probably want to know how I found out that you were here. I saw your name on the register last night when I came in, and I'd have come right over but for the fact that you were sleeping so soundly, and I wouldn't wake you for anything," she finished angelically.

"Why are you wearing such a large kimono?" I ventured at length.

"I'm glad you asked me, don't you think it's pretty? You see, Alice Diefenthaler makes them, and I like this one so well that I didn't want to wait until she could make one in my size. Anyway, I might grow to fit it some day."

"Let's hope not," I answered, "or you'll surely have to make use of Wolf's Reducing Tablets.

"Oh well, I wouldn't care; they've got lots and lots of Szabo Sugar wrapped 'round 'em," retorted Dorothy. "By the way," she continued, "can you go to the Athletic Meet with me tomorrow afternoon, I mean this afternoon," looking at her Pickett watch and seeing that it was four o'clock in the morning.

"Sure thing," I agreed, "do you know who's taking part?"

"Not yet," she answered, "that's why I'm going."

That afternoon, after a delicious typically Japanese luncheon at Alice Prather's Sun Yang Restaurant, we found our places in a huge modern stadium. I noticed that not only Japanese athletes were taking part in the sports, but also many others representing all the nations of the world. There was a fine wrestling match in which Floyd Siewert was was the triumphant victor and quite an exciting race in which George Wirwahn and Norman Witherell ended in a tie, leading the others by a nose. That's what we should term close scoring. There were plenty of strong men to go through their paces, and again, our own once-upon-a-time Waiters, Kenneth Hawk, Robert Morey and Arthur Morse claimed the prize. As a closing feature, Wade Apthorpe and Joseph Arrigo fought a mock duel with wooden swords which Frederick Bollin as referee gave them. Both purposely lost by breaking each other's swords, and in that way made the downhearted losers of the other sports feel better.

The next morning, on Dorothy's suggestion, I left for Manila in the Philippines and

on arriving there, I was met by the Governor, Lisle Ayers. He showed me a part of the national guard which was stationed there at the time and to my surprise, the soldiers were all girls. "You see," Governor Ayers explained, "we find that it is more advisable to use girls in our army because they have more tact and use their tongues in place of bullets."

Looking very natty in their modern Matheeff uniforms, were Elizabeth Kiss, Margaret Kohut, and Luella Hurren of the infantry and in the cavalry, galloping wildly about on their mechanical horses (the other kind had long since found their way to Haase and Way's Glue Factory) I saw Virginia Doyle, Verna Freeman, and Ruth and Dorothy Davis.

Knowing that Manila was famous for the Manila Hemp of which we see so much, I asked to see the factory where it was made.

"We don't call it a factory anymore," said Lisle, "it's known as the Hemp House now, and all the work is done by Morril machinery."

"Where is it?" I asked him.

"Right in front of you," was the surprising answer, for there was no building or anything resembling one before me. Lisle laughed at my perplexed expression, pushed a button that was on the sidewalk, and lo and behold, one of the blocks had shifted, disclosing an elaborate and well-lighted staircase leading down to the Hemp House, for although it bore that name, it was not a house at all, it was a subterranean structure. The reason for this as I learned later was to save ground and was done on the counsel of Paul Busdicker who held the title of General Advisor. At the bottom of the staircase I saw Violet Veh supervising a part of the work of dyeing the hemp with Steinmiller Dyes. It was fashionable for everything, from Leavitt Matches to Uglic Skillets, to be colored a baby blue or pink, and so it was with the hemp from which not only rope was made but also hats, shoes, and various other articles. At the very front of the Hemp House was a little shop where the finished products were sold, and it was in there that I saw Colette Langenderfer in charge. After we had talked a while she showed me a valise made entirely out of hemp. "This," she said, "is something entirely new, guaranteed not to warp, tear, or even wear out; all for the astonishing low sum of two cents."

I don't know yet whether Colette's perfect salesmanship or the perfect price sold the valise; at any rate, I had it when I again winged my way to the African Jungles. I surely expected a sweltering climate when I reached the place; in fact, I had even purchased a few tablets which were guaranteed by their maker, Jack Kenney, to make the individual entirely unconscious of the temperature. You can imagine that I was just a bit surprised to find a mild and perfect climate. While musing about this as I stood on the edge of a Belgian Congo Jungle, I was rudely jarred by an explosion about fifty yards from me. "What could have caused it?" I wondered as I hurried to the place where the clouds of smoke were the heaviest. Because of a pile of brush, I couldn't see anything until I was directly upon the scene. Approaching, I heard voices, "Send up another shot of that Heilman Water and add a pinch of Schnabel's coal compound this time."

Mystified, I came nearer and through the smoky atmosphere, I discerned the features of Bob Schnell, talking to Paul Steadman and Robert Johnston.

"Hello, what are you doing?" I called out to them.

They whizzed around in a manner which betrayed the fact that they were discussing some secret matter. Then they saw me. "Oh, it's only you," they breathed in relief. Well, we'll let you in on the secret," continued Paul Steadman, "we're experimenting on a device which will correct the most undesirable climate and it seems to work. The only thing that's wrong is that we can't put it on the market or duplicate it because we're financially embarrassed at this time.

"He means, we're just plain broke," cut in Robert Johnson, "and that our invention isn't worth a snap without any capital to back it."

"Does it work?" I asked him.

"It certainly does. That's why you find the climate so pleasant now; we've just lowered the temperature from 125 to 78 . That's proof enough that it's working."

"All right then; here's something that was willed to you by Genjalin Bump a few days ago," and with that I gave him ten thousand dollars which were a part of what was assigned to me to spend on my trip. "Now," I thought in relief, "we can have canary birds up in Iceland and polar bears on the equator if it pleases us."

At that moment, a loud bell clanged, and all three of the enthusiastic inventors shouted, "There goes the dinner bell; come along and catch it before it's gone!"

I followed them to a sort of travelling lunch room; a Ringer Roller, I believe it was called not only because it rang and rolled but also because it was Elsie Ringer's own idea. Elsie herself wasn't on her Roller, but Russel Schroder, with a grin from ear to ear had charge of that. With deft movements he filled our Tait Non-Breakable Plates with a generous helping of Fehlberg's Chili and Wade's Spaghetti. Our lunch terminated with a dish of Heilman's Ice Cream and a cup of Round's Bevo-Kof, a beverage much better than coffee and as harmless as milk. From Russel, I learned I could find a few of my friends at a distance of three miles from there.

"That's easy," I assured him, "I'll just hop down there in my little plane."

"You'd better not try it," he warned, "there's no place to land, and any way I've got something with me that you can borrow if you want to go. It's called a Sullins Jungle Creeper and has a hood which is supposed to protect the passenger from tigers, lions, leopards or what have you." With that he opened a compartment of his Ringer Roller and took out the Creeper which was in reality a combination minature army tank and automobile with the top heavily armored. Really, I would like to meet the lion that could break through such a protection.

In a short time, having left "Cal" all alone at the edge of the heavy jungle, I wormed my way through the tangled underbrush. Such an army of bugs you never did see; I was certainly thankful for the bottle of Rudolph's Bug Killer which I found in the Jungle Creeper. In the darkest spot of the jungle, a terrific roar almost made me jump out of my perfectly good Romer Shoes and the next moment a huge lion leaped on the top of the armored hood. I was scared stiff, no prevaricating either, for nothing in the world is more distressing than to have a growling, clawing lion on top of one, even if a strong wall or armor separates him from a desired meal. While I was wondering what to do, a loud bang sounded and the object of my worries keeled over.

"Come on out, you fraidy cat!" challenged a brave voice.

Well, as long as anyone else had the courage to be out, I left the protecting shelter of my vehicle and came face to face with Laura McEvoy holding a smoking gun in her hand.

"Where did you learn to shoot so straight and what are you doing here?" I asked in astonishment.

"Well," answered Laura thoughtfully, "I've a combination of all sorts of jobs; chiefly that of being editor of the *New York Sun*. I'm planning on running a feature story in my newspaper and I'm out interviewing the wild animals for material.

"And where do you live?" I queried further.

"Look up and you'll see," she said.

I did, and saw a house built in the trees, not at all a ramshackle affair. At my further questioning she continued, "Pretty nice villa up there, isn't it. It's a Nopper Folding Shack and it really folds too without pinching ones poor little fingers. Come upstairs with me and I'll show you around."

She led the way up a Page Ladder, and although I didn't expect to see anything very crude, I was astonished to see the tree dwelling furnished like a real home. A comfy Nelms Davenport crossed one corner of the tiny room and even a cozy Whitcomb Fireplace had been added. On the mantle piece were several bronze figures cast by Harold Dertz and in the center, a wax figure of the Prince of Wales, made by the wax-caricaturist Glen Dickerson, held the place of honor. What did Laura ever see in the Prince anyhow? It should be mentioned that the floor was covered with so called trophies of the chase, that is, the pelts of the victims of her Falor Rifle.

"How can you stand to stay here alone?" I asked at length, but before she could answer, a bevy of my old friends came clambering up the ladder, fresh from the hunt. In all there were six: Catherine Davis, Thelma Link, Ruth Lohfink, Noelle Baur, Edith Johnstone and Elfreda Heltebrake. All were skilled in the arts of the chase and in between times they acted as missionaries to several of the animals who were too wild for their age.

"Goodness, where do you all sleep?" I asked again. Questions were coming fast and furious into my brain since I had entered this queer house.

From a seemingly bare wall, several Buzza Disappearing Berths were pulled out in answer to my last question. It seemed that the walls held an endless number of household articles, too. The Brindley Vacuum Cleaner and the Bossert Broom, had a little niche in the wall as well as the Kester Kitchen Kabinet with its store of imperishable groceries which had been treated with Coon Chemicals.

"Whee!" exclaimed Laura, sliding across the Lovell Linoleum, "the bunch brought home a Snyderkinney, now we can have a banquet!"

"A Snyder-which?" I echoed vaguely.

"A Snyderkinney, " Laura repeated. "It's a plant which was discovered here in Africa by Kenneth Snyder and Robert Kinney, explorers, two years ago. It beats anything on the market and it's big enough to feed a company of twenty for a week. See, here it is." She held out a sort of vegetable, not any larger than a Kecsmar Kookie, and at my perplexed look explained, "All that has to be done is to slice it into a pan with a Stephenson Knife which alone does not affect its proprieties and it continues to grow to make up for all that has been cut off, and until the strength is exhausted. Fine discovery isn't it?"

I agreed with her on that point, especially after I had sampled a morsel which rivaled all the good items of a Thanksgiving or a Christmas dinner.

Before I left, I was shown several pictures which had been taken by the Brazeau Sisters at their Studio in Boston of various classmates of mine. There was Lillian Weber as a dancer, Lisle Milne and Helen Benton as concert violinists, and Marguerite Ricard as a quick change artist.

Since my time was so limited, I found it necessary to leave and to see how "Cal" was getting along all alone at the edge of the jungle. My return trip in the Jungle Creeper was uneventful and returning my borrowed means of transportation I decided to fly over the Nile River which lay to the north. If it hadn't been for two solitary figures which I saw from the plane, sitting on the banks of the Nile just below Cairo, I probably wouldn't have landed, but curiosity ruled. The figures turned out to be Reese Chapman and Milton Borchers. They solemnly informed me that they were fishing for crocodiles to send to the Thayer Leather Works and I really had to believe them when they pulled up a crocodile even though it was with an ordinary looking fishing rod. For I knew they were using a Hauser outfit which was unlimited in strength, and they explained that they had acquired their own muscular strength through the faithful use of Sequin's Tone-Upper.

"By the way" said Reese, "what kind of fuel are you using for your plane?"

"Gas," I promptly replied.

"Gas isn't any good," was his abrupt answer. "It's too expensive and doesn't last long enough. Why don't you use Elephant Feathers?"

"Why I never heard of such a thing!" I answered. "The only thing it sounds like is Horse Feathers which Barney Google used to grow hair where it wasn't."

"And so it is with Elephant Feathers," he replied. "They grow gas where gas isn't. Here I'll give you some, but don't lose them, they're very precious and were given to me by Reba Salter who discovered them."

The funny thing about his statement was that it was true; the Elephant Feathers actually did grow gas when I put them into my tank.

Thinking I had seen enough of Africa I made for Venice, Italy, the city of romance; but ah, when I arrived, I saw that that old historical city had become very, very modern. Undaunted by the streets of water, the people had found it possible to use hydroplanes and swift motorboats for speedy transportation. I surely sympathized with Raymond Bigley who was stationed on a floating island on one of the watery intersections, acting as traffic cop, and also with Cathryne Hesse who had her traffic director's station up in the air for the hydroplanes. Yet, for all that, through the efforts of the Beauty Spot Commissioner, Edna Rieman, one long boulevard through the center of Venice was kept free from modernism. Graceful Hornczi Gondolas were being rowed slowly about by the attractively costumed gondoliers, Charles Dwight and Lewis Dexter, and from the Venetian balcony above Harriet Mudwiler and Beatrice Rippey sat throwing roses down upon the water and watching them float away. I wondered where they had obtained them but all they would tell me was that they came from Verleah Tabbert's Flower Shoppe. In Venice flowers never became withered. Whenever they showed signs of drooping they were

immediately sent to Phyllis Frank's Posy Hospital where they were treated according to the Stoner Method of Rejuvenation.

A little later I was astonished to see George Bauman walking along on top of the water. "How do you do it?" I asked.

"I just came from Wilma Millers Bootery where I bought myself a pair of Anthony Balogh's Water Shoes. They can't sink but if I'm not careful I might tip over," he answered and immediately afterward he did lose his balance; he was completely submerged except for his shoes. A long Collins' Hook was thrust out of one of the doorways and the unfortunate would-be water-walker was towed into the dry cleaning shop of Robert Farner. George was dry cleaned too, a part of the process having been to sit him under an Erickson Dryer. There were many such shops in Venice, probably because accidents like this occurred frequently.

"Come, folks, one and all!" bellowed a voice close to my ear, "Come and see the show just around the corner!" The voice belonged to Elmer Heider who was announcing some attraction of the day. Elmer told me that the show was worth seeing and that I would regret it all my life if I would miss it. It was held in the big Cover Auditorium just around the corner as Elmer had announced but just which corner was a different matter. It was so far that I was compelled to take a Boros Hydro-taxi. The driver, Gladys May, told me that in Venice, everything was expressed as being just around the corner.

Arriving at the auditorium, I bought my ticket from Ruth Mann and entered just in time to see Margaret Egley standing on her head and at the same time, balancing a bowl of Iris Fuire's Goldfish on her nose. I know it sounds fishy but then you'd have to see the trick yourself to get the full benefit of it. Kathryn Emch made the audience uneasy by tying herself into innumerable knots but she was perfectly able to untie herself without the aid of the stage-manager, Maybelle Ewing. A clever clog number was given by Dorothy Dunsmore, Ruth Cable, and Addie Cadaret and when Norman Young stepped out before the audience as a blackface comedian, he was met with such applause that the Automatic Lakatos Silencers had to be used. They were on the order of a hypnotiser and made everyone decide to stop clapping at the same time. The idea probably grew from the loud applause that used to be heard in our own Waite Auditorium.

There was a special attraction on the program, much to my enjoyment. Rolland Buehrer, Paul Stutzman, and Alice Cottrell, all three, members of the Metropolitan Opera Company favored the audience by singing parts from the Opera Faust. Their singing had made it extremely popular. Between the acts, Elizabeth Schnell and Anna Keeton tripped up and down the aisles selling boxes of Rosalie Elsperman's Chocolate Creams. Alma Eyster who sat beside me told me that Rosalie was making such a thriving business because she covered her creams with a shell of Meeker's Chocolate and used Elizabeth Martha's Flavoring.

After the performance, I asked Evelyn Keefer, the weather prophet, if it was safe to fly on to Paris, since the sky had become cloudy as though a storm were coming.

"Go right ahead," said Evelyn. "Weather men can now control the weather and I'll see to it that no storm crosses your path."

With that encouraging report, I said goodbye to Venice with its flock of motor boats and hydroplanes and at last I was on my way to Paris. Such a journey I will never forget. As I crossed over the Swiss Alps I saw the famous Dairy Company of Treter and Habegger below me and a little farther on, the Harrison and Holtcamp Embroidery Establishment served as another well known landmark.

Ah, at last I reached Paris where the Eiffel Tower, stood as a sentinel almost in the center of that wonderful city. When I arrived, a great crowd pressed about the tower, and, of course, as curiosity goes, I too pressed my way to the front after leaving "Cal" at Bosserts' Parking Garage. Soon I learned the reason for the crowd. Legrand Dieball, with breathtaking courage, was climbing the ironwork of the tower and now he had reached the top. With horror I saw him deliberately dive out into the air. I shut my eyes, not daring to look, when all at once someone took hold of my arm and said, "What's wrong? Open your eyes so you can see something!" I looked and saw Lucy Squeo, standing before me and laughing. "That was only an advertising stunt that you just saw.

Legrand Dieball, the dare-devil jumped into the Housel Fireman's Net to test its strength. Although all fires can easily be put out by spraying Opal Witherell's Wonder Worker about, it is sometimes necessary to use a net; this one suspends itself in the air by some unknown force and, of course, saves much effort on the part of those who would have to hold it otherwise."

As the crowd dispersed, Lucy invited me to stay with her during my visit in Paris and I gladly accepted. As private secretary to the President of France her home was perfect and was surrounded by a beautiful sunken garden which had been laid out by Ruth Bolly, a landscape gardeness. Lucy's friend, Regina Wozniak was at the time teaching a class of French youngsters the art of gymnastics on the athletic field at the far end of the garden.

As I recalled, Madame Sistomine back in the Sandwich Islands had told me that I would have an exciting adventure in Paris. I told Lucy about it and she straightway suggested that we go out and find it. Strolling along the avenue, I was struck with the desire to visit the Parisian Style Shoppes.

"There is something in the air here that makes people want to buy," Lucy explained, "it's called Wiemeyer's Shopping Appetizer which is sprayed each day into the atmosphere."

We entered Madame LaFleur's Style Shoppe and immediately we were met by Delila Held who had charge of that particular shoppe of the LaFleur Establishment. Delila spoke French fluently now and had even acquired the art of speaking English with a decided French accent.

"Ah, how do you do," she sang, "Is it zat ze ladies would like to see ze creations?" Then she laughed, recognizing us, and continued in perfect English, "or would you rather look at just a plain dress as we Americans call it?"

She showed us a bevy of beautiful gowns, each one surpassing the last, and finally she breathed, "Yes, indeed, they're just quillperihyformzetic."

"They're what?" I exclaimed.

"Quill-peri-hy-form-zetic," she repeated slowly. "I just found it in Lee Thompson's new dictionary and it means a whole combination of good things."

"It must," mused Lucy vaguely. "Just look at all the Waite organizations that are represented in that one word." At that a brilliant idea popped into my head. "Why not have a French Ball for all our classmates!" I exclaimed. "I've got to do something with the money that is left over from the generous amount which was willed by Gengalin Bump to the class, and in this way, each member can get something out of it."

Lucy and Delila were both enthusiastic over the idea and in less than fifteen minutes, all arrangements had been made with the Social Commissioner, Beatrice Braatz and all the fastest planes had been sent by Alma Thompson of the Air-Taxi Company to call for all those that I had visited, for indeed, I had found every last member of our wonderful class!

After the Ball was over, the most brilliant ball in the history of Paris, I lay my weary yet happy head on my pillow and fell into a restful slumber, filled with many pleasant dreams of the wonderful experience that I had had.

RUTH MUENCH

President's Farewell Address

My Classmates:—

THE great day has arrived at last, the day that seemed for four years far in the future. These last four years have been like a journey on a straight and sheltered road. Now and then has come a little jog, a muddy and difficult spot, but, in the main, it has been a pleasant and peaceful path. At last comes the final turn that leads to the crowded, busy, main highway. This turn is our graduation. It is a day that will always be remembered. Many other days, many other turns in the road will be forgotten, but this will always be remembered as the most definite turning point in our life.

Now we must take stock of what we have with us, and plan where we are going in the future. In our luggage we have a character; not the hazy, ill-defined conception of life we had when we entered Waite, but a clearer ideal and hope. We have habits that are very essential to our success in life; we have moral, physical, and mental strength to sustain us on the journey ahead. Who has provided us with this necessary equipment? Our parents, our grade school teachers, our principal, and the faculty: to all of them we give our sincerest thanks for the help that they were willing and ready to give at any time. We can show our appreciation to them only by holding high their standards in our work. We owe a great debt to the community and state which, by their co-operation in providing public education, have built up our youth.

We must remember that we will take to the future what we have received from the past. Let us carry on our work so that those who have helped us may not think regretfully of the men and women we might have been. Our coming journey will not be so sheltered; we must become more self-reliant, choosing for ourselves the course to follow. Some of us will go on with higher education; others will apply their energies to earning a living. No matter which course we take, we must work with willingness, earnestness, and courage.

Willingness may be defined as eagerness to accept our work not as a burden, but as a joy. Earnestness means determination to accomplish what we set out to do, to meet our difficulties, to fathom them, and to rise above them. Then last, but not least, comes courage, which has been lauded by Henry VanDkye in these words: "Courage is a virtue that the young cannot spare; to lose it is to grow old before the time; it is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than to run away from battle."

We must keep alive a clear, alert, and sane thinking mind. Problems will arise in personal and social life which no one can help us to solve. They will be the test of our willingness, our earnestness, and courage. During our four years at Waite many of these qualities have been developed. In our every day work, in preparation and reciting, we have been taught earnestness. In our various social activities we have been given an opportunity to show our willingness to work and ability to accept responsibility. In carrying high the ideals of the school we have learned courage.

We will carry with us from Waite many memories; memories of these lessons we have learned; other memories of timid, insignificant freshman days; of the glory of our first social affairs; of teams and track meets; of plays, of auditorium sessions, of books and friends; of stately seniority, of proms, and rings, and these last wistful days.

I wish on behalf of the class of '28 to thank Mr. Pollock and the faculty for all of the pleasant and profitable days we have spent here, and to assure them that we will work steadily and honestly to uphold the name and ideals of our school.

J. CARLTON HISSONG.

Junior Class

Officers

EDWARD JACKSON – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – President
RUTH BUTLER – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Vice-President
ALICE EGGLESTON – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Secretary
HAROLD SKINNER – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Treasurer
BRUCE DAVIS – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Sergeant-at-Arms

First row—Wharff, Seihrweier, Weaver, Csoma, Ermise, Breisacher, Farris, Conway, Willis, Stevens. *Second Row*—Jacobs, Farris, Mueller, Owen, Shatto, Boose, Oster, Novak, Wynn. *Third Row*—Duhaime, Meek, Spaulding, Brown, Lau, Bage, Evans, Trautman, Walls, McKeown.

Junior Class

EVERY year, as June approaches, seniors ask each other, "What kind of Senior class will Waite have next year?" Even members of the faculty look increasingly curious as they voice the same question. The Junior class of this year is a splendid answer to the query. If the old proverb, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined" is not wrong,

First Row—Birch, Nitschke, McPhail, Meeks, Kroetz, Henzler, Aubry, Rehm, Scharer, Burnworth. *Second Row*—McGivern, Kern, Grow, Butler, Pritchett, Gray, Guy, Zillich, Witt. *Third Row*—Knisely, Gaide, Purrett, Heistand, Ein, Lyons, Browne, Holcombe, Kemp, June.

First Row—Montgomery, Bryan, Bloomer, Schneider, Seigel, Capron, Busdicker, Stacy, Butler. *Second Row*—Gable, Hall, Miller, Blessman, Merren, Sequin, Bruggenan, Walton, Paine. *Third Row*—Dean, Caves, Stephenson, Forrest, Langedorf, Bruggeman, Denman, Steirt, Tompkins, Carter.

this year's Junior Class should develop into a Senior Class of which Morrison R. Waite High School may be sincerely proud.

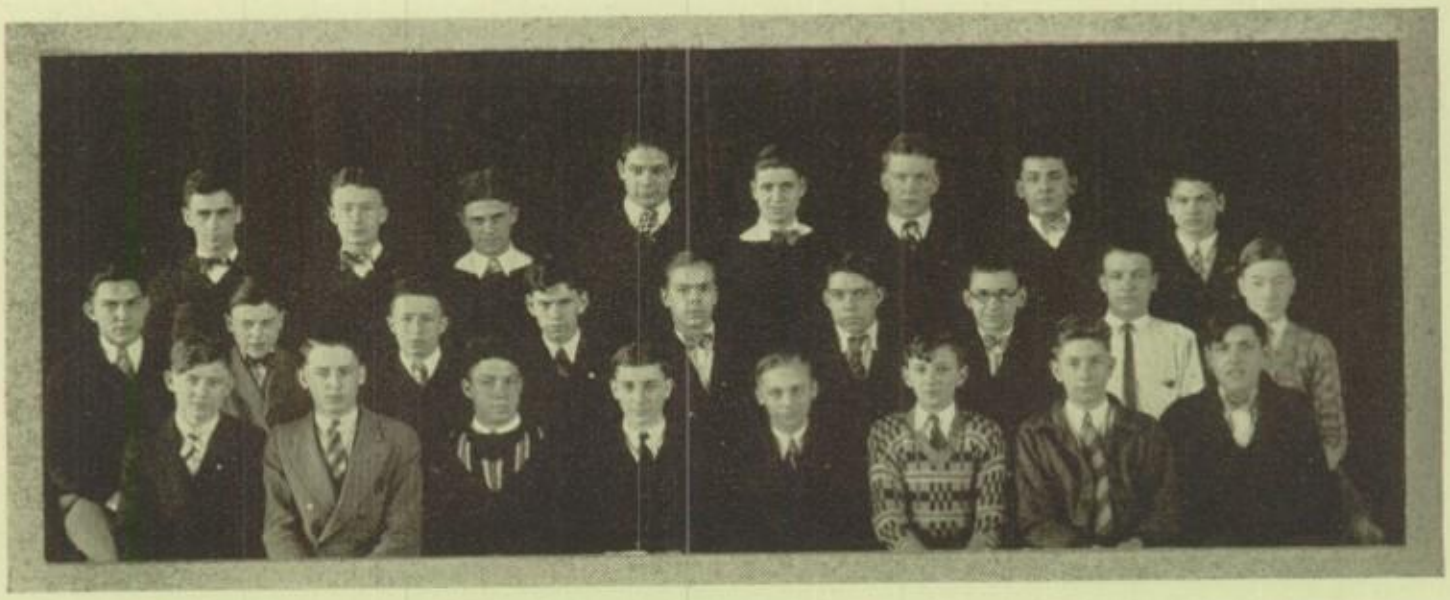
Already the class members have, as individuals and as a group, shown a serious purpose and a sense of school and social responsibility. In their Sophomore year many were

First Row—Schnell, Stewart, Close, Scott, Long, Meinert, Menne, Lusher. *Second Row*—Scott, Hoover, Keller, Eberle, Murray, Myerholtz, Green, Dahne, Kern. *Third Row*—Lamoreaux, Heolter, Hood, Leybourn, Claus, Fahle, Wine, Gatzke, Streets, Thomson.

First Row—Eggert, Onnengea, Bauer, McElroy, Tifer, Martin, Tansel, Gipe, Pope. *Second Row*—Ottney, Faust, Mills, Schmaltz, Garbe, Bell, Seiler, Cover, Crabb, Boyer. *Third Row*—Cover, Graber, Petcoff, Matheeff, Liebold, Onnenga, Avery, Askins, Cover.

developing through athletics, and this year the number has increased. Those juniors who won the "W" in football this year were: Lockert, Apel, Russ, Winebrenner, Bainter, Page, and Chisholm. The Juniors in basketball were: Davis, Lockert, Wiles, and Page. Girls, also, have distinguished themselves in athletics; these include: Ruth Drummond, Blanche Hood, Elizabeth Keller, Marian Kern, Helen Seiler.

First Row—Hodge, Bruback, Jankovic, Glasco, Pfaff, Childers, Quiggle, Border, Eggleston, Baumker. *Second Row*—Hanneken, Smith, Moon, Michael, Treter, Eggert, Uhrman, Clifton, Kostaff. *Third Row*—Naylor, Nelms, Good, Armitt, Early, Overmyer, Lindner, Conway, Drummond, Waters.



First Row—Hartwig, Eggert, Braun, Insprucker, Reeves, Cowley, Sluhar, Harter. *Second Row*—Reifert, Fienstermaker, Kackley, Kuehnle, Osborn, Powell, Doxsie, Shoup, Hendrickson. *Third Row*—Davis, Ruppel, Klaiber, Belkofer, Centeau, Chisholm, Vollmer, Reining.

By the J-Hop, the Juniors have shown themselves able to produce and share pleasure in the best sense.

In classes they have been willing and eager workers. They have made numerous contributions to the publications this year, especially in the line of poetry.

First Row—Townsend, Seeley, Muntz, Campbell, Felix, Alexander, Rosenthal, Schupp. *Second Row*—Wiles Miller, Sander, Stutzman, Siegel, Busied, Jackson, Belkofer, Burgie. *Third Row*—Koppws, Gertenrich, Hasse, Larson, Helling, McGeorge, Curenius, Crawford.

First Row—Scott, Ansara, Bruce, Wilcox, Winters, Carl, Ballert. *Second Row*—Campey, Kinderwater, Chetister, Cordrey, Unger, Flory, Bardsley. *Third Row*—Tschappet, Voegoeli, Claus, Vanders, Slater, Willis.

In great measure their success is due to their capable class officers, Edward Jackson, Ruth Butler, Alice Eggleston, Harold Skinner, and Bruce Davis. With the co-operation of the rest of the class, these officers have made the year 1927-28 one of real achievement.

First Row—Nelson, Bohn, Imber, Bartlett, MacVay, McCreery, Duhaine, Lang. *Second Row*—Kohut, Bainter, Lashley, Wolcott, Dolbee, Jones, Gstalder, Wendt. *Third Row*—Driftmeyer, Owen, Hess, Robeson, Patterson, Oberhiser, Movis, Speakman.

First Row—Skeldon, Sharp, Haley, Steele, Guss, Staiger, Milligan, Durr, Tranger. *Second Row*—Brown, Roper, Jackson, Skinner, Cassis, Todd, Monto, Marshall, Widman. *Third Row*—Cook, Torgler, Vance, Lampton, Cook, Wittle, Gardner, Graver, Garton.

J-HOP COMMITTEE

Sam Campbell, Chairman
Ruth Butler
Mildred Garbe
Melva Skilliter
Carlton Siegel
Jack Haley

RING COMMITTEE

Elaine Kniseley, Chairman
Kathryn Grow
Alice Eggleston
Ted Slater
Stanley Sander
Harold Skinner

JUNIOR MIXER

Bruce Davis, Chairman
Louis Klaiber
Thomas Roper
Mildred Steiert
Frances Border
Betty Overmeyer

SENIOR FAVORS

Pauline Hiestand, Chairman
Evelyn Aubry
Herbert MacVay
Richard Rosenthal

Sophomore Class

AND here we have the sophomores! Not at all like the fatigued-looking freshmen of last year. Why? They don't have to go all the way up to the third floor in order to get to their lockers. But-where are our pictures? Absent? No, tardy. They will be in next year, although it does seem an outrage that Waite's smartest class should not have its pictures in the annual. We sophomores excel not only in scholarship, but also in activities and athletics.

Beth Burman, president of the Junior Friendship Club, and John Guss, president of the Junior Hi-Y, are two of the most outstanding sophomores. On the football team this year Bickford and Molnar distinguished themselves. Bickford, Molnar, and Rufty played on the basketball team. The Honor Roll shows that many sophomores had excellent grades. Victoria Toteff and Virginia Ray, whose voices are heard in operettas, are also sophomores. Joe Moon is known throughout the school for his ability as a pianist.

Although the Sophomore Class is well represented in every Waite activity. They are well-prepared for leadership as upperclassmen.

SOPHOMORE GIRLS

Albrecht, Majorie
Alexander, Mary Frances
Alford, Lavona
Allen, Louise
Althaus, Minerva
Arndt, Rhea E.
Bacon, Hazel
Bahnsen, Edith
Bainter, Mary Ellen
Bartha, Sophie
Bartko, Margaret Dorothy
Bassett, Louise
Beckmyer, Lillian
Beech, Rowena
Baudry, Helen
Bell, Blanche
Bennett, Hazel G.
Bigley, Laverta
Bitz, Helen
Blair, Myrtle
Blank, Mildred
Boras, Viola S.
Boyne, Luella M.
Braatz, Bernice
Bray, Lula
Brewster, Lillian
Bruback, Leona
Bruggeman, Laura
Bruggemen, Madaline
Brull, Edna R.
Buehrer, Mildred
Bruger, Edith
Burman, Beth
Burr, Evelyn
Bruzza, Myrtle Helen
Camp, Ruth
Carlton, Helen
Carraher, Anna V.
Carter, Ida
Champion, Constance
Chapman, Margaret
Cheney, Phyllis
Christian, Iola
Close, R. Jane
Cole, Eleanor
Consaul, Lillis
Conway, June
Coy, Eunice Elizabeth
Crane, Mary
Cromer, Mildred
Crowley, Elizabeth
Csoma, Helen
Culbertson, June
Culver, Marion
Comstock, Muriel
Daubner, Sara
Dauer, Mildred
Davis, Marion
Davis, Lucile
Davis, Mignon Alberta
Davis, Thelma
Davis, Wilma
Dayan, Elizabeth
DeLisle, Dorothy
Dewey, Kathryn
Dier, Loretta C.
Dickie, Ruby
Dilgart, Ruth
Drake, Helen
Drogy, Lola
Drummond, Ruth
Duhaime, Marguerite M.
Dudderar, Evelyn
Duncan, Alice
Ellsworth, Irene
Emch, Mary Ellen
Everett, Lucile
Farmer, Hazel Marguerite
Fassler, Helen
Faust, Myra
Fehlberg, Helen
Finnie, Hattie
Flynn, Marcia
Forbes, Mary Agnes
Forth, Merriam
Friend, Avanelle
Fritz, Beulah
Frost, Audrey
Goldeen, Bernita
Gaw, Mildred
Gehring, Avadelle
Gilson, Elizabeth
Giroux, Genevie

Gordon, Dorothy
Gregoire, Beatrice
Grode, Juanita
Grounds, Kathleen

Haddad, Ada
Haering, Anna
Harrison, Margaret
Hartsell, Fritz
Hasselkus, Elizabeth
Heebsh, Hattie
Heinig, Martha
Hennengsen, Marjorie
Henzler, Wilma
Hinschlager, Florence
Holcombe, Janet
Hoffmann, Lydia
Hopkins, Gertrude
Hopkins, Hazel
Horn, Thelma
Horvath, Helen

Insprucker, Edna
Irwin, Nellie

Jackson, Elsie
Jacobs, Evelyn
Jensen, Norma
Jeschke, Pearl
Jimison, Marie
Johnson, Gertrude
Johnstone, Hazel
June, Maxine

Kansorka, Ruth
Kardos, Margaret
Kasdorf, Wanita
Ketcham, Janice
Kettle, Doris
King, Della E.
Kinker, Priscilla
Kitson, Ruth
Knauss, Madeline
Koester, Dorothy
Kohut, Helen
Kornrumpf, Dorothy
Kreamer, Rosena L.

LaGro, Leora
Lake, Letha
Lamb, Marion
Laufketter, Valaen
Laughlin, Lucille
Lehnert, Erne
Liebke, Elsie
Limmer, Mildred
Linsenbold, Edna
Little, Helen
Loudenslager, Corinne
Ludwig, Ruth

MacAran, Dorella
MacArthur, Ellen
McAran, Hazel
McDowell, Lenorabella
McGoldrich, Mary
McDonald, Neoma
McPhail, Helen
Mann, Grace
Manthey, Ruth
Martin, Madeline
Masell, Helen
Mathias, Madeline
Mays, Joyce
Meek, Doris
Melcher, Florence
Melms, Ruth
Menne, Ruth
Merren, Vera
Meszaros, Margaret
Metzger, Helen
Meyer, Rosabel
Micle, Ethel
Miller, Irma
Miller, Kathryn
Miller, Laura
Miller, Madeline
Moll, Claudia
Montgomery, Blanche
Moore, Aurelia
Moore, Zelma
Morris, Esther
Morris, Mary
Munier, Gertrude
Myers, Geraldine

Naumann, Lillian
Navarre, Lily
Neubauer, Esther
Nichols, Mildred
Nable, Dorothy
Nopper, Valina
Null, Buelah

Oberkiser, Florence
Oberst, Charlotte
Overmyer, Venita

Palmer, Virginia
Parker, Helen
Paulsen, Lucy
Pearce, Catherine
Pennywell, Dorothy
Peters, Ruth
Pitzen, Helen
Ploetzke, Magdalene
Pollock, Cleo
Popoff, Rina
Potter, Esther
Purrett, Ione

Rahmstock, Helen
Raitz, Helen
Ray, Virginia
Reinwald, Mildred
Reno, Iney
Richards, Mary
Ring, Florence
Robins, Laura
Rubenhagen, Lucille
Rudick, Adeline
Ruhnke, Lucille

Schaefer, Beatrice
Shelhase, Margaret
Schemenauer, Eleanor
Scheub, Ada
Schnell, Mary
Schuett, Mildred
Schuster, Margaret
Schwartz, Ruth
Scott, Elinor
Scott, Kathryn
Sequin, Helen
Sheets, Warda
Shepler, Corabelle
Sherman, Ruth
Shoup, Garnet
Shawbocker, Alice
Shultz, Helen
Siegel, Fanny
Siegel, Martha
Siewert, Dorothy
Simon, Bedelia
Skinner, Ruth
Slaybaugh, Virginia
Smith, Dolores
Smith, Olga
Snyder, Ruth
Snyder, Anna
Snyder, Shirley
Stanger, Audrey
Stanley, Dalpha
Sterling, Helen
Stein, Gertrude
Stoner, Grace
Straub, Helen
Surtman, Evelyn
Swartz, Helen
Sweet, Claudia
Swinehart, Grace

Taylor, Frieda
Taylor, Theo
Teegardin, Betty
Temple, Margaret
Thompson, Marie
Timar, Julianna
Timm, Alice

Timm, Kathryn
Tipton, Glenna
Torok, Julia
Toteff, Victoria
Trutt, Luella
Tschappat, Ann
Vizneau, Virginia
Voegeli, Clara
Wacke, Ruth
Wade, Evelyn
Wagner, Helen
Wagoner, LaVerda
Waldvogel, Florence
Walker, Adell
Walker, Marion
Walter, Dorothy
Washneck, Florence
Watts, Mildred
Wells, Mildred
Wendt, Margaret
Wheeler, Ruth
Whitacre, Ruth
Whittaker, Gladys
Wilson, Margaret
Winzeler, Roberta
Wissing, Mildred
Wood, Berneice
Wyler, Elsie
Wynn, Gladys
Young, Maudena
Young, Roberta
Zerros, Helen

SOPHOMORE BOYS

Alexander, Carroll
Alexander, Whitney
Anderson, Harry
Ansara, George
Apel, Lawrence
Ashburn, Paul
Aubry, Harold
Austins, Herbert
Baker, David
Barocsi, Andrew
Bartlett, Lewis
Baumgartner, Robert
Beck, Arthur
Beck, Paul
Beins, Kenneth
Belford, Raymond
Belkofer, Carl
Belkofer, Wilford
Bell, Roger
Berger, Karle
Bergman, Richard
Bernhard, Elmer
Berry, Eugene
Bertok, Julius
Betcher, Walter
Bickford, Martin
Black, Clarence
Blacklidge, Robert
Boomgarden, Paul
Brindley, William
Brinley, Richard
Brown, Bernard
Bruce, James Lyle
Bruggemeier, Howard
Brunthaver, Carlos
Bugajewski, Bennie
Cassis, Andrew
Cedy, Russell
Consaul, Leslie
Cooper, Herbert
Cordrey, Virgil
Cowie, Russell
Currie, Samuel
Dahlmeyer, William
Dalton, Jack
Dauer, Nevin
Davis, Keith
Davis, Robert
Decker, Burgess
Dilley, Edgar
Dippery, John
Doon, Paul
Dospoly, Steve
Douglas, Sidney
Doyle, Robert
Duez, Herbert
Dumiller, Ira
DuShane, Wayne
Eberlin, Norman
Edgar, Willard
Evanoff, Ted
Eyster, Albert
Faoro, Kenneth
Felix, Eugene
Felton, Edward
Fernow, William
Ferrenberg, Rex
Fisher, Jack
Flatt, Fred
Freeman, Harold
Funk, Alvin
Gall, John
Gilchrist, Louis
Gladieux, Marshall
Glinn, Blaia
Gould, Buell
Grats, Robert
Greene, Paul
Gressler, Fred
Griner, Charles
Grossmann, Karl
Guss, John
Hartough, Walter
Hecklinger, Clarence
Helbing, Charles
Heringhausen, Alfred
Hiestaud, Gilbert
Higgins, Harold
Hire, Chester
Hocker, Samuel
Holzer, Harry
Hubscher, Charles
Hundley, Howard
Huntington, Dick
Imber, Laurence
Jackson, Warren
Jacobs, Wayne
Jones, Nathaniel
Jones, Charles
Kaczmarck, Joe
Kapff, Richard
Karow, J. Wesley
Kennerly, Gilbert
Kimball, William
King, Joseph
Kirkland, Robert
Kirlanoff, George
Kleis, Howard
Kransberger, Charles
Kretz, Laurence
Lakatos, Alix
Lark, Leon
Larson, Don
Lefever, Lawrence
Lenart, Robert
LeRoy, Kenneth
Levine, Edward
Linker, Charles
Lockert, Henry
Ludwig, Ben
Luebben, Rolland

Lutife, Mitchell
Luzins, Edward
Lyons, Ernest

MacNutt, Maynard
McDonnell, James
McIntosh, Robert
McLaughlin, Guy
McThera, Bradfield
Markley, Kenneth
Martin, Glenn
Mason, Jimmie
Mauter, John
Meadham, Russell
Meier, Edward
Meilink, Harold
Meszaros, John
Mesteller, Billy
Mesteller, Julius
Meyer, Richard
Mickel, Fred
Milbourne, Calvin
Miller, Charles
Miller, Leroy
Miller, Raymond
Moll, Norman
Molnar, Andrew
Molnar, Frand
Molnar, John
Montgomery, LeRoy
Moon-Joe
Moon, Merwin
Mueller, Jack
Mugfor, Hugh

Nagy, William
Napier, John
Nestroff, James
Nigh, Robert

Odom, Paul

Page, Leslie
Payette, Clayton
Petrow, John
Peyton, Charles
Pfaff, August
Pim, Richard
Plassendale, William
Polyasko, Paul
Portman, Raymond
Pritchett, Arthur
Purdy, James

Qualman, Herbert
Quay, Vernon

Rabiderie, Addison
Roe, Carleton
Ranke, Richard
Reamsnyder, Ralph
Renner, Bernard
Reno, James
Richardson, Everett
Rice, Harrie
Rieman, Frederick
Ringer, William
Ringler, Vincent
Rippel, Howard
Roshong, Walter
Routson, Judson
Rowley, Burt
Rufty, William
Ruppel, Fred
Russ, Donald
Russell, George

Snadrock, Charles
Saunders, Furt
Scott, John
Schafer, William
Shaw, Thomas
Schnabel, Emil
Schwickenwald, Marlen
Schottelkort, Edward
Schwimmer, Ned
Sherer, Carl
Sheridan, John
Shimmaly, Abe
Siegel, Frank
Sievert, Herman
Sieving, Henry
Smith, Elbridge
Smitley, Marrie
Snyder, Nelson
Suhrwier, William
Sullwold, John
Szabo, Frank
Szumigala, Stanley

Thayer, Ralph
Thompson, Ralph
Toneff, Steve
Tounrend, Herbert
Turner, Dud

Ueberroth, William
Unferdros, Louisa
Urbanski, Walter

Vergiels, Kenneth
Voegli, Paul
Voris, Neill,

Walls, James
Walters, William
Warnke, Alfred
Warnke, Carl
Webber, Clarence
Welch, Albert
Whitmarsh, Ralph
Widmer, Lloyd
Winebrenner, Ralph
Wolf, Erwood
Wolford, Norman
Wyek, Clifford

Young, Lloyd
Yourist, Sam

Zipfel, Fred
Zeunen, Adolph

Freshmen "A" Boys

Bacome, Leon
Bauman, Don
Bredgmarr, Marvin
Davis, Mark
Dietrich, Stanley
Feil, Charles
Feltus, Russell
Gillis, Jack
Goldhamer, Don
Haddad, Fred
Harrison, Howard
Hicks, James
Hofbauer, Gerald
Hoore, John
Hudson, Harold
Kinney, Kenneth
Kline, Loren
Leos, Hubert
Lehman, Norman
MacKenzie, Alister
McLeary, Arthur
Monlton, Murrill
Myerly, Russell
Natta, Armon
Raudbush
Rauhut, Clarence
Sabo, Stephen
Sawyer, Eugene
Schardt, August
Showers, Julius
Thaiss, Edwin
Torok, Michael

Freshmen "A" Girls

Craley, Lou Wane
Davis, Lucile
Holtgrieve, Helen
Lynn, Addie
McDowell, Cecile
Moon, Mildred
Morgan, Wilda
Pomeroy, Grace
Slater, Bernice
Smith, Ruth
Steingraber, Joann
Steinmetz, Jane

The Freshmen

HERE'S to the class of '31, better known as Freshmen. From the first days of school when they ran up the left side of the stairs and were not able to distinguish between the teachers and seniors to the end of this year, they have progressed wonderfully.

You've heard of their splendid football team; haven't you? And of their basket ball team and girl gym leaders? Peeking into the literary society meetings we found quite a number of them present. The upperclassmen have been very much aware that the Freshmen co-operated with them in their activities this spring. From the interest these lower classmen have taken in publications we feel confident that '31's Retina and Annual will be a prize winner.

The freshmen have not forgotten the primary function of the school either, as their scholastic records show. For them this year has been both a pleasant and a profitable one.

FRESHMAN GIRLS

Abel, Mildred
Ackerman, Beatrice
Adkins, Julia
Alcock, Helen
Alex, Ida
Anderson, Alvina
Anderson, Esther
Ashbrook, Katie Ann
Avery, Virginia

Bachar, Ruth
Bachmeyer, Eleanore
Bahnsen, Wilma
Baker, Ruth
Ball, Mildred
Basenger, Agnes
Bauer, Irene
Baumgartner, Ruth
Baur, Renilde
Beach, Helen
Bearss, Mercedes
Bebout, Leahmae
Bebee, Eleanor
Beier, Margaret
Bell, Edna
Bellville, Thurza
Benke, Mary
Bennett, Alice
Bensman, Ruth
Berg, Emma
Beyer, Helen
Bickford, Zelma
Black, Twyla
Blair, Arlene
Blankey, Edith
Bossard, Mae
Bossler, Bernice
Bousdo, Beulah
Bowland, Leota
Bowman, Ruth
Boyd, Iris
Boyles, Mae
Bray, Colise
Briggle, Velma
Brim, Rosamond
Brinley, Jean
Brown, Dorothy
Brown, Frances
Brown, Ruth
Browne, Phyllis
Bryan, Julia
Burgermeister, Ruth

Carter, Dorothy
Carter, Frances
Casey, Mary
Cheslyn, Hazel
Chisholm, Kathryn
Conner, Alice
Cook, Lottie
Coon, Ruth
Cotner, Dorothy
Cowdrey, Mary
Cox, June
Coy, Lois
Craine, Catherine
Crane, Ethel
Crowley, Gertrude
Cussan, Mona

Damas, Frances
Davis, Lucile
Denkoff, Grace
Denkoff, Mabel
Dexter, Hazel
Dieball, Lois
Dier, Elnora
Dolph, Lucille
Dongran, Hazel
Doyle, Dolores
Dunn, Wilda
Dyer, Kathryn

Edwards, Mildred
Eggert, Margaret
Eggert, Wilma
Eichner, Dorothy
Eischen, Eleanor
Eriksen, Thelma
Estenfelder, Margaret
Eurenius, Eileen
Eurenius, Margarette
Everingham, Gabrielle
Ewing, Doris

Faneuff, Laura
Farris, Elizabeth
Felix, Bessie
Fernolend, Elizabeth
Fielder, Eleanor
Flegle, Marjorie
Fox, Beatrice
Frantz, Mary

Freer, Naomi
Fuire, Florence
Fuller, Helen

Gardner, Ruth
Gast, Elsie
Gaul, Elizabeth
Gilbert, Jean
Gillis, Dorotha
Gladieux, Olive
Granger, Marie
Gurich, Anna
Guy, Monette
Gyuicsik, Mary
Gyurko, Ethel

Haddad, Josephine
Hague, Evelyn
Hall, Pauline
Hallier, Mable
Hallier, Margarete
Hammond, Ruby
Hardy, Virginia
Harrison, Alma
Harrison, Luella
Harting, Thelma
Healey, Edna
Herden, Helen
Heilman, Hazel
Heller, Dorothy
Henry, Dorothy
Hirzel, Helen
Hoefflin, Ruth
Holly, Marian
Howath, Elizabeth
Horvath, Mary
Havey, Josephine
Hunt, Vivian

Jarvis, Abbie
Jennings, Evelyn
Jewett, Margaret
Johnson, Carla
Justiss, Marie
Justiss, Valarie

Kardos, Elizabeth
Kayser, Thelma
Kern, Betty
Kerstetter, Ione
Kessmar, Rose
Kinney, Ruth
Kinnon, Dollie
Klunder, Anna
Knapp, Helen
Kopfmann, Henrietta
Kornrumpf, Viola
Kovacs, Irene
Kratt, Kathryn
Kreger, Elizabeth
Krieger, Ruth
Kroetz, Elizabeth
Krueger, Erdine
Kruse, Phyllis

Laberdee, Gertrude
Lahr, Maxine
Lakatos, Pearl
Lane, Mildred
Langendorf, Audry
Lanham, Georgia
Laser, Clarissa
Latham, Gladys
Leet, Nadine
Lehmann, Frieda
Lighthesir, Annetta
Limmer, Barbara
Linville, Dorothy
Lipot, Irene
Longshore, Mary
Logu, Isabel
Losey, Lucille
Luken, Helen
Lukianenko, Olga
Lump, Gertrude
Lunt, Margaret
Lupu, Evelyn
Lusher, Alice
Lynn, Phyllis

McAlinden, Lily
McClure, Marthabelle
Mack, Anna
Madden, Lola
Malone, Ruth
Martin, Helen
Martin, Marguerite
Mason, Mildred
Master, Alice
Mate, Theress
Meacham, Ora
Meeker, Annabel
Melms, Norma
Mestiller, Grace
Meyers, Ada
Miller, Elsa
Miller, Florence
Miller, Mary Jane
Miller, Sylvia
Molner, Frances
Mundwiler, Alice
Myers, Ruth

Naylor, Eleanor
Newderfer, Florence
Never, Luella
Newman, Evelyn
Noll, Alta
O'Brien, Dorothy
O'Neill, Minnie
Onnenga, Alma
Onnenga, Gertrude
Orvick, Irene
Osthioner, Marylouise
Ausky, Mary
Overmeyer, Marguerite
Overmyer, Marjorie

Pauplaw, Eleanor
Paeplow, Viola
Pankratz, Glenna
Pankratz, Melva
Parish, Ruth
Park, Utalyne
Parks, Georgetta
Perkins, Gladys
Pinniger, Tillie
Piraine, Rosina
Plassendae, Margaret
Patterfield, Kathryne
Powell, Lillie
Prissak, Anna
Priscsak, Mary

Reed, Orless
Remington, Ola
Rethmel, Kathryn
Richter, Alice
Ridersour, Edna
Rike, Ella May
Ringeisen, Ruth
Rinker, Madelyn
Rock, Helen
Rogers, Elizabeth
Ronan, Virginia
Roper, Louise
Rothenbuckler, Margaret
Rottach, Narene
Rudolph, Catherine
Rummel, Margaret

Saba, Elizabeth
Salter, Berniece
Samson, Florence
Schell, Dorothy
Schemenauer, Anna
Schenck, Thelma
Schindler, Beulah
Schissler, Mae
Schnell, Velma
Schultz, Helen
Schwind, Helen
Scott, Iola
Shannon, Edna
Shaw, Nela
Sherck, Juanita
Sheroian, Mary Ann

Shultz, Alice
Silverthorne, Geraldine
Simko, Elizabeth
Simons, Pauline
Slates, Juanita
Smith, Erma
Smith, Helen
Smith, Luella
Smith, Thelma
Smith, Thelma
Snover, Margorie
Snyder, Bernice
Snyder, Mildred
Soltesz, Margaret
Southworth, Loucyle
Spaulding, Ruth
Speakman, Doris
Sprow, Vivian
Stakl, Florence
Starkey, Nola Mae
Stewart, Margaret
Stierwalt, Evelyn
Stine, Anna
Stipes, Helen
Stock, Lanore
Stockwell, Marie
Stoner, Winifred
Stoye, Luella
Strawhacker, Esther
Sweeney, Norma
Swinehart, Marvel

Tanner, Geraldine
Taylor, Marilyn
Thielman, Ruth
Tihcheff, Elsie
Tihcheff, Mary
Timm, Kathryn
Tober, Dorothy
Tober, Margaret
Toth, Bertha
Toth, Helen
Toth, Lola
Trautman, Rosalie
Travis, Thelma
Tripp, Eva
Truby, Henrietta
Turner, Mary

Uhrman, Ethel

Vargo, Mary
Velver, Vyrl
Voegeli, Rose
Vogel, Eleanor
Voit, Margaret
Voll, Margarite

Wagner, Luella
Wakefield, Frances
Walker, Ruby
Wallace, Ruth
Ward, Gladys
Weaver, Alta
Weaver, Virginia
Webb, Dorothy
Weber, Marie
Weidman, Wilma
Wells, Mary
Westover, Margaret
Wharff, Marla Jane
Winekamp, Helen
Wilkins, Ruth
Wintermatle, Norma
Winters, Jennie
Wirwahn, Hazel
Withrow, Marcella
Wittel, Helen
Wozniak, Jane
Wynn, Alice
Wright, Lizzie

Young, Virginia

FRESHMAN BOYS

Adams, Alfred
Akos, Bill
Akos, Paul
Aller, Burnell
Ansara, Lewis
Aubry, Herman

Bachar, Harold
Baker, Francis
Baksa, John
Ball, Lavon
Barber, Bernard
Bauler, Arthur
Beck, Victor
Beck, Walter William
Beckett, Frank
Bedee, Arthur
Beebe, Ronald
Behrendt, Luther
Belanger, Howard
Bellville, Edwin
Bennett, Gerald
Bertok, William
Biddle, Paul
Bitz, Raymond
Bloom, Richard John
Bolton, Louis
Boose, Harry
Booth, James
Bristow, James
Brown, Clarence A.
Bruggemon, Delbert
Buerk, Gale F.
Buhr, Norbert

Cable, Wayne
Callaghan, Morton
Callaghan, C. Woodruff
Callender, F. Wheeler
Campbell, Lyle
Chapman, Bayley
Christy, Raymond
Chronister, Leamon L.
Coine, Harry
Collins, George Russell
Collier, Orville
Conner, James
Connolly, Joe
Cordrey, Roland
Cosgrove, Roscoe
Cowell, Homer
Crawford, William
Crooks, James
Csizmat, Stephen

Damas, Mike
Davis, Warren
Deel, George
DeMott, Robert
Denman, Don
Devera, Andrew
Dickerson, Russell
Dickey, Bernard Simon
Dickson, Robert
Dietrich, Melvin
Dolbee, Robert
Growski, Roy
Dumiller, Donald
Dycus, Roy

Edmunds, Jack
Egnat, John
Ernst, Mercede
Esling, Eugene
Evanoff, James
Evans, Wade
Everett, Eugene

Farris, Robert

Fells, Karl
Ferraro, Angelo
Fifer, George
Filyo, Joseph Steve
Findley, Robert
Finkbeiner, Willis
Flagg, Melvin
Flesh, Kenneth
Fogle Horace O.
Fortuna, Albert B.
Foster, Wilton
Fox, Russell
Francis, Robert
Fierheit, Harvey
Frosch, Harry Thomas
Fweauf, Albert
Fuire, Tony James

Garbe, Robert
Geisel, Herman
Geisel, Ray
George, Carl
George, Tom
Georgeff, Vosil
Gerrard, Richard
Gertz, Norman
Gebbons, Harold
Gillette, Lewis
Gipe, Paul William
Gleason, Albert
Graver, Howard
Greeley, Carlton
Greer, Theodore
Greiner, Robert
Grimes, William
Guhl, Forrest
Gurcsik, George
Gust, Elroy
Gutknuht, Leonard
Hale, Lawrence
Hallet, Charles
Hanna, George
Hannan, Harold
Hannan, Kenneth
Harmon, Ralph William
Hayes, William
Heiden, Albert
Heider, Lawrence
Heinrich, Glennon
Hench, Russell
Hennessee, Joe
Henning, Deloy
Hess, William L.
Higgins, Joseph
Holland, Kenneth
Hollopeter, Robert
Hoover, Earl J.
Hopkins, Richard
Horne, Gordon
Hosler, Orris
Hudson, Roland
Hugh, Richard
Hughes, Lafayette
Hulce, Earl

Jacob, Jim
Jett, John
Johnson, Ervin L.
Jones, Milton E.
Jones, Robert

Karnipe, John
Keeley, Robert
Keith, Warren
Keller, John J.
Kemp, Robert Henry
Kester, Myrray
Key, Carl
King, Warren
Kirk, Paul
Kittle, Reynold
Klaurther, Edward
Kline, Edgar
Korman, Samuel
Kowalka, Ralph
Kowalka, Robert
Kozina, Steven Thomas
Kuntz, Lester

Ladd, Gilbert
LaFleur, Walter Edward
Lang, Howard
Langeal, Francis
Lansel, Charles
Larmie, Don
Lau, Herbert Carl
Layte, Paul
Layur, Joseph
Leber, Ralph V.
Leedy, John
LeFevre, Albert J.
Lehmonn, Florion
Lennex, Edward
Lewis, Paul
Limner, Lester W.
Lomdier, Duane
Little, Ralph
Lodge, Richard
Logan, Thomas
Lang, Eugene
Luke, Homer R.
Lutife, George

McGreery, Lawrence
McKee, Robert
McVicker, Richard
Marusz, John S.
Mason, Ralph
Matile, William
Matzeok, Lewis
Melcher, Harold
Meister, Roland
Mermer, Francis
Meter, Dana Van
Metzger, Albert
Michael, Earl
Mickens, Harold Albert
Miller, Harry J.
Monto, Raymond Walter
Murphy, Jas.
Murphy, Walter
Murray, Robert
Myers, Don
Myers, Norman Ernest

Napier, Norman
Naylor, Richard E.
Nigh, Samuel Kellar
Null, Charles E.

Oberdier, William
Ondrus, Walter
Onnenga, Harold
Orosz, Edward Joseph

Palsa, John Joseph
Popp, Joseph
Parent, Henry
Patterson, Bill
Petterson, Harry
Pavlica, Walter Mike
Dayden, Carl
Peeps, Charles
Penchoff, Oscar
Penkoff, Charles
Petroff, Peter
Pheils, Scott
Pohts, Joseph
Poling, Sam
Portman, Orlo
Price, Arthur

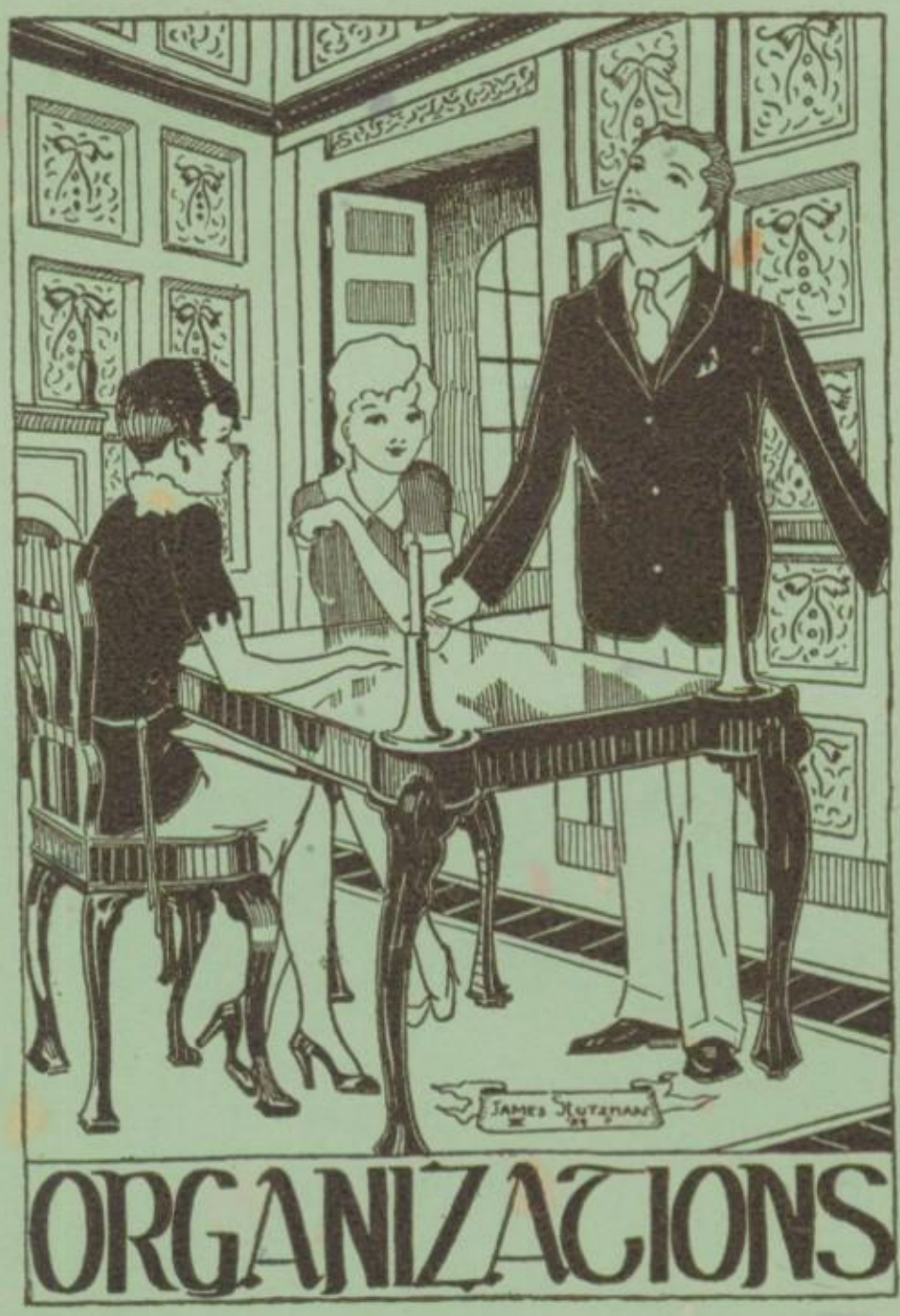
Radsick, Carl
Rasi, Joseph
Reau, Emerson
Richardson, Billy
Richardson, Dana
Roberts, Wesley
Rochte, LaVerne
Roe, Herman
Roeske, Paul

Sabe, Mike
Saba, William
Savaya, Sam
Schaefer, George
Scottelkorb, Frank

Schuldt, Arnold
Schuldt, Ross
Schuller, Don
Schultz, Robert
Schwab, Harry
Schwartz, Earl
Schwerkaske, Fred
Secord, Paul
Sell, Russell D.
Shames, Fred
Sheffield, Howard
Sick, Ralph
Sievert, Otto
Simons, Vaughn
Smith, Stanley G.
Soncrant, John
Sorgen, William
Spahr, Harold L.
Spiesz, James D.
Steigerwald, Ralph
Stephon, John Stephen
Stocldard, George
Sutteen, Roscoe
Swonok, Vernon
Swickheiner, Thomas
Taylor, Norbert
Textor, Roy
Thayer, Gordon
Tipton, Russell
Turner, Frank
Turner, Harry M.
Turner, Rex
Turner, Robert
Unser, John C.
Urban, Frank
Valcoff, George
Vance, Robert
Dana, George Ralph
Vining, Howard
Vizneau, LeRoy
Vobbe, Gayle
Vogtsberger, Arthur
Wayenknecht, Karl
Wagner, Russell
Walker, Clarence
Walker, Robert
Wallace, Victor
Warren, William D.
Way, Stanley
Weeber, Burton
Wertz, Robert
Whalen, T. Mylo
Whitmore, Russell Dale
Wice, Loyal
Weeland, Robert
Willard, Richard A.
Wilson, Dale
Winters, Bertus
Wolfe, Willard
Wood, James
Wood, Robert
Zraik, Raymond
Zutavern, Milan
Zuara, Joseph

James Carson

2312 ½ Auburn Ave.



James Carson
2312½ Audubon Ave.

Students' Standard Of Ideals

Morrison R. Waite High School

* * *

CHARACTER—I will strive to keep my character above reproach, untainted by forces from within or without.

SCHOLARSHIP—I will take pride in keeping my standard of scholarship high, that I may be ready to take advantage of every opportunity that arises.

LOYALTY—I will uphold the time-honored name of Morrison R. Waite High School by what I say and what I do.

HONESTY—I will be honest and truthful.

SELF-CONTROL—I will strive to dominate my own will, since self-control is essential to leadership.

CLEANLINESS—I will endeavor to keep my person, the school, and the campus neat and clean.

COURTESY—I will see that my actions are courteous at all times.

RESPONSIBILITY—I will be responsible for all my actions in or out of school and will do my part in bearing the burdens of the daily school cuirriculum.

FELLOWSHIP—I will try to see only the best in my fellow classmates, to value their friendship as I would have them value mine.

SPORTSMANSHIP—I will win and lose like a man and I will strive to give fair play the upper hand.

Published through the courtesy of
The Student Council.

First Row—Kackley, Meyers, MacVay, Gertz, Voegeli, Seeley, Schnell, Reeves. *Second Row*—Campbell, Wittle, Diehr, Winchester, Vanders, Beckett, Linsenmayer, Guss, Smith. *Third Row*—Buehrer, Miller, Bitter, Evanoff, Schindler, Mauter, Jackson, Bernhagen. *Fourth Row*—Steele, Bolbach, Young, Hissong, Dwight, McKinley, Scott.

Student Council

* * *

Officers

GENE WINCHESTER – – – – – – – – – – – President
J. CARLTON HISSONG – – – – – – – – – Vice-President
MARGARET ROBINS – – – – – – – – – – Secretary
LEROY SCHULER – – – – – – – – – – – Treasurer
KENNETH HAWK – – – – – – – – – Sergeant-at-Arms

First Row—Reuthinger, Bowman, Robins, Emch, Meyers, Squeo, Collins, Morris. *Second Row*—Skilliter, Wyler, Carr, Wolfe, Eyster, Cable, Baumker, Butler. *Third Row*—Fetzer, Harrison, Brown, Hawk, Haley, Lovell, Catchpole.

Student Council

THE purpose of the Student Council of Morrison R. Waite High School is to consider problems confronting the school, to recommend policies beneficial to the welfare of the students and organizations, and to unify and centralize efforts toward creating a better high school spirit. With this comprehensive purpose, the Student Council is probably the most important organization at Waite.

The Council has worked effectively this year. Interest in basket-ball games was stimulated by the impetus given by a Student Council committee.

The social activities were carefully regulated and student attendance increased through the work of the organization.

The membership is larger than that in previous years. The presidents of the school organizations, editors of the publications, and a representative from each Home Room now claim membership in this organization.

Robins Arduser Moorhead Dunsmore Cable

Zetalethean Literary Society

* * *

Officers

MARGARET ROBINS – – – – – – – – – – President
RUTH ARDUSER – – – – – – – – – – Vice-President
MARGARET MOORHEAD – – – – – – – – – Secretary
DOROTHY DUNSMORE – – – – – – – – – Treasurer
RUTH CABLE – – – – – – – – – – – – Chaplain
DOROTHY DOAN – – – – – – – – – – – Reporter
KATHRYN EMCH – – – – – – – – – Sergeant-at-Arms

Cadaret Davis Fields Gaide Elsperman Bruggemier
Butler Catchpole Hire Border Greab Morris

Doan Emch Reuthinger Marti Bird

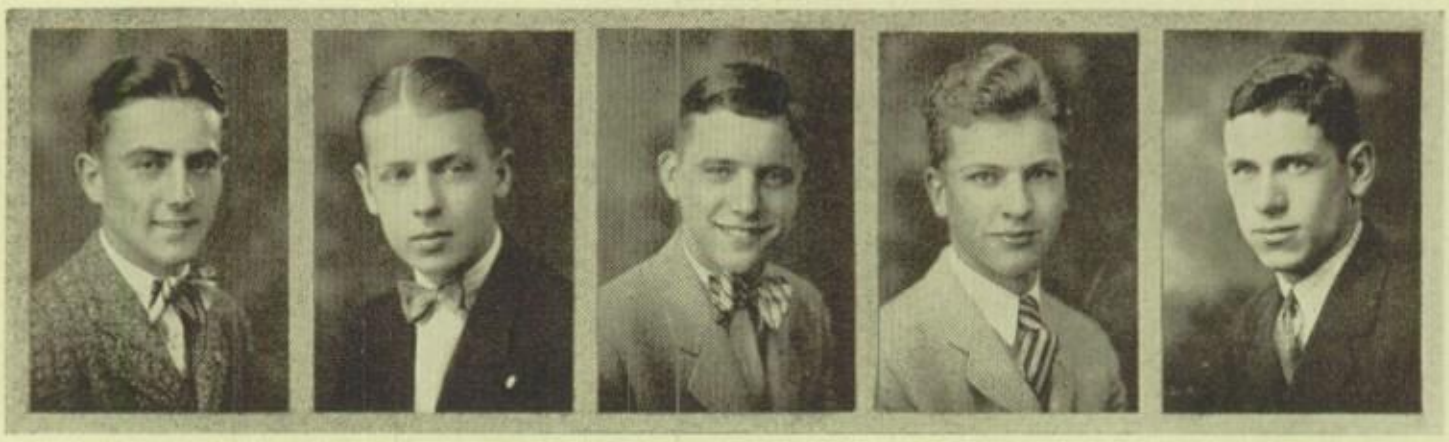
Zetalethean *Literary Society*

THE Zetalethean Literary Society chose an unusual theme for this year. You can judge for yourself whether this subject was fascinating when you hear it was "Modern Women." The programs have been well prepared and the discussions have given much that is educational and well worth while to the girls.

But this is not all that the girls have done. They have had many social activities through the year including occasional spreads after meetings. The Zets received the pennant for putting on the best mass meeting, a prize for which all the literary societies vied. The annual Faculty Tea was a great success. The most important event of the year was the Pandemonium Dance. The gym was decorated with all the bright colors and dark shadows of true pandemonium. The couple party in February was one of the most pleasant parties of the year; it was made possible by the fact that this was Leap Year.

The Zetaletheans feel they have passed a very successful year and wish to thank their advisers and others who have helped to make their days together enjoyable and worthwhile.

Davis Keller, Held McEvoy Heistand Doyle Bowman Furie Bainter Eberle Wade Schnell



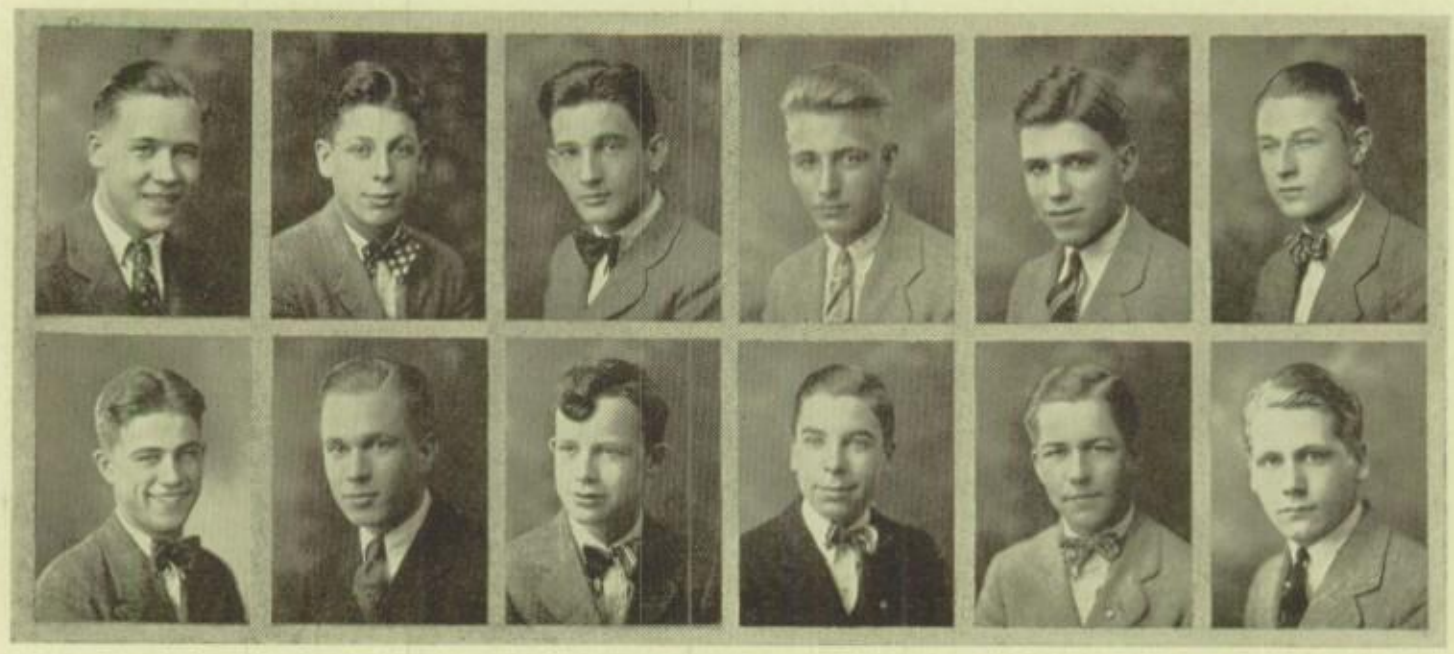
Evanoff Winchester Summers Vobbe Wine

Quill and Dagger Literary Society

Officers

GEORGE EVANOFF – – – – – – – – – – – President
GENE WINCHESTER – – – – – – – – – – Vice-President
ED SUMMERS – – – – – – – – – – – – Secretary
CARLETON VOBBE – – – – – – – Corresponding Secretary
WILLIAM PRICE – – – – – – – – – – – Treasurer
ROBERT GOORLEY – – — – – – – – – – Chaplain
CALVIN REUTHINGER – – – – – – – – – Reporter
BOB MOREY – – – – – – – – – – Sergeant-at-Arms

Wozniak Halloran Stutzman Schuller Kasprazak Luzius
Klaiber Slater MacVay Campbell Denman Schindler



Goorley Reuthinger Morey Buehrer Price

Quill and Dagger Literary Society

THE Quill and Dagger Literary Society was founded at Waite in 1914 for the purpose of encouraging the study of literature; of developing the art of public speaking and debating, of cultivating sociability and good fellowship among its members.

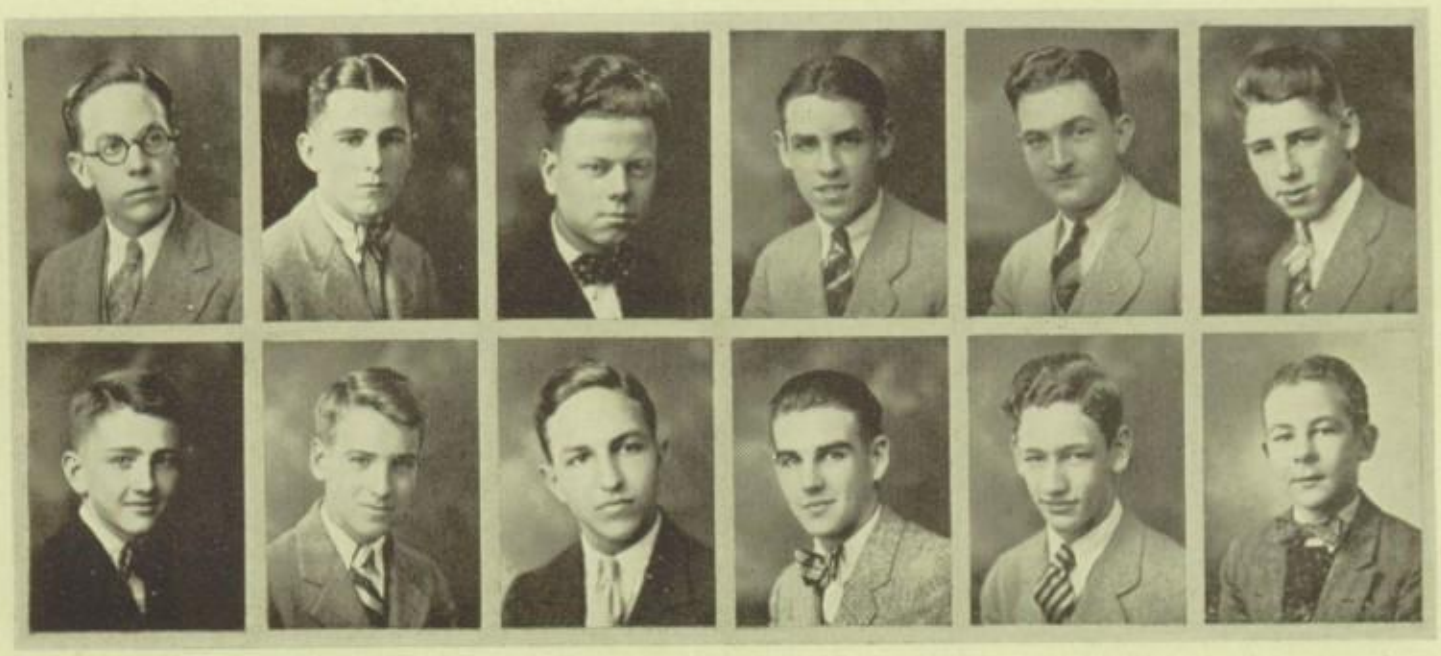
This year, the Q. D.'s have carried out their purpose by varied and interesting programs.

In the Annual Q. D. Forum football classic the Q. D.'s carried away the victory by a 19-0 score.

One of the most pleasant events of the year was a party held at the Auto-Lite Club. The outstanding event of the year was the annual Q. D. dance. The gymnasium was transformed into an elaborate ballroom for this event.

Long after the Q. D.'s have gone from Waite, the memories of their original distinctions, the first to appear this year, will remain. The year's activities were ended with the annual banquet. Altogether this has been a year full of enthusiasm and jolly good-fellowship.

Miller Frost Day McKinley Stutzman Thayer
Bartlet Schnell Hissong Bernhagen Valiquette Seeley



Skilliter Hygon Shocker Routson Floyd

Periclean Literary Society

Officers

LOIS SKILLITER – – – – – – – – – – – President
DOROTHY HYGON – – – – – – – – – – Vice-President
JEAN SHOCKER – – – – – – – – – – – Secretary
HELEN JANE ROUSTON – – – – – – – – Cor. Secretary
MAXINE FLOYD – – – – – – – – – – – Treasurer
LOIS BEST – – – – – – – – – – – – Chaplain
MAXINE OGLE – – – – – – – – – – – – Censor
HELEN KITSON – – – – – – – – – – – Reporter
MARY MAHAFFEY – – – – – – – – – Sergeant-at-Arms

Heath Rippey | Miller Prince | Cottrell Herman | Fetzer Eggert | Skilliter Bloomer | Knisley Willow | Bell Lindner

Best Ogle Kitson Mahaffey Bartlett

Periclean Literary Society

A MORE delightful series of social events could not be imagined than that enjoyed by the Peris this year. First came a weiner roast given at Dorothy Miller's home at Point Place. This was followed by a typical Peri spread at Jean Shocker's home. It was at this spread that the Peris received their blue sweaters with the dashing gold stripe and the saucy matching tams.

February fourth was the date of the annual dance given by this Literary Society. The Silhouette Dance was supervised by Maxine Ogle.

During spring vacation the Peris entertained the alumnae with a bridge party at the Woman's Club. In May all the Pericleans of the city met for their annual banquet. The yearly assembling of Pericleans of the city has grown to be a very much anticipated affair.

The subject of the literary program for this year was "Famous Authors." The theme proved to be a suggestive and interesting one.

Waite Aubruy Muench Overmyer Link Eggleston Higgins Teegardin Hess Garbe Kern Dean Hennen Steiert

Mauter Drake Diehr Young Price

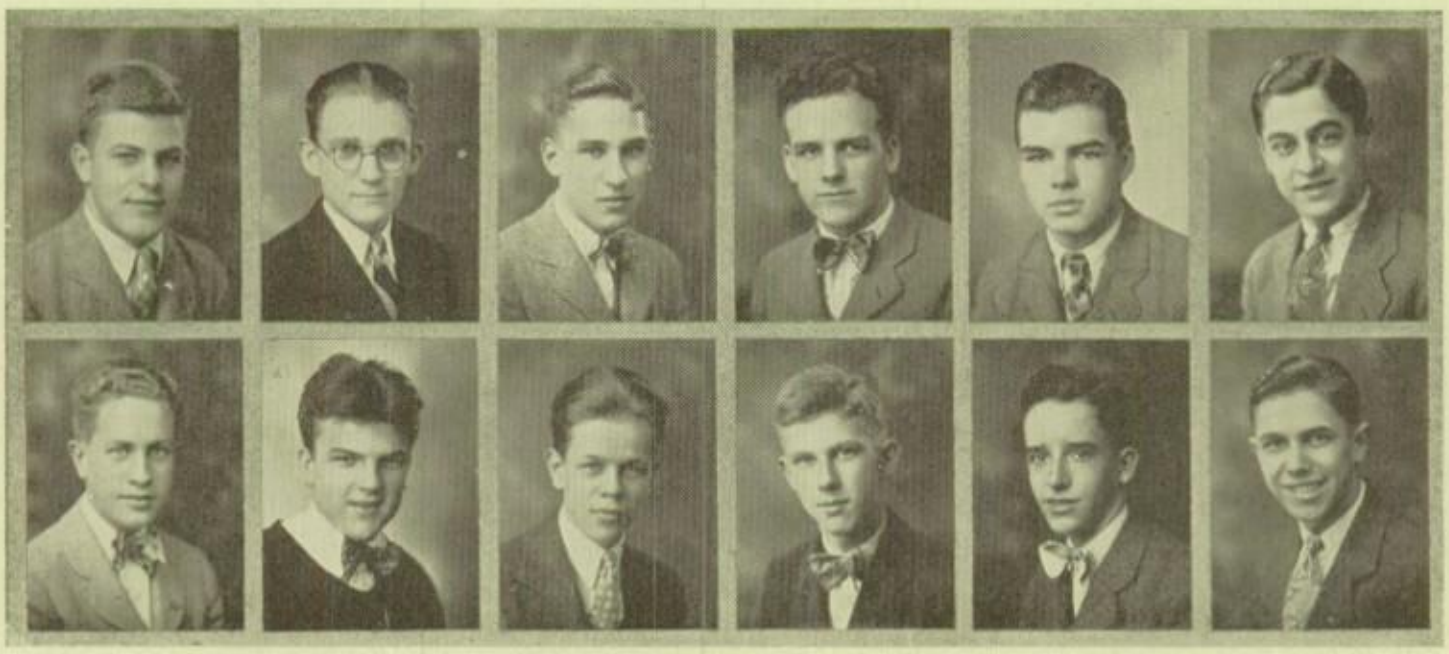
Forum Literary Society

* * *

Officers

ALOYSIUS MAUTER – – – – – – – – – – – President
JAMES DRAKE – – – – – – – – – – Vice-President
HARLAN DIEHR – – – – – – – – – – – Secretary
GEORGE YOUNG – – – – – – – – – – – Treasurer
ROBERT PRICE – – – – – – – – – – – Chaplain
ROBERT BOLBACH – – – – – – – – – – – Censor
GRANT COOPER – – – – – – – – – Sergeant-at-Arms

Scott Ricard Huntsman Monto Siewert Sander Brown Guss Skinner Haley Hadadd Dwight



Bolbach Cooper Shultz Linsenmayer Jackson

Forum Literary Society

MEMBERS of the Forum Literary Society will remember this past year of pleasant activities long after they have graduated.

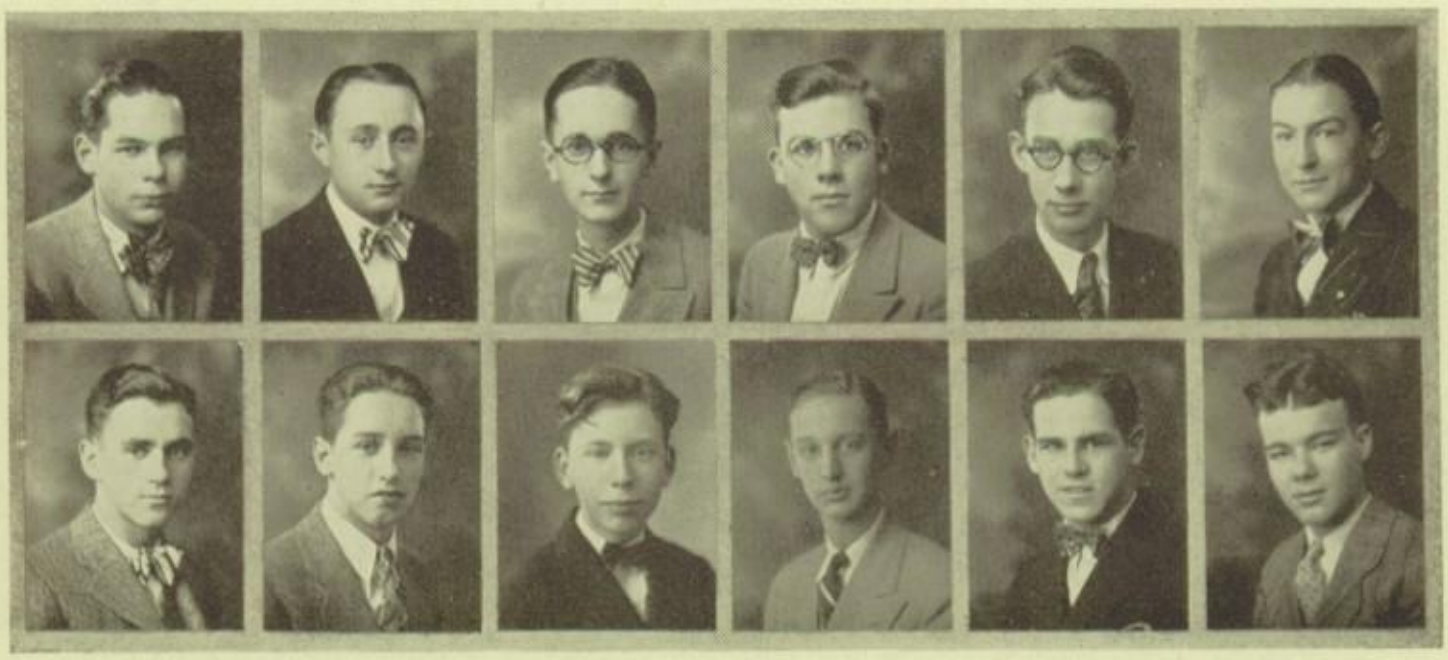
The purpose of the society is to improve its members in public speaking, debating, and the study of literature. To carry out this purpose many well-planned programs were given by the members of the club, aided by their faculty advisers.

Another feature of the year was the Forum's participation in the annual football and basketball games with their friendly enemies, the Q. D's.

The noteworthy event of the Forum program was the "Lindy Hop," given March 24. The dance made the members feel close to the hero of the skies as they danced beneath a replica of the Spirit of St. Louis.

So well has the purpose of the society been fulfilled that it has roused the members who will remain after graduation to a new determination to uphold the standards of the society even more carefully in the coming year and to contribute to the growth and progress of this friendly organization.

Gummow Basco Smith Hemminger Johnson Sharp
Davis McCreary Sara Siegel Jackson Bardsley



First Row—Cadaret, Catchpole, Doan, Emch, Arduser, Schnell, Eggert. *Second Row*—Bloomer, Steiert, McEvoy, Meyers, Steinmiller, Gipe, Egley. *Third Row*—Robins, Boose, Pappajohn, Lakatos, Scott, Moorhead, Reuthinger. *Fourth Row*—Heath, Lohfink, Bowman, Skilliter, Stoner, Tiedjen.

Friendship Club

* * *

Officers

KATHRYN EMCH	President
JEAN SHOCKER	Vice-President
DOROTHY DOAN	Secretary
RUTH ARDUSER	Treasurer
MAXINE OGLE	Reporter
MELVA SKILLITER	Chaplain
ALICE EGGLESTON	Sergeant-at-Arms

First Row—Meyers, Baur, Naylor, Herman, Kessmar, Boros. *Second Row*—Cable, Birch, Lindner, Stamer, Farris, Fehlberg, Farris. *Third Row*—Skilliter, Garbe, Unser, Pritchett, Moon, Pryke, Musson. *Fourth Row*—Cowie, Aubry, Hornczi, Butler, Greab, Haddad, Dunsmore.

Friendship Club

THE Friendship Club began its work this year with more than its usual enthusiasm. The theme for the year was "Watchers of the Sky." Miss Goodall's Bible lessons were especially interesting and inspiring; each one was thoroughly discussed and remembered.

Individual social service was carried on by every member of the club who befriended a small orphan from the second grade of the Miami Children's Home. As a group, the girls sold candy at one of the football games and at the Glee Club presentation. This enabled them to pay a generous World Fellowship pledge which was made at the beginning of the year.

Of the many social events the most enjoyable were spreads and splash parties at the Y. W. C. A., the Leap Year dance, parties with the Hi-Y boys and banquets.

The senior girls wish for those who are to carry on this fine work all possible success.

First Row—Wilson, Cheney, Eggert, Kornrumpf, Burman, Kasdorf, Schwartz, Wilkinson. *Second Row*—Alexander, Keinig, Hasselkus, Robins, Winszeler, Brown, Westover, Sheets. *Third Row*—Pritchett, Dower, Everett, Stern, Jackson, Moon, Knauss. *Fourth Row*—Surtman, Bennett, Consaul, Sherman, Scheub, Liebke, Never.

Junior Friendship Club

Officers

Beth Burman	President
Ruth Wheeler	Vice-President
Wanita Kasdorf	Secretary
Mildred Moon	Treasurer
Alice Duncan	Chaplain
Elsie Ruth Jackson	Reporter
Helen Rahmstock	Sergeant-at-Arms

THE Junior Friendship Club is composed of Freshmen and Sophomore girls. Each year the sophomore girls enter the senior club in the month of April.

Early in the year a party is held for new members. Every two girls of the group have an orphan at the Miami Children's Home; during the year the club has several parties for the children.

The annual Friendship Banquet was held February 13, at the Y. W. C. A. Clubs from all the High Schools attended.

The World Fellowship offering of the organization this year was twenty dollars.

The advisors are Miss Cowell, Miss Beck, Miss Gerding, and Miss Meagher.

First Row—Siegel, Guss, Bruce, Wittle, Scott, Haley, Hissong, Ricard, Bartlett. *Second Row*—Jackson, Nelson, Reuthinger, Bolbach, Diehr, Miller, Klaiber, Sander. *Third Row*—Koppius, Valiquette, Steele, Seeley, Schnell, Price, MacVay, Rounds, Smith. *Fourth Row*—Haddad, Milligan, Young, Drake, Campbell, Price, Winchester. *Fifth Row*—Rosenthal, Brown, Goorley, Busick, Monto, Vobbe, Davis, Buehrer.

Senior *Hi-Y*

Officers

Ross Scott	President
Harlan Diehr	Vice-President
Robert Price	Secretary
Rolland Buehrer	Treasurer
Robert Bolbach	Chaplain
Carlton Vobbe	Sergeant-at-Arms

THE Senior Hi-Y Club will finish another profitable year at the close of school in June, 1928. Summoning up its work it may be said that its activities were carried on with four institutions. These include the Friendship Club, the school, the Y. M. C. A., and the church.

Forums were held at the Y. W. C. A. for the Hi-Y and Friendship Clubs of the city.

One of the Forums was conducted by the Waite Club. In addition to this the club held a party in October and a joint one in February with the Waite Friendship Club.

A Great service to the school was the Freshman Mixer in September and a still more important type of work was the Vocational Guidance campaign during the winter. As a minor act the bringing of a colored quartet from Wilburforce College in February may be mentioned.

In October the club helped the Y. M. C. A. by having some of its members give Churches for the membership drive of this community branch. In the spring the club held a group of social gatherings at the Central Y. M. C. A.

Last but not least is the club's service to the church. It conducted a group of about twenty meetings at churches including morning and evening services and young people's gatherings. To both the State Older Boys and the Northwestern Ohio District Conferences the club sent good-sized delegations.

Considering these events and others which cannot be mentioned it may easily be seen that the Senior Hi-Y Club has completed another year of successful work.

First Row—Moon, Dippery, Kennerly, Guss, Berry, Hartough, Mesteller. *Second Row*—Sievert, Rae, Holland, Brindley, Sheridan, Smith, Everett, Belkofer. *Third Row*—Eberlin, Consaul, Beck, Fernow, Schwachenwald, Beck, Roshong. *Fourth Row*—Mesteller, Whitmarsh, Belkofer, Seivert, Routson, Vobbe.

Junior Hi-Y

Officers

JOHN GUSS	President
EUGENE BERRY	Vice-President
ALFRED WARNKE	Secretary
CARLTON RAE	Treasurer
RALPH WHITMARSH	Censor
JUDSON ROUTSON	Chaplain
WILFORD BELKOFER	Athletics
CARL BELKOFER	Sergeant-at-Arms

THE Junior Hi-Y carried out many new projects during this past year. Early in the year the officers drew up a complete constitution. They added a new officer to their group of leaders, a program director.

The members enjoyed two successful parties with the Junior Friendship girls, a Hallowe'en party on October 29 and a Christmas party on December 22.

At the meetings the members heard interesting talks by George Young, Mr. E. V. Reed, Rev. Mr. E. T. Burnworth, Mr. Steiner, Mr. Swisher, and Mr. Fred Klag. Mr. O. E. Lutz, one of the club's advisers, also gave a number of talks. He was of great assistance in making the club a success.

The Junior Hi-Y also conducted an impressive induction ceremony at the Euclid Church on February 11. This was planned so well that it was sent to the state Hi-Y board.

The members in a quiet way did many things to create, maintain, and extend Christain Living.

First Row—Meyers, Baur, Musson, Miller, Herman, Kessmar. *Second Row*—Reeves, Stamer, Birch, Wolfe, Baumker, Fetzer, Rippey. *Third Row*—Wozniak, Kasprazak, Sharp, MacVay, Drake, McCardell. *Fourth Row*—Smith, Osborn, Hendrickson, Todd, Braun, Cowie

Alchemist

Officers

James Miller	President
Alice Diefenthaler	Vice-President
Lois Best	Secretary
Graham Smith	Treasurer
Genevieve Musson	Reporter
Bernard Wozniak	Sergeant-at-Arms

DESPITE the handicap of having only a few members at the beginning of the year the Alchemists went to work with a will and maintained the standard of the club. The year 1927-'28 proved a successful one. Well-rounded programs, including speeches by prominent chemists, were the order of the day. The club also visited local industrial plants. James Miller, the president, worked hard for the Alchemists. Due credit is given to the advisers, Miss Howard and Mr. Coontz, who willingly co-operated with the club in every respect. The hard-working committees also deserve mention. The meetings helped to further scientific study among the members, to deepen student friendship, and to widen student interest.

First Row—Smith, Whitmore, Johnson, Novotny, Klaiber, McCardell, Meister, Graver, Schupp. *Second Row*—Bolbach, Hemminger, Chapman, Kagen, Cook, Tschappat, Vanders, Gummow, Winters, Vobbe. *Third Row*—Monto, Wozniak, Kasprazak, Diehr, Rosenthal, Wittle, Drake, Willis. *Fourth Row*—Bainter, Wine, Kroetz, Wilford, Valiquette, Fenstermaker, Flory, Slater, Scott, Bernhagen. *Fifth Row*—Schindler, Brockseker, Wiles, Borchers, Summers, Young, Ayers, Brinley, Brown, Frost.

Engineers

* * *

Officers

Robert Bolbach	President
Carlton Vobbe	Vice-President
Albert Schindler	Secretary
William Wine	Treasurer
Ross Scott	Chaplain
Leslie Brown	Sergeant-at-Arms

WITH the earnest co-operation of the advisers and members the year 1927-1928 proved to be an active one for the Engineers.

At the regular meetings speeches were given either by members of the club or by prominent engineers. The joint meetings of the four clubs. Waite, Scott, Libbey, and Woodward, created a feeling of brotherhood and spurred the interest of the members of the club.

What, ho! We cannot forget the distinctions, which were clever and attracted considerable attention.

Summing up the year 1927-1928, a very creditable amount of work was done to further the interests of future engineers. The society may feel that it has a record to be proud of and that it has gained a place of high esteem and recognition in Waite High School.

First Row—Emch, Powlesland, Lovell, Champion, Toteff, Schrweier, Wilkinson. *Second Row*—Southworth, Stoner, Doan, Mickel, Moon, Butler, Bloomer, Consaul. *Third Row*—Burman, Sarra, Sheridan, Sandrock, Purdy, Wiler, Stern. *Fourth Row*—Young, Goorley, Thompson, Price, Drake, Todd, Morris.

Optimates

* * *

Officers

GEORGE YOUNG, ETHEL SOUTHWORTH – – – – – – Consuls
KATHRYN EMCH – – – – – – – – – – – – Censor
ROBERT GOORLEY – – – – – – – – – – – – Scriba
RUTH BUTLER – – – – – – – – – – – – Quaestor
ROBERT PRICE, DOROTHY DOAN – – – – – – – Aediles

ROUNDING out their second year of existence in a business-like manner, the Optimates have established themselves as one of the active societies of the school. The membership was lessened considerably at the first of the year, due to the graduation of many members. The second meeting however, found a large number of new members present; for the increased membership, credit may be given to Lee Thompson and his energetic committee.

Each monthly meeting of the Optimates has brought a fine program along with it, including talks on Roman life and short plays dealing with the subject of Latin or with the history of Rome. The club has not been purely scholastic, however; it has had pleasant social affairs from time to time. Under the chaperonage of the adviser, Miss Grace Gibson, the society had a jolly Christmas party in room 325, where gifts were exchanged in grab-bag fashion, most of the gifts being hilariously inappropriate. The January meeting was a spread at Kathryn Emch's home.

The founders of the club are all to graduate in June, leaving the work of carrying on the society for the newer members. We wish them the best of luck and an increasing prosperity.

First Row—Bloomer, Schenll, Vizneau, Griffith, Muench, Lowdenslager, Cory, Glasco, Morris, Weber. *Second Row*—Arndt, Cowie, Haddad, Herman, Clark, Musson, Moorhead, Unser, Stevens, Spalding. *Third Row*—Cable, Foust, Shatto, Palmer, Leybourne, Purrett, Pritchett, Higgins, Willow, Cook, *Fourth Row*—Aubry, Kern, Johnstone, Marti, Ein, Steiert, Nichols, Shamy, Doxsie.

Le Cercle Francais

Officers

RUTH MUENCH	President
LAUREL MORRIS	Vice-President
GENEVIEVE MUSSON	Secretary
NEVA COREY	Treasurer
JOSEPHINE HADDAD	Reporter

WHEN Le Cercle Francais of Waite was founded, it was intended to help students of the school to increase their knowledge of France, its people, and its language. This purpose has been carried out with increasing success. The members this year have profited by corresponding with students in France, by the interesting talks given occasionally by members of the faculty, and by the French games which were played at parties. The club has subscribed to a monthly magazine, pertaining to France and its customs, which furnished material for many talks. A recognition service was added and a pledge formed. All of the members have faithfully kept the pledge.

The success of the organization is due almost entirely to the efforts of its advisers, Miss Griffith and Miss Koch. With their helpful co-operation, the members have found it possible to make Le Cercle Francis what it is.

First Row—Ferris, Salter, Forman, Witherell, Squeo, Surtman, Lohfink, Keefer. *Secoud Row*—Kanuss, Habbegger, Romer, Sequin, Gregerson, Wade, Merren, Eyster. *Third Row*—Wade, Guy, Culbertson, Fankhauser, Ringer, Farrell, Fehlberg, Dickey. *Fourth Row*—Young, Seppler, Pearsall, Jeager, Reifert, Tait, Voegeli.

Commercial Club

Officers

LUCY SQUEO	President
ELIZABETH WADE	Vice-President
MARY COLLINS	Secretary
CARL VOEGELI	Treasurer
FLOYD YOUNG	Sergeant-at-Arms
OPAL WITHERELL	Chaplain
GOLDENA MCPHAIL	Reporter

UNDER the guidance of Lucy Squeo the Commercial Club launched forth last September on another year of enterprise and success. Many and varied were the programs for the meetings. Several Toledo business men brought interesting information on business life. The advisers took part in the program from time to time. Fine debates were held during the year to determine the champion debater of the club. The topics discussed were prominent economic problems of the day—woman's participation in business and installment buying. The club's advisers were the judges, and Mr. Jaeger awarded the prize to the winner.

First Row—Munion, Skilliter, Romer, Seguin, Kreeger, Farris, Camp, Eyster. *Second Row*—Harrison, Fourth, Merron, Albrecht, Gehring, Wozniak, Wine, Keefer. *Third Row*—Behrendt, Wozniak, Stutzman, Smith, Bitter, Tschappat, Oberkiser. *Fourth Row*—Moon, Higginbotham, Ayers, Haley, Steele, Wine, Johnson.

Altobee Art Club

Officers

MELLEN BITTER	President
CATHERINE DAVIS	Vice-President
MARY ELLEN BAINTER	Recording Secretary
RUTH PETERS	Corresponding Secretary
LOIS SKILLITER	Treasurer
BERNARD WOZNIAK	Sergeant-at-Arms

THE Altobee Art Club has enjoyed an unusually successful year under the capable guidance of Mellen Bitter. The year opened with a Hallowe'en party at which each new member showed his artistic skill in making a mask and entertained the older members with Hallowe'en stunts. Then came the Cartoon Meeting; at this meeting the history of cartoons, the life of George McManus, and five cartoon skits from Martin's "Boots and Her Buddies" were given. At the Modeling meeting, gum and scissors played an important part. The Christmas Party brought to the members a famous pantomime, "The Bashful Lovers and the Flappers." Valentine photographs were the feature of the Valentine Party; they were taken with real cameras and mounted in handsome hand-made folders. Other important events planned for the year were a visit to Mr. Karl Kapper's studio, a talk by Cartoonist Gray of the News-Bee, a final sketching at Mr. Lutz's summer cottage at Lakeside, Ohio, and the annual afternoon dance in the Gym.

Much credit is due to the active interest of the advisers, Miss Carpenter, Miss Hart, and Miss Kershner. The novel programs were the ideas of the ever-busy program committee, including Graham Smith, Mellen Bitter, Virginia Doyle, and Rina Popoff.

Publications

The Retina Board

"TOMORROW'S assignment," calmly asserts Miss Meagher, "is poetry." A pitiful moan is uttered by the members of the Retina Board. They surely hate to write "poems." Slowly but surely, however, they do the work. With prose they even begin to show gleams of talent.

The "Retina" is published six times a year. It is in charge of an editor and two associate editors chosen by the publications board. The editor and his associates make up the magazine, deal with the printer and engraver, and assume the general management. They are assisted by a staff of workers chosen largely from the "Retina" class, who have charge of the various departments of the magazine. They gather news of the school, report the programs of the various organizations, record the alumni data, interview the faculty for "facts," write sports, and collect comics.

Illustrations for articles which appear in the "Retina" and cover designs are done by members of the art classes. The success of the "Retina" is due in a large measure to the artistic ability of our "artists."

The "Retina" is financed by student subscriptions and by an advertising staff composed of students.

Not only the board but the entire student body is responsible for the success of the magazine.

The Annual Board

THE Annual is the most treasured book at Waite. Alumni tell us that annuals remain in their possession long after other high school books have disappeared; old or new, the Annual is worth its weight in silver, if not gold.

The work that goes to produce such a book makes it valuable. This year, before the seniors were fairly settled in their classes, they were requested to have their pictures taken. At their protests that it was too early in the year, the annual editor only smiled for experience had taught the annual board the value of beginning early.

When the senior pictures were taken and all mounted in panels, the other pictures were taken and mounted.

Through the year the art students worked on the book. The literary staff patiently wrote and rewrote articles for weeks before the copy was ready. Everyone responsible for the making of the book had worked faithfully and patiently to make it a worthy product and representative of Morrison R. Waite High School.

First Row—Squeo, Rippey, Robins, Reuthinger, Bowman, Naylor. *Second Row*—Haley, Winchester, Vobbe, Buehrer, Reuthinger, Smith. *Third Row*—Bolbach, Ayers, Young, Drake, Higginbotham, Steele.

The Annual Board

Editor-in-chief	LUCILE REUTHINGER
Associate Editors	CARLETON VOBBE RUTH NAYLOR
Literary Editors	ROLLAND BUEHRER JAMES MILLER BEATRICE RIPPEY
Organizations	GENE WINCHESTER
Activities	MARGARET ROBINS
Snap Shots	ROBERT BOLBACH
Athletics	GEORGE YOUNG
Girls' Athletics	MARY BOWMAN
Humor	EDWARD SUMMERS

Art Staff

PAT HIGGINBOTHAM, Art Editor JACK HALEY JAMES STUTZMAN
LAWRENCE STEELE

Business Staff

Business Manager	CALVIN REUTHINGER
Advertising Manager	LISLE AYRES
Assistants	MILDRED GAY, WALTER HARTOUGH
Secretary-Treasurer	LUCY SQUEO
Typist	ROSEMARY BIRD

Faculty Advisors

General	MR. JAMES A. POLLOCK
Financial	MR. MERRITT C. NAUTS
Literary	MISS CHARLOTE MEAGHER
Art	MISS HELEN KERSHNER

First Row—Fetzer, Albrecht, Gehring, Morris, Haddad, McAvoy. *Second Row*—Squeo, Catchpole, Emch, Bolbach, Reuthinger, Doan, Arduser. *Third Row*—Tait, Ayers, Steele, Haley, Higginbotham, Smith.

Retina Class

Editor-in-Chief – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Robert Bolbach
Associate Editor – – – – – – – – Calvin Reuthinger, Ruth Arduser
Literature – – – – – – – – – – – – – Ruth Muench, Graham Smith
Book Reviews – – – – – – – – – – – – – Laurel Morris
Senior Write-ups – – – – – – – – – – – – Laura McEvoy
Office Boy – – – – – – – – – – – Kathryn Emch, James Shamy
Alumni – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Lois Best
Exchange – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Madelle Fetzer
Organization – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Dorothy Doan
Faculty – – – – – – – – – – – – Ruth Catchpole, Edith Johnstone
Athletics – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Josephine Haddad
Comics – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Ed Summers
Business Manager – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Lisle Ayers
Typist – – – – – – – – – – – – – Lucy Squeo, Helen Busdicker
Secretary and Treasurer – – – – – – – – – – – – Rosemary Bird
Business Staff – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Ralph Tait
General Advisor – – – – – – – – – – – – – James A. Pollock
Literary Advisor – – – – – – – – – – – – – Charlotte Meagher
Art Advisor – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Helen Kershner
Financial Advisor – – – – – – – – – – – – – – Merritt Nauts

First Row—Catchpole, Arduser, Butler, Snyder, Sandrock, Cable, Reuthinger, Eyster. *Second Row*—Southworth, Morris, Toteff, Carr, Cadaret, Wolf, Lovell, Lakatos. *Third Row*—Mauter, Miller, Summers, Haley, Smith, Diehr, Alexander. *Fourth Row*—Petro, Humberstone, Kackley, Young, Dwight, Schultz.

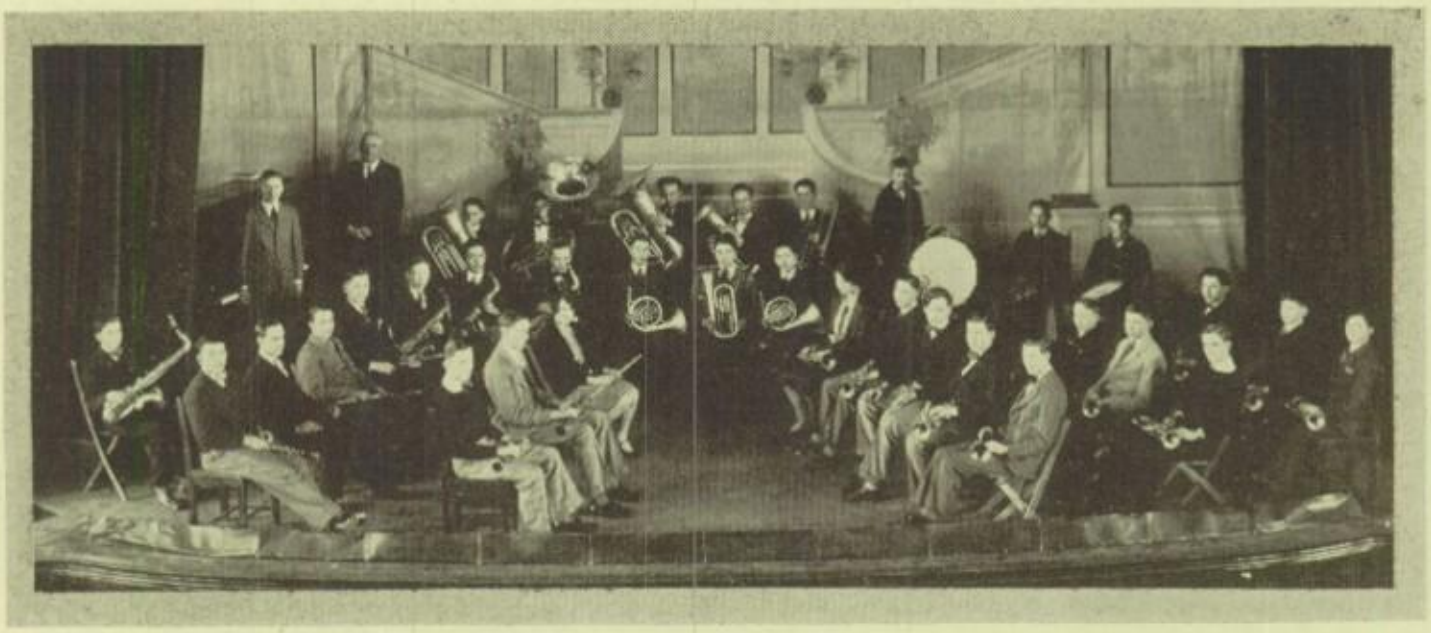
Home Room Representatives

THE Home Room representatives take a practical course in salesmanship and bill-collecting for they are continually asking for quarters, half dollars, or dollars. They delight in having a student or member of the faculty sign on the dotted line and in urging the making of prompt payments. They are a great aid to the school for they gather and take payments for subscriptions to the school publications, the "Retina" and the "Purple and Gold." The Publication Board appreciates the co-operation of these home room representatives and extends to them most sincere thanks for their work in 1928.

First Row—Zillich, Stephenson, Kemp, Kroetz, Bainter, Clifton, Benton, Shocker, Young. *Second Row*—Ein, Langendorn, Hood, Keller, Kempthorn, Johnstone, Wheeler, Scheub, Miller, Best. *Third Row*—Dalton, Davis, Sanders, LeRoy, Heider, Haas, Haas, McGeorge. Hauser, Schultz.

Home Room Representatives

101 Elmer Heider
105 Don Haas
107 Roberta Young
108 Alma Eyster
110 Shirley Snyder
112 Charles Dwight
115 Gladys Langendorf
116 Russell Kackley
116 Violet A. Carr
116 Graham Smith
116 Herman Schnabel
117 Mabel Lovell
120 John Petro
120a Dorothy Clifton
122 Edith Ein
123 Victoria Toteff
124 Mary Lakatos
127 Cecil Green
129 Anna Rossi
133 Wolferd Humberstone
201 Jane Zillick
203 Blanche Hood
203b Russell Schroeder
206 Laurel Morris
207 LeRoy Schultz
208 Stanley Sander
209 Lois Best
211 Kenneth Hawk
213 Harold C. Alexander
214 Ruth Wheeler
214 Lucile Reuthinger
214 Ruth Catchpole
215 Ruth Cable
216 Helen Benton
218 Helen Hirth
218a Maryellen Bainter
220 Edward Summers
222 Gladys Bailey
227 Jean Shocker
229 Vincent Dalton
231 Addie Cadaret
233 Jack Haley
235 Lisbeth Keller
235a Bruce Davis
237 Gail Hasse
303 Evelyn Stevenson
305 Kathryn Miller
306 Thomas Stevenson
307 Harold Hauser
308 Ruth Arduser
308a Luella Cover
309 Charles Wolcott
310 Ada Scheub
310 Ethel Southworth
310 Robert McGeorge
310 Kenneth LeRoy
312 Otelia Wolf
314 Rachel Kempthorn
315 James Miller
317 Harlan Diehr
323 Edith Johnston
325 George Young
327 Ruth Butler
329 Aloysius Mauter
333 Helen Kemp
335 Charles Skeldon
403 Helen Kroetz



The Band

A CERTAIN composer once said, "All music is noble if played sincerely." Sincerely is undoubtedly the chief characteristic of the Waite Band. During the first semester the band was present at every foot-ball game. At the Thanksgiving Day game the band marched on the field resplendent in their new uniforms. This is the second year that the members have gone into their pockets and purchased their own uniforms.

Collections have been taken to purchase uniforms which will be the possession of Waite High School.

The second semester witnessed a change in study from the marches and more simple compositions to the more classical compositions.

At Christmas time the band continued the custom originated by Mr. Sutphen in 1923 of playing Christmas Carols. In April the band was heard in its annual concert. Student soloists were heard at this time and met with the whole-hearted approval of the audience as did the band as a whole.

Mr. Sutphen is to be congratulated upon his splendid work. While it is not generally known, Mr. Sutphen devotes one afternoon each week to teaching Waite students who desire to play an instrument but lack the necessary funds as well as the instrument. Mr. Sutphen teaches the student gratis and the band furnishes the instrument. This is an example of whole-hearted co-operation between student and teacher. Because of the work of Mr. Sutphen and the members, the band this year is the best Waite has ever had.

Waite High Orchestra

THE Waite High Orchestra numbering sixty-three musicians has larger membership than it has had in previous years.

Under the able direction of Miss Werum, the orchestra knows when, what, how, and where to play. It is taught the setting of the tempo, and it receives instruction for effect, crescendo and many beautiful musical variations. All the separate units of the orchestra, string, wood-wind, brass-wind, and percussion, are blended into one immense instrument.

The Orchestra has displayed its talent in the many activities in which it has participated, among which are the accompaniments to the Glee Club presentations, "Tulip Time," "Napoleon Caught Napping," and the Annual Concert in the Auditorium on January 18 followed by a concert in the Museum of Art on January 22. The Orchestra went on the road, March 22, and presented a concert at Maumee. A little later, a morning concert was presented to the students to which a small admittance fee was charged to pay expenses of two of the members, Edith Denman, violin, and Donald MacVay, bassoon to the National High School Orchestra at Chicago.

The crowning event of the season was the accompaniment by the orchestra of the May Festival presentation by the Glee Clubs and Orchestras of the city. This year the opera "Prince of Pilsen" was presented.

The Orchestra has had one of the most successful of seasons and is without doubt an organization worthy of our support.

Waite High Glee Club

AGAIN Morrison R. Waite High School Glee Club closes an exceptionally successful year. In this, its ninth season, it numbers 74 members. The club has spent very busy days in preparation and hard work. On November 18 the club presented the musical comedy "Tulip Time," before a delighted house. Aside from excellent singing and acting the wearing of genuine wooden shoes was a pleasing feature.

The club's second appearance came on March 16 in the presentation of a more difficult work "Napoleon Caught Napping." The largest house in the history of Waite Glee Clubs greeted the singers and the cast and chorus showed their appreciation with an almost professional performance, the elaborate costuming adding much to the attractiveness of the show.

Early in May the Glee Club was a sponsor of an assembly program during which the club of '28 presented the school with a beautiful new garden drop and side wings which will help greatly toward the success of future performances.

"The Prince of Pilsen," that rollicking, roaring yet extremely musical comedy of a decade ago proved a great climax for all the clubs of the city. The success of this show at Waite last year prompted its selection for presentation on the large Coliseum stage. This year a new plan was followed. An all high school cast, a picked chorus of 140 voices supported by an orchestra of the best players of the four high schools gave the performance on an enlarged stage with an elaborate setting, lighting and costuming effects. The Waite organization was honored by selection of two of the "leads" from her ranks as well as by the choice of many in the chorus and orchestra. The Annual May Festival has become a Civic project and bids well for even greater popularity under this new plan.

All this was possible only by the unselfish, untiring efforts of the club's much esteemed director, Mr. Clarence R. Ball, and the club wishes to extend its sincere thanks and good wishes to him at this time.

Waite Alumni Association Officers

President	HOYT BODEN
Vice-President	LESLIE SHAUF
Secretary	MARGARET DAVIS
Corresponding Secretary	MARION HART
Treasurer	DEMETER COLCHAYOFF
Sergeant-at-Arms	CARL STAMMAN

BOARD OF CONTROL

HERBERT SHAUF RUTH LEE

THE Waite Alumni association was organized four years ago with a twofold purpose in mind; first, to keep former Waite students in touch with one another and to keep up their interest in their Alma Mater; second, to help worthy students of the school through college by awarding scholarships.

During this last year the Alumni held several meetings including pep meetings before important football games. The Waite literary societies furnished the programs and their efforts received hearty applause. These programs were followed by dancing in the gym where old acquaintances were renewed and new ones made.

The two social events of the year were the Homecoming Day including a dance, and the annual dance. We hope that Homecoming Day may become an established custom at Waite.

A primary function of the Alumni association lies in the awarding of scholarships. Seventy-five per cent of the annual income is used for this purpose. Last year John Molnar, Florentine Nierman, and Elizabeth Jewett received the scholarships. Florence Boycheff received the Virginia Boone Nauts scholarship which is awarded through the association.

Is not the twofold purpose of the Alumni association a worthy one, the keeping alive of the fire of friendships, kindled during days at Waite; and the helping of worthy students to higher places of learning? We of the class of nineteen twenty-eight believe it is a splendid purpose and hope we may add to its success in coming years.

Honor Roll

IN LIFE when men put forth their best work in their undertakings they reach a goal of satisfaction and happiness; so in school if boys and girls do their best work consistently they attain the reward of high scholarship. For those who show honest and concentrated scholarship some recognition must be given; therefore the Honor Roll has become a part of each year's Purple and Gold. This Honor Roll gives the names of the students in each class who stand highest in scholastic achievement for the past year. To be mentioned in the Honor Roll is one of the finest honors that can come to a student of Morrison R. Waite High School.

At the close of the past semester, the following pupils lead the class in scholarship in the order named. The record for members of the Senior and Junior classes is based on their accomplishments since entering Waite. The record for the Sophomore and Freshman Classes is based on the work of the fall semester of the present school year.

SENIOR CLASS

Kathryn Emch
Mary Prince
Lee Thompson
Gene Winchester
Margaret Kohut
Mary Collins
Robert Goorley
William Basco
Clarence Beckett
Ruth Arduser
Alice Diefenthaler
Laura Taylor
George Young
Robert Price
Rolland Buehrer
Leonard Linsenmayer

JUNIOR CLASS

Pauline Heistand
Elza Henzler
Myrtle Michael
Lotus Eberle
Edith Ein
Josephine Shatto
Edna Nelms
Dorothy Robinson Walton
Walter Wilcox
Dorcas Early
Ruth Butler
Melvin Seppeler

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Ruth Wacke
Mary Alexander
Beth Burman
Marcia Flynn
Laura Robins
Helen Sterling
William Fernon
Mildred Cromer
Virginia Palmer
Catherine Pearce
Frieda Taylor
Betty Teegarden
Nelson Snyder
Paul Boomgarden
Walter Hartough
Charles Sandrock
Abe Shimmaly

FRESHMAN CLASS

Helen Luken
Marthabelle McClure
Ella May Rike
Loucyle Southworth
Kathryn Timm
Lewis Ansara
Roland Hudson
Velma Briggle
Ruth Krieger
Dorothy Schell
Iola Scott
Eleanor Vogel

James Carson
2312½ Auburn Ave

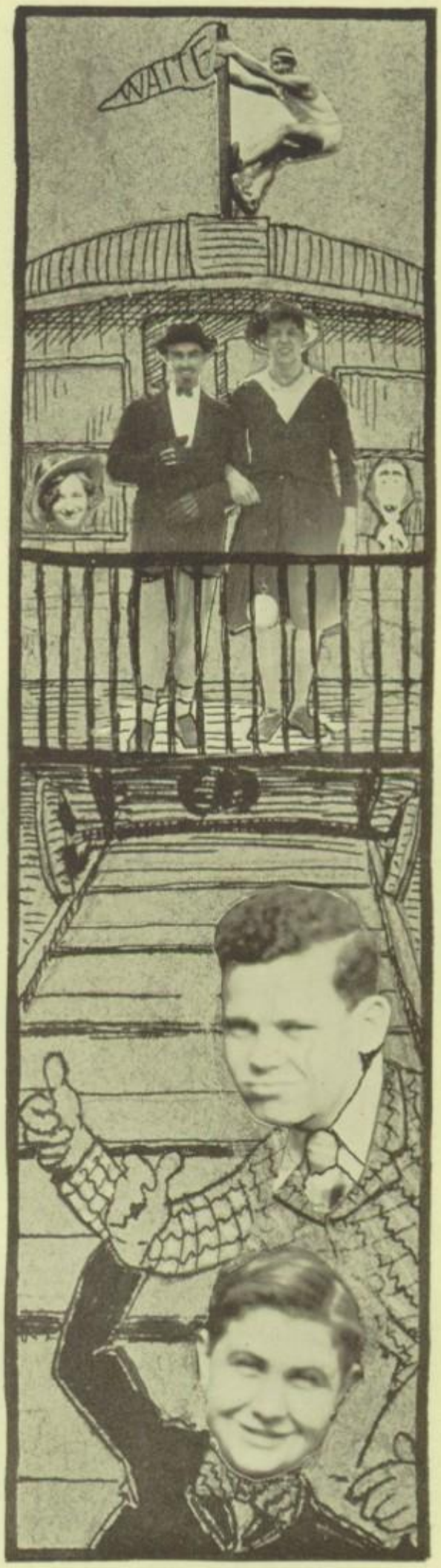
Class Chronology of 1928

Sept.

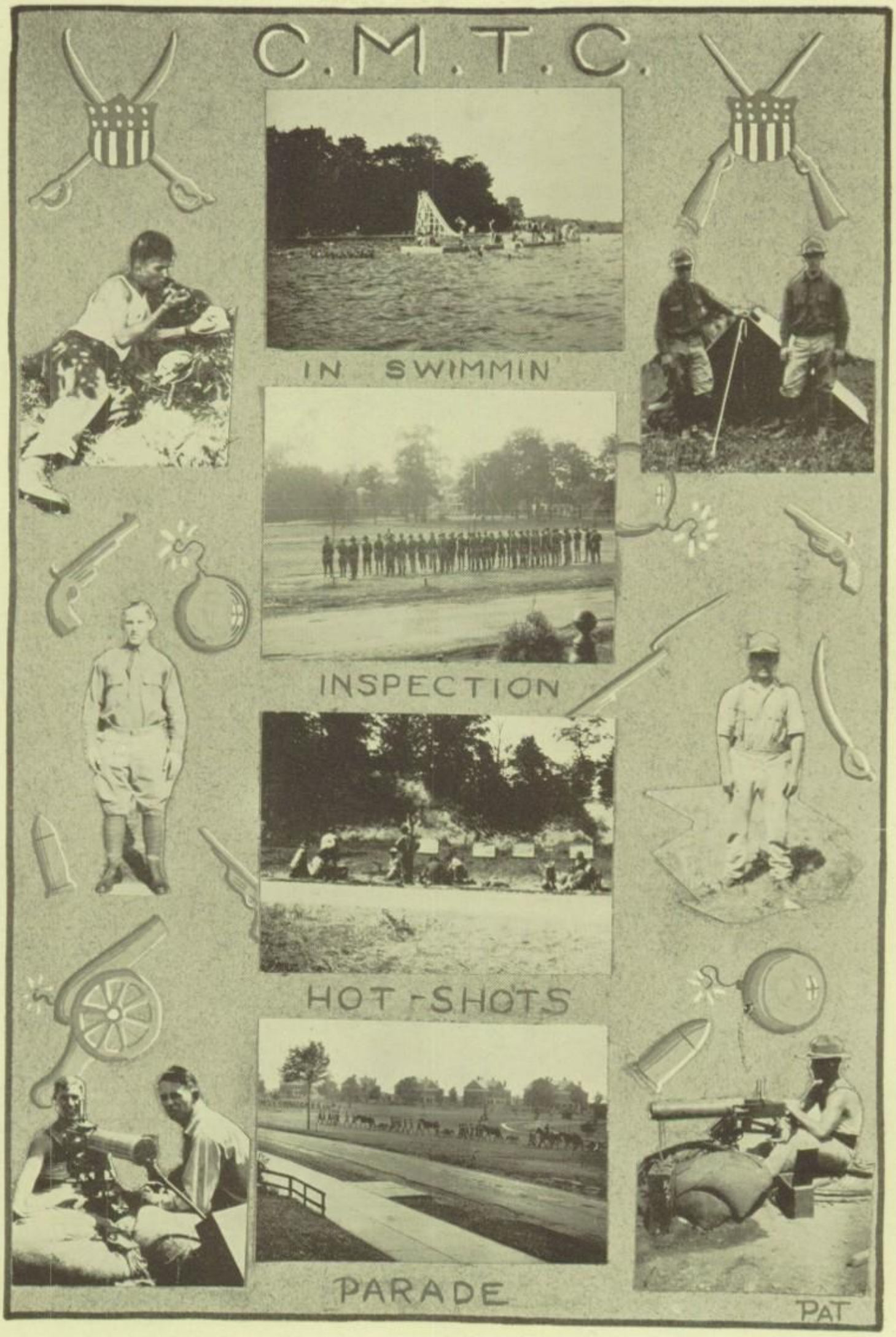
19. We're off for another year. "Where's room 310?" pipes up a little Freshman.
20. Rah! We get our lockers; now we can hide our bonnets.
21. Class distinction is lost as we stand in line for season tickets.
22. Juniors and Seniors prepare to line up for the book rush.
23. "The Big Parade:" first mass meeting of the year.
24. Yea, Waite! Zornmen, 52, Carey, O.
26. Lucile Reuthinger tells seniors when to smile for the photographer.
27. The Retina board starts a"25c down and the rest when we get you" system.
28. We elect cheerleaders. Yea, Jim, Orv, LeRoy, Clarence, and Ted. Good work!
29. We make ink schedules and decide our fate for the year.
30. Green Tags are prominent. Senior Hi-Y sponsors Frosh Mixer.

Oct.

1. Central holds us to a tie. This is not a case of "Blest be the tie that binds."
3. The seniors prepare to dabble in politics.
4. Imagine the Senior Class treasurer borrowing money. Uh-huh. He did.
5. Freshman boys organize a Torch Club.
6. Most of us would be ashamed to wear a sweater like Bob Price's.
7. The Frosh and Sophs were kept busy darning socks preparatory to being weighted without shoes.
8. Waite is beaten by Lincoln in the Corn Huskers' Stadium 31 to 13.
11. The burning question: Are you over or under weight?
12. Cal Reuthinger and Dick Milligan have an understanding.
13. Engineers find out they don't pump water for the city with a handle.
14. Forum takes charge of mass meeting. "How's that, suh?"



WITS
O! Kid etc.-
Private "Min"
The Guzzlers
But the big one got away
Capt. Dick of the Storer wet-smacks
At the old ball game
Marlan Diehr
Two mean neckers
Altobee side show
Sundown at camp
PAT
JACK


C.M.T.C.
IN SWIMMIN'
INSPECTION
HOT-SHOTS
PARADE
PAT

Oct.

15. Waite defeats Memphis, 33 to 0.
17. Queer how the societies try to collect dues. Isn't it?
18. The girls aspire to play hockey, not hookey.
19. Mr. Pollock and the weather man are generous and we have a mass meeting in the bowl.
20. Unsatisfactories due in the office at 4:00 P. M. "Nuff said."
21. The Peri's put us in humor for the Woodward game at the mass meeting.
22. Waite again held to a scoreless tie, this time by Woodward.
24. Kathryn Emch and Dorothy Doan discover that Waite is not a place in which to sleep.
25. Girls of the athletic league who signed up for swimming splash in the "Y. W." pool this afternoon.
26. Mr. Lutz urges us to speak low so as not to disturb Philip Ball in his morning repose.
27. Q. D.'s sip tea preparatory to the Bloomington game.
28. Ask George Young and Bob Goorley about "The School Boys' Dream".
29. We place the "ties" on the rack and defeat Bloomington 67-0.

Nov.

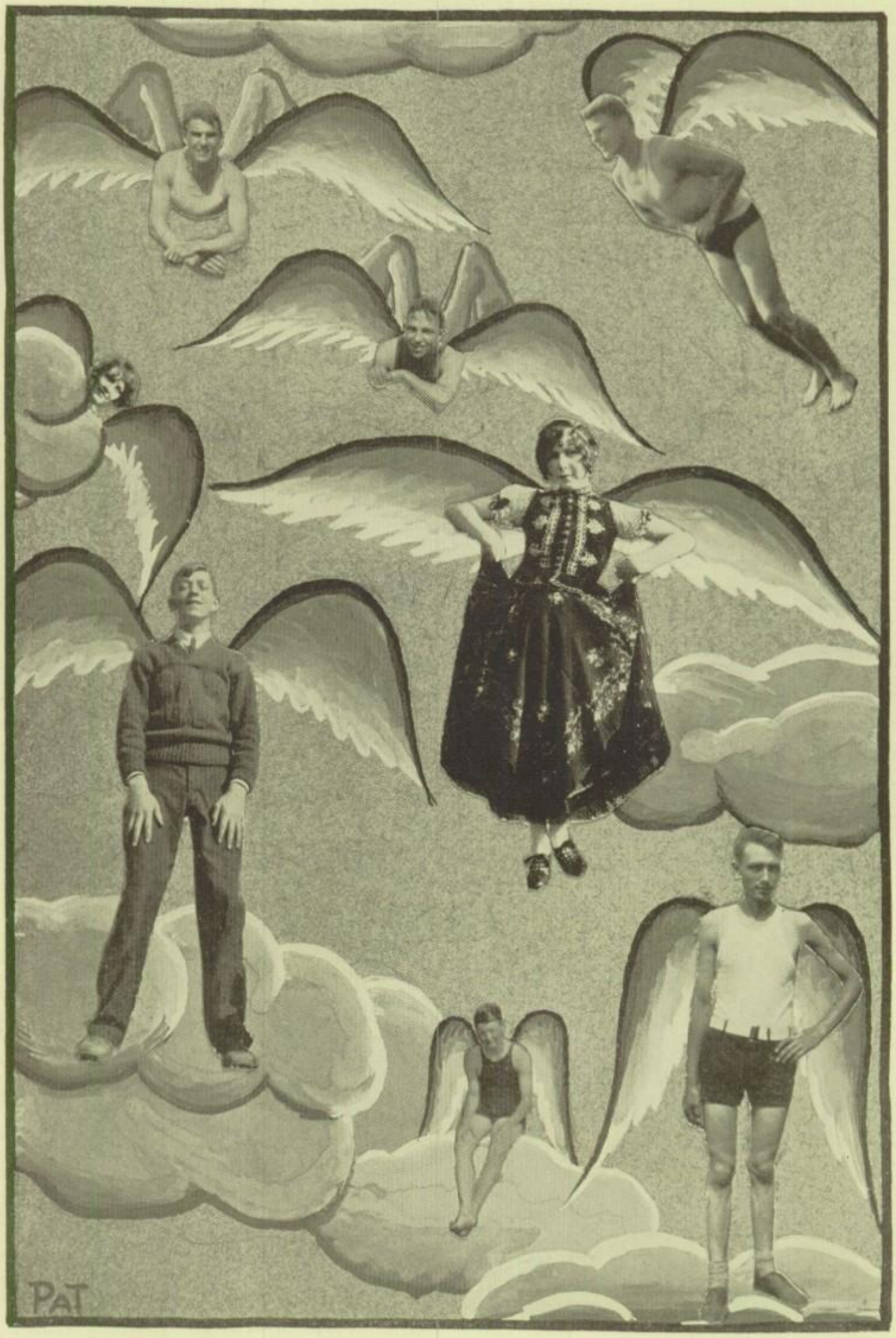
1. Mr. Nauts arrives from Paris.
2. James Miller tells us the Chemistry Laboratory has more airs than a grand opera.
3. The ring committee still committs.
4. "Last but not least," the Zets hold the banner mass meeting.
5. Waite defeats the men from Ironwood, Michigan, 20-6.
7. Alumni had a mass meeting and were entertained by Zets and Q. D.'s.
8. Number 8. So say seniors as they vote for their jewelry.
9. Even Graham Smith is trying to write a poem for for the Poetry Contest.
10. At the Peri meeting they gave reports on "Bacon."
11. Les Brown wears a size 12 ring. Gee, look at the string *she* will have to use.
12. The Cowboys go home with a 17 to 0 defeat. Home coming dance.

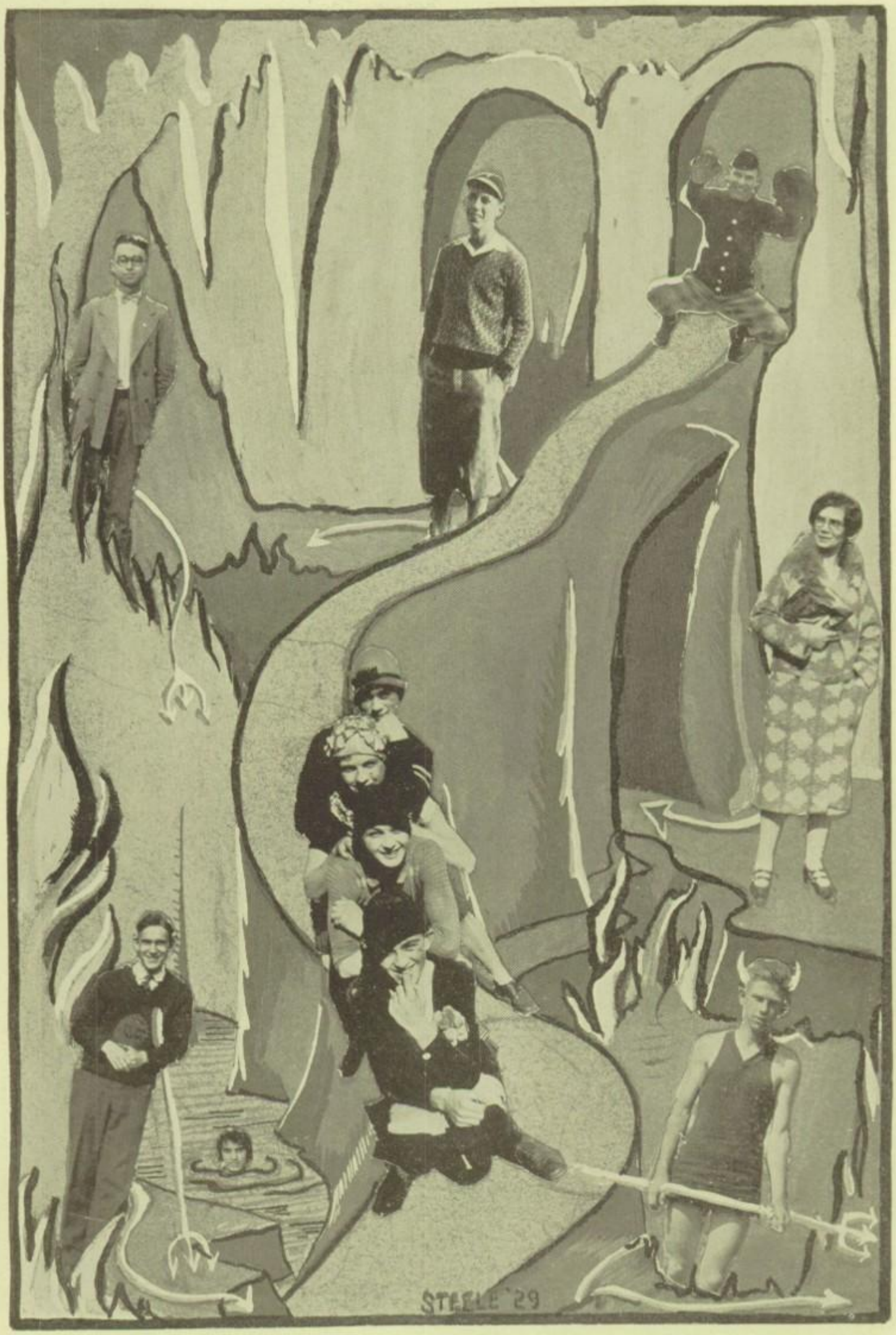
Nov.

14. After we have selected the ring, the next thing is to pay for it.
15. Somebody remarks that Bob Bolbach was a cheap skate,—Darby.
16. Altobee Art Club throws a party.
17. The girls hear how they are supposed to dress.
18. We dwell in the land of Tulips with the Glee Club and Orchestra.
19. Commercial Club pledges recuperate after a trying initiation.
21. We elect Historian, Publications board, Prophet and Chronologist.
22. Some of us believe that an apple a day keeps the doctor away.
23. A mass meeting is held in which we test our voices to see whether we can drown out the Scott rooters.
24. A good game though we were defeated. Downhearted? No. We attend the Varsity Dance.
28. Carleton Vobbe was severely reprimanded for not returning his grade card which he tried to frame.
29. Zets paid their final installment on their distinctions.
30. Get your Christmas shopping done early.

Dec.

1. Q. D. and Forum go through their plays for the last time before they meet in the bowl.
2. Q. D.'s defeat the Forum in their annual football classic, 19 to 0.
3. Hi-Y holds induction ceremony at Reno-by-the-Lake at Vobbe's cottage.
6. Those green Zet jackets. "May I wear it Wednesday?"
7. All Scotchmen stayed home because of the request for contributions for library magazine fund.
8. Ruth Arduser bobs her hair again.
9. "We" is wanted in the library.
10. With all the wearing apparel he has secured Ed Summers is quite a distinction.
12. Freshmen be prepared. Down payments on the annual to-morrow.
13. The first subscriptions for the Purple and Gold are taken.
14. Unsats again,—or yet we can't tell which.


PAT


STEELE '29

Dec.

15. The usual routine, study.
16. Zets, Peries, and Engineers initiate.
17. The Spanish dictionary is missing! No one but Richard Ricard would take a book like that.
19. Peri's display their clever tams and sweaters.
20. Wonder who this "Rose of Picardy" is that Rolland Buehrer sings about.
21. We buy paper and string to tie up our teacher's Christmas present.
22. Christmas Party—Seniors realize graduation is drawing nigh.
23. Too bad Santa and Christmas come but once a year.

Jan.

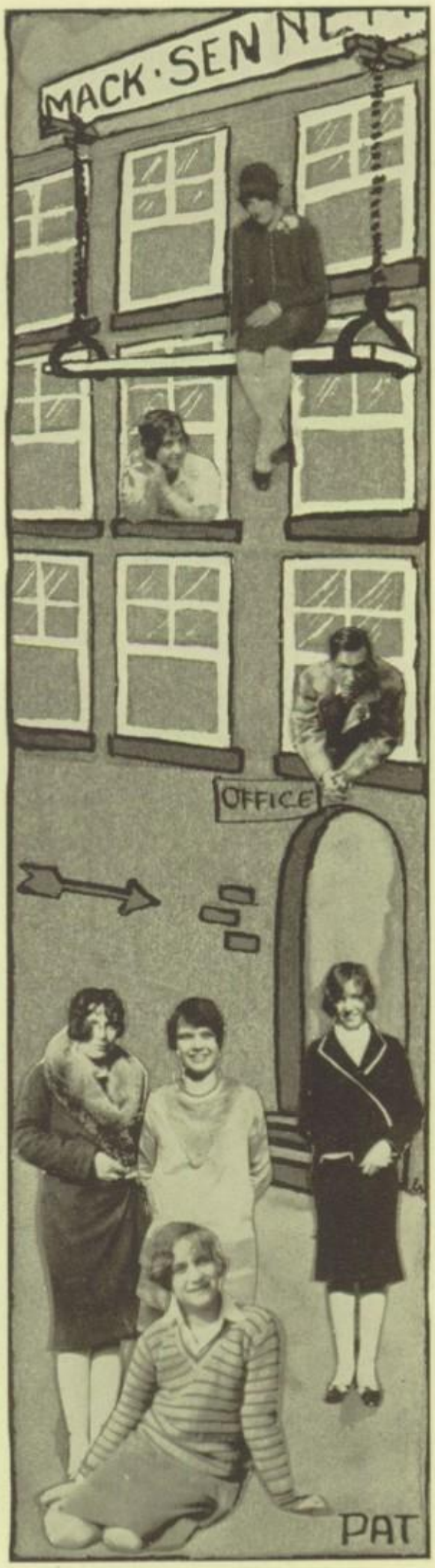
3. Back to School. We see the results of a wonderful Christmas.
4. Wilma Wiedman is bringing a little dog to school. No, it's only a pocketbook.
5. Football sweaters with extremely bright gold W's adorn the chests of our gridiron warriors.
6. Mellon Bitter is wearing a lumber jacket that he says was given to him by Santa Claus, "And how!"
9. The Freshmen boys get their chance to learn how to wrestle.
10. Here's to the old (Captain Bartko) and here's to the new (Captain Russ).
11. Wonder why Elizabeth Schnell had to be reweighed?
12. C. C. Robinson gives the junior and senior boys a fine talk and advice for later years.
13. Margaret Moorhead reminds us of a microscope, she magnifies things so.
16. He sure was a clever dog, that "Fellow," as he performed before the student body.
17. "We're good, we are" quoth Mrs. Allen.
18. We are still "cramming," trying to put on a bold front.
19. The Orchestra presents a delightful concert.
20. Our trials and troubles begin—sixth hour test.
21. Waite defeats Dayton Roosevelt, 27-21.
23. "My last will and testament," remarked Pat Higginbotham as he handed in his exam paper.
24. Exams continue. Worse and more of them.
26. Big spread and splash party for the Friendship girls at the "Y. W." C'mon in.

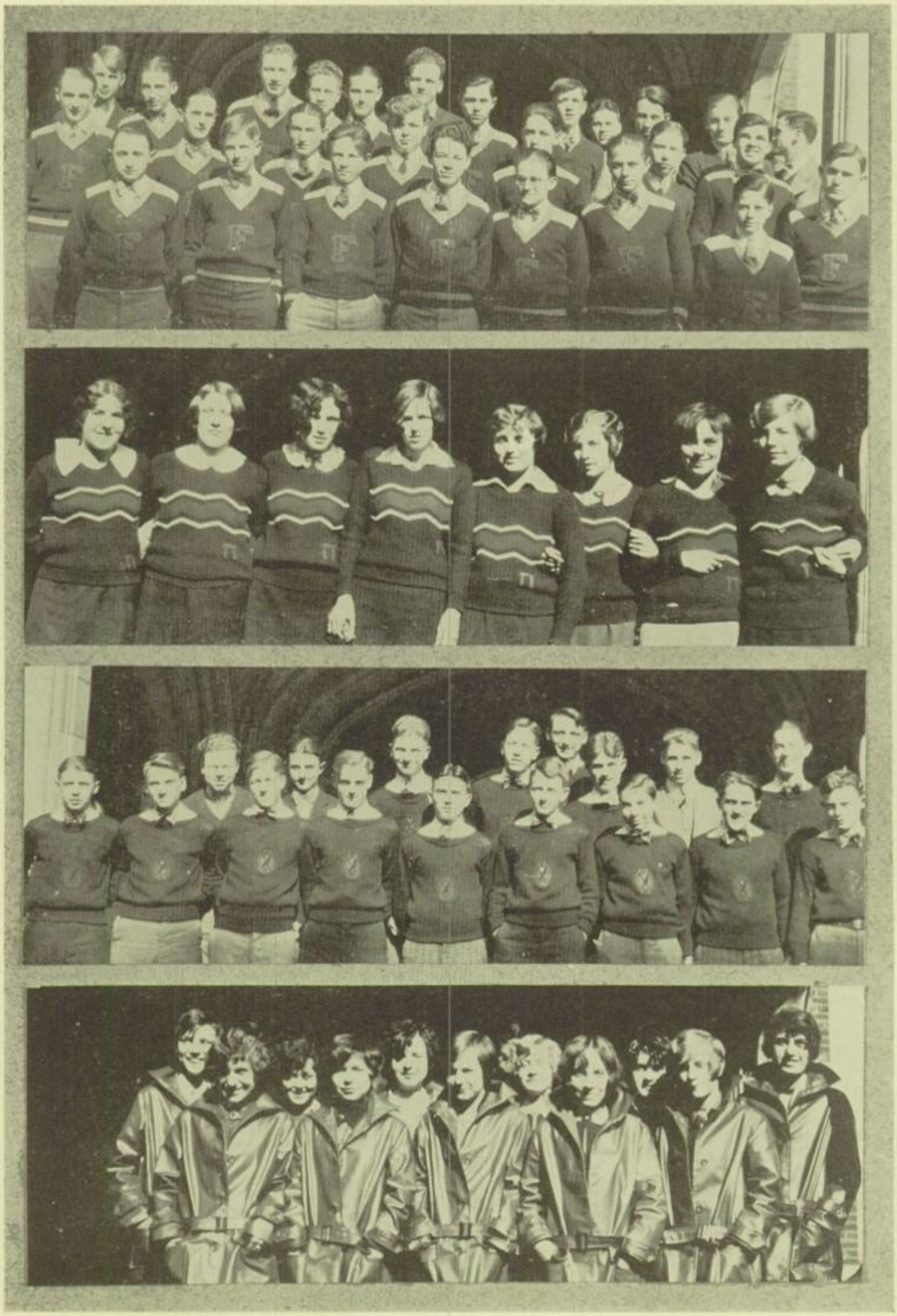
Jan.

27. Optimates hold a spread at Kathryn Emch's home. Y um, Yum!
30. The beginning of a new semester, bringing with it untold pleasures.
31. The Retina class demands bigger and better envelopes.

Feb.

1. Everyday in every way Mrs. Anderson looks happier and happier.
2. Mr. Pollock asks me if I ever say a "Ground Hog." Ha! Ha!
3. Waite and Scott tilt in the gym.
4. "Silhouette" presented by the Peri's as their annual dance.
6. Gene Winchester says a machine wont run upside down very well.
7. Bob Bolbach didn't make a mistake on his ink schedule. I can't believe it.
8. We hear "Yankee Doodle" and "Blue Bells of Scotland" at once.
9. Rosemary Bird sends in her order for an adding machine to compute Retina funds.
10. Mrs. Allen tells Forum how interesting some "English Bobby's" are.
13. "Hand me down the silver trumpet," sings the Wilberforce Quartet.
14. Well, we should be able to tell Forum members by those sweaters.
15. We're fooled; a sweet little blond with eyes of blue wearing a sweater, too.
16. Friendship and Hi-Y define the ideal girl and boy.
17. Scott entertains Alchemists and shows its friendly spirit toward Waite.
18. To Venice we go at the J-Hop.
20. Watch your posture!
21. Mrs. Mathis tells us to take the Lady of Shallott to-morrow. Where shall we take her?
22. We try to be truthful today.
23. Mr. Keller talks to the dumb waiter.
25. Zets and their friends have a merry time at the Auto-Lite.
27. 'Nother Fire Drill, breaks up classroom recitation for 10 minutes.





Feb.

28. Spring football practice, pretty early but we must have champion 11's.

29. The extra day of the year, but just another day to us. The Friendship Club gives a matinee dance, in which the girls beg the fellows to flit around with them on the waxed floor.

Mar.

1. A Lion or a Lamb? It's a Lamb, hurrah! but it doesn't last Brrrrrrrrrr-r-r-r-r-
2. Annual material is supposed to be in today. Maybe Lucile can rest now.
3. "Pandemonium" the annual Zet presentation. Wonderful, Yes!
5. Everybody happy? Waite's basketball team pulled the unexpected, and beat Scott 16-14, winning its right to go to the Findlay tournament.
6. The Seniors make their great decisions about class motto and colors.
7. Luella Hurren's election as Class Poet announced.
8. Lucile appears with a black and blue chin. How did it happen? We wonder.
9. Dr. Gilkey talks to the boys during 5th hour.
10. "The March wind doth blow."
14. The early bird catches what worm?
16. "Napolean Caught Napping" by the Glee Club.
17. The wearing of the Green.
20. Well, Scotty ate 12 pancakes again this morning.
22. Orchestra goes on the "road," a concert at Maumee.
24. Forum score hit with original Lindy Hop.

Apr.

2. Vacation begins—
9. and ends too soon!
10. We are told by a cheerful person that we have no more vacations.
12. It ain't going to rain any more cause it's rainin' now.
14. Quill and Dagger's dance.
16. Fifteen days since April Fool's day. George Young is still playing practical jokes.
17. Mr. Coontz wears these yellow glasses because of all the bright new Easter ties in his classes.

Apr.

20. Spanish Party-Spanish food an' everything.
23. Monday-Blue? I guess not.
25. Track teams take a swim around the bowl.
26. Gym exhibition; yes, we have athletics in school, eh, what?
27. 4'ums hold couple party.
30. George Young:—"Hear me while I talk."

May

1. We get up early and try to wash the freckles away.
2. Some freckles remain, so we see.
5. The Seniors promenade at the Woman's Building.
10. 26 days till the end.
13. Sunday—with a touch of spring fever.
16. We stroll around in summer duds.
20. Juniors receive their rings; now we can't distinguish which are Seniors and which Juniors.
21. Yes, we can—Seniors are more dignified.
25. The May Festival: "The Prince of Pilsen" is presented.
26. The Senior Banquet: We get our annuals, and realize "it won't be long now."
28. "Sign my annual, please."
29. Style show shows showy wearing apparel for young ladies.
30. Decoration Day.
31. We ride the waves to Put-in-Bay, the envy of underclassmen.

June

5. Miss Brown tries to keep seniors in line.
8. Exams—to determine our fate.
10. Baccalaureate Sermon—We attend church for once, anyway.
11. Tests.
12. Ditto.
13. Last rehearsal for the "Big Parade."
14. We receive the "sheepskin," and pledge that we will uphold our Alma Mater.

After four years of life, dear Waite,
After four years of toil and pleasure,
Well equipped we will meet our fate,
And we will strive to achieve a man's measure.

HARLAN E. DIEHR, '28.

Thursday Evening

Almost bed time

Dear Bob:

FINALLY all our hopes and ambitions have been realized for we received our diplomas last night. This was my first day of freedom. Surprisingly it dragged a little. Can't you hear me sigh, way over there in England? It makes a shiver run down my spine to think that my senior year is over. Occasionally when assignments were piled high, I envied you floating around the world in leisurely fashion but when I think of all the good times we've had I almost pity you. We've had a thousand good times, it seems, and every-one was different and thrilling.

The first party came soon after you left, on Thanksgiving night, to be exact. I suppose you read about our defeat; that day we were not down-hearted because the game had been the most exciting we ever saw and it left us keyed to the highest pitch for the Varsity Dance that night. I wore the green dress which you always liked so well. The gym, itself, was transformed into a mass of purple and gold. We danced the evening away to the music of a wonderful orchestra.

We chose the Chamber of Commerce as the place for our Senior Christmas Party this year. Right now I could tease you by telling you all about the delightful menu we enjoyed, but I'll spare you this time. Looking the crowd over I wondered if there were any new dresses or new ties left in the department stores for every senior seemed to be wearing something new.

To tell you the truth, Bob, I've always liked best the parties we have had in the gym. It is so much fun to see this big, cold looking room with its bare walls and professional at-mosphere changed into a beautiful ball room.

The first to try the gym were the Peris who gave the Silhouette Dance, using clever black and white silhouettes to form a striking background to the dancers.

Just fourteen days later, on February eighteenth, the Juniors gave their annual J-Hop, the Venetian Ball, they called it, in the newly decorated ball room of the Woman's Build-ing. The little coin purses they gave as favors made a hit with all of us girls. Mine was a pretty red and gold one.

I suppose you are asking yourself, "Didn't that girl do anything but dance?" Of course we did, but I'm letting you take the studying for granted. I really did work hard either from habit or for conscience' sake.

Just when things needed livening up again the Zets broke the monotony with their startling Pandemonium Dance. Can you imagine anything more wildly mysterious than that? I believe those girls used every color in the rainbow and invented a few new ones for their decorations. Syd Friedlander and his Orchestra put magic, into music that night.

Then it was the Forum's turn in the spot light with their Lindy Hop. Honestly,

Bob, you never would have recognized the old gym. "Lindy", himself, would have appreciated the way the Forum carried out this novel idea.

Last but not least of the literary society dances was the one given by the Q. D.'s. On April twenty-first they gave their annual dance which certainly was a climax to those given by the literary societies. You remember that when you were a Q. D. they had the reputation of never doing things by halves, and this year proved no exception.

Up to this time the "Lits" had been holding the center of the stage but now the juniors come out with their Junior Mixer, an afternoon dance in the gym.

May fifth brought us the greatest thrill of the Senior Prom. Everyone there was dressed within a penny of dad's pocketbook. And right after this the orchestra, glee clubs, and bands of the high schools joined forces in putting over the gorgeous May Festival. All of our expectations of a beautiful performance were fulfilled. I must tell you a little about the other parties and roasts given by different organizations. In the fall the roasts proved popular with all of us. And who could forget the good time we had at the Hallowe'en party of the Friendship and Hi-Y clubs? The Leap Year Dance of the Friendship Club was lots of fun. I especially enjoyed the parties given by the Zets and Q. D's. at the Auto Lite Club.

At the end of the year the seniors held full charge of affairs. May twenty-sixth found us at the banquet. And, Bob, it was so much fun listening to the history of our four years at Waite and to hear our futures foretold in the prophecy. But the best part of all was the distribution of the "Purple and Gold." Can't you just imagaine the thrill I got when I came into possession of my own "Annual" edited by my own class? It was just wonderful.

It wasn't very long until we were all together again on Class Day. The usual events of an outing took place but with more than the usual amount of fun and frolic.

Our baccalaureate sermon soon followed. Now we began to realize that our remaining days at Waite were few in number. The seriousness and solemnity of the message made a lasting impression upon all of us.

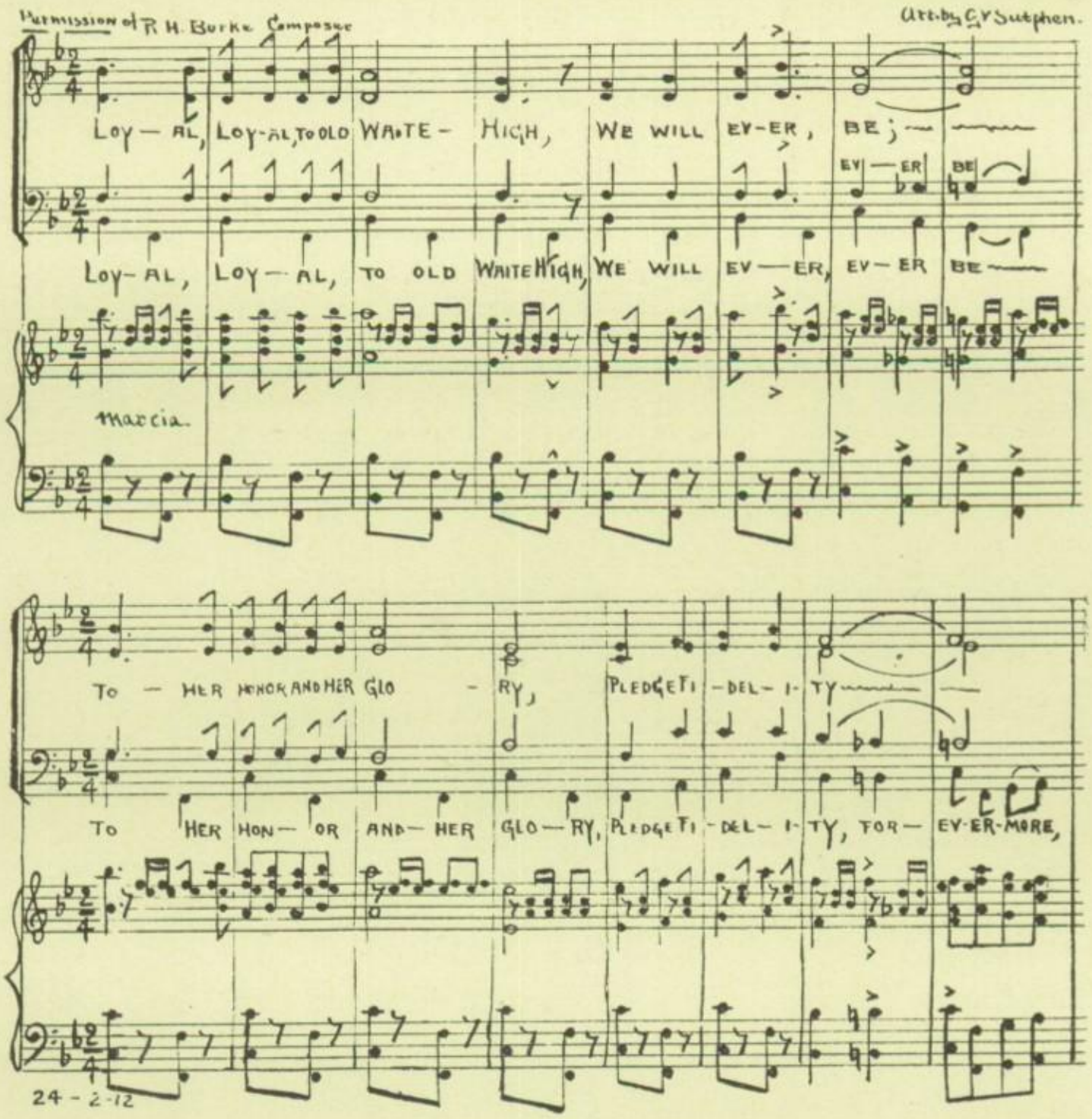
All that was left for us was to pass our "exams" and await the great day of graduation. It has come and gone, and I am sitting on top of the world with my diploma and many hopes.

By now, I suppose you are wondering if I'm about to go into the business of writing books; console yourself for I'll assure you I'm not. Now promise, me, Bob, that you will write soon and tell me all about your life on the floating university. I'm waiting for a letter as big and fat as this.

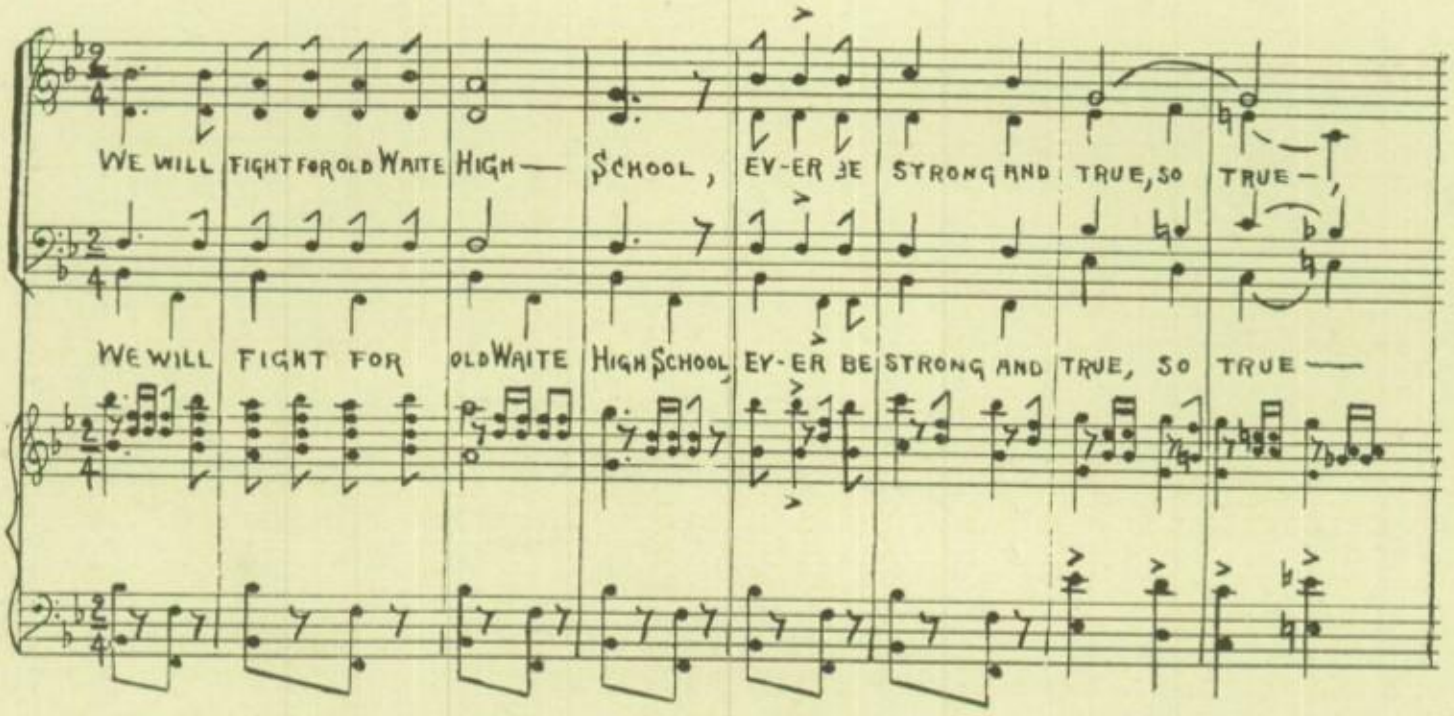
As ever,

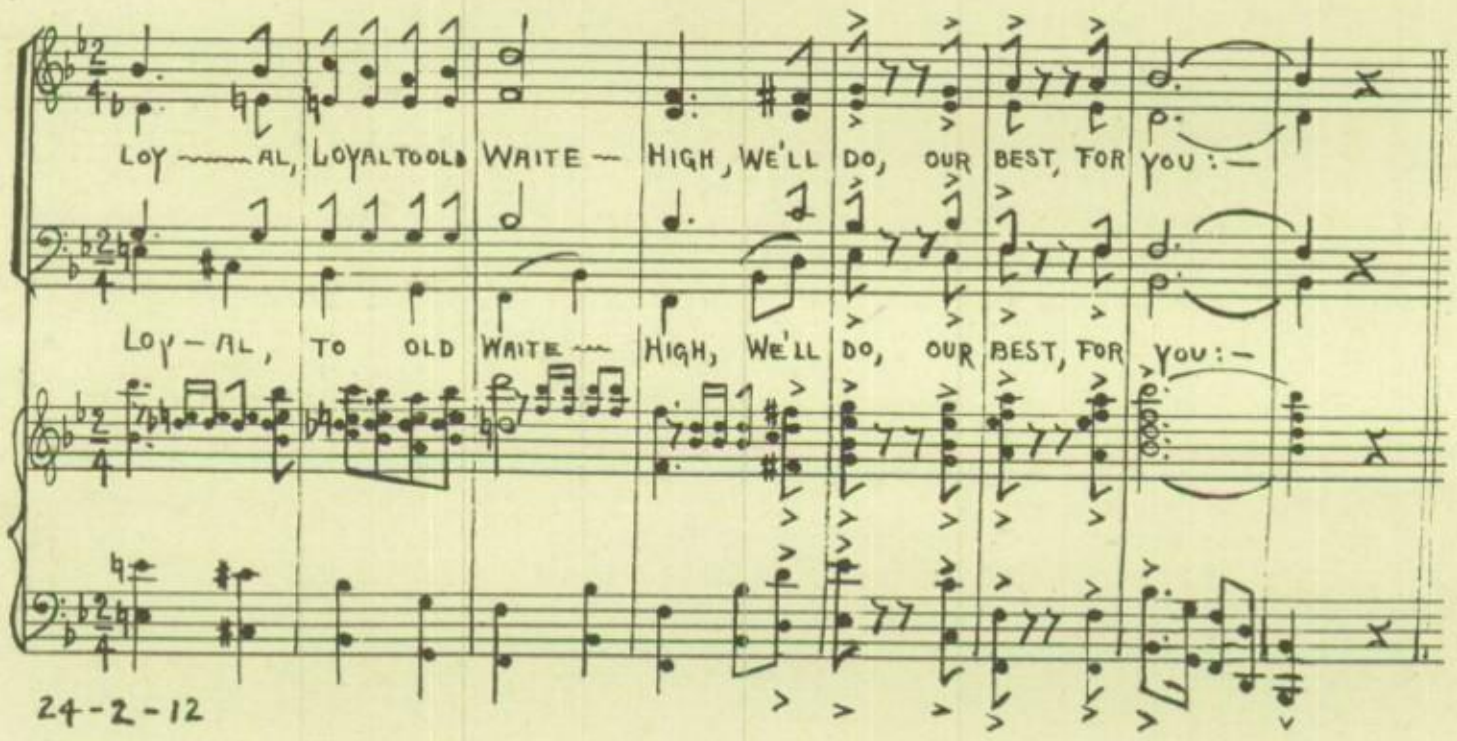
PEG.

Loyal, Loyal To Old Waite High

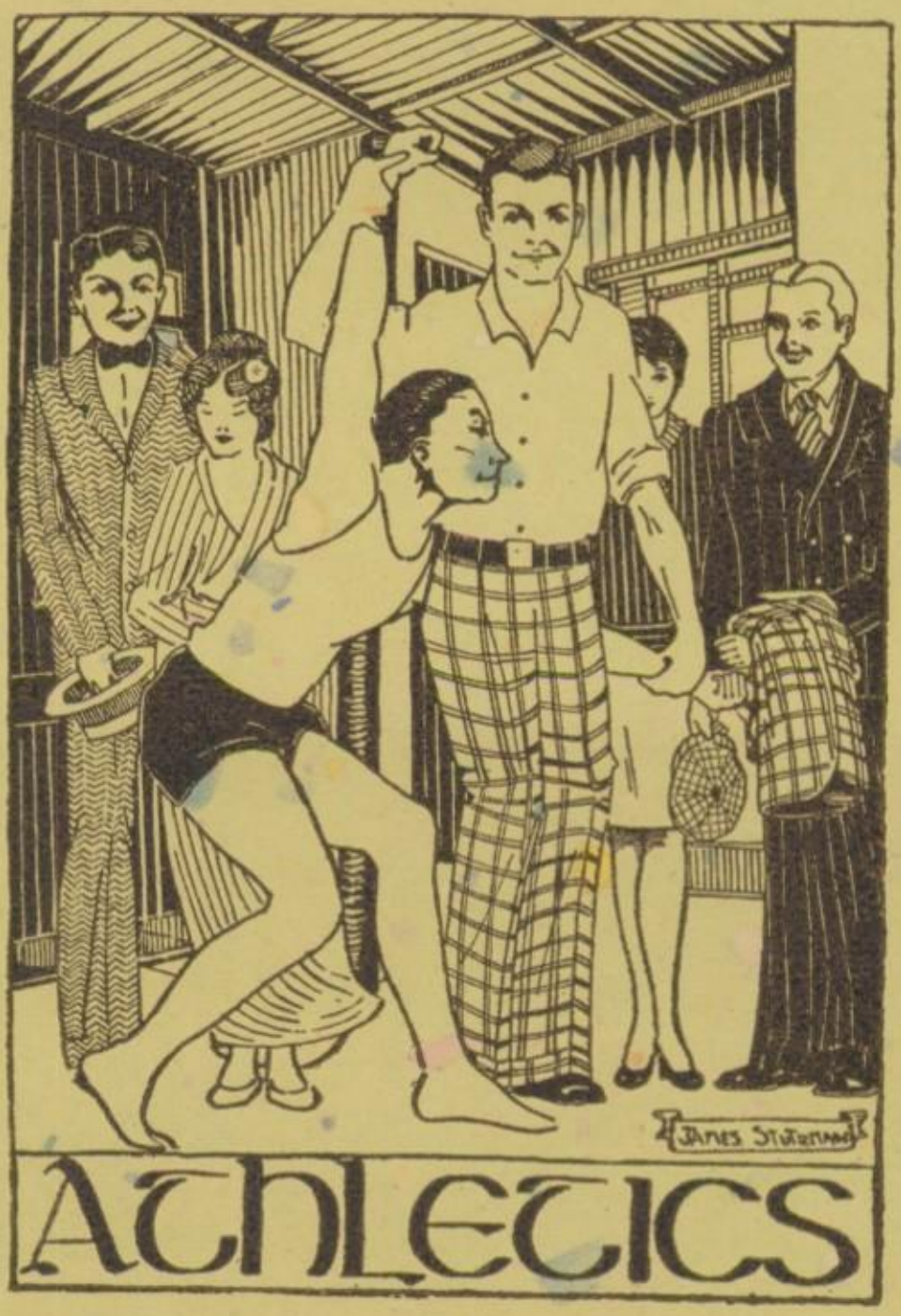

Permission of R. H. Burke Composer
Arr. by C. V. Sutphen.
Loy — AL, Loy-AL, TO OLD WAITE - HIGH, WE WILL EV-ER, BE;
EV — ER BE
Loy - AL, Loy — AL, TO OLD WAITE HIGH, WE WILL EV — ER, EV - ER BE
Marcia.
TO — HER HONOR AND HER GLO - RY, PLEDGE TI - DEL - I - TY
TO HER HON — OR AND — HER GLO — RY, PLEDGE TI - DEL - I - TY, FOR — EV-ER-MORE,
24 - 2 - 12

Loyal, Loyal To Old Waite High


WE WILL FIGHT FOR OLD WAITE HIGH— SCHOOL, EV-ER BE STRONG AND TRUE, SO TRUE—
WE WILL FIGHT FOR OLD WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, EV-ER BE STRONG AND TRUE, SO TRUE—

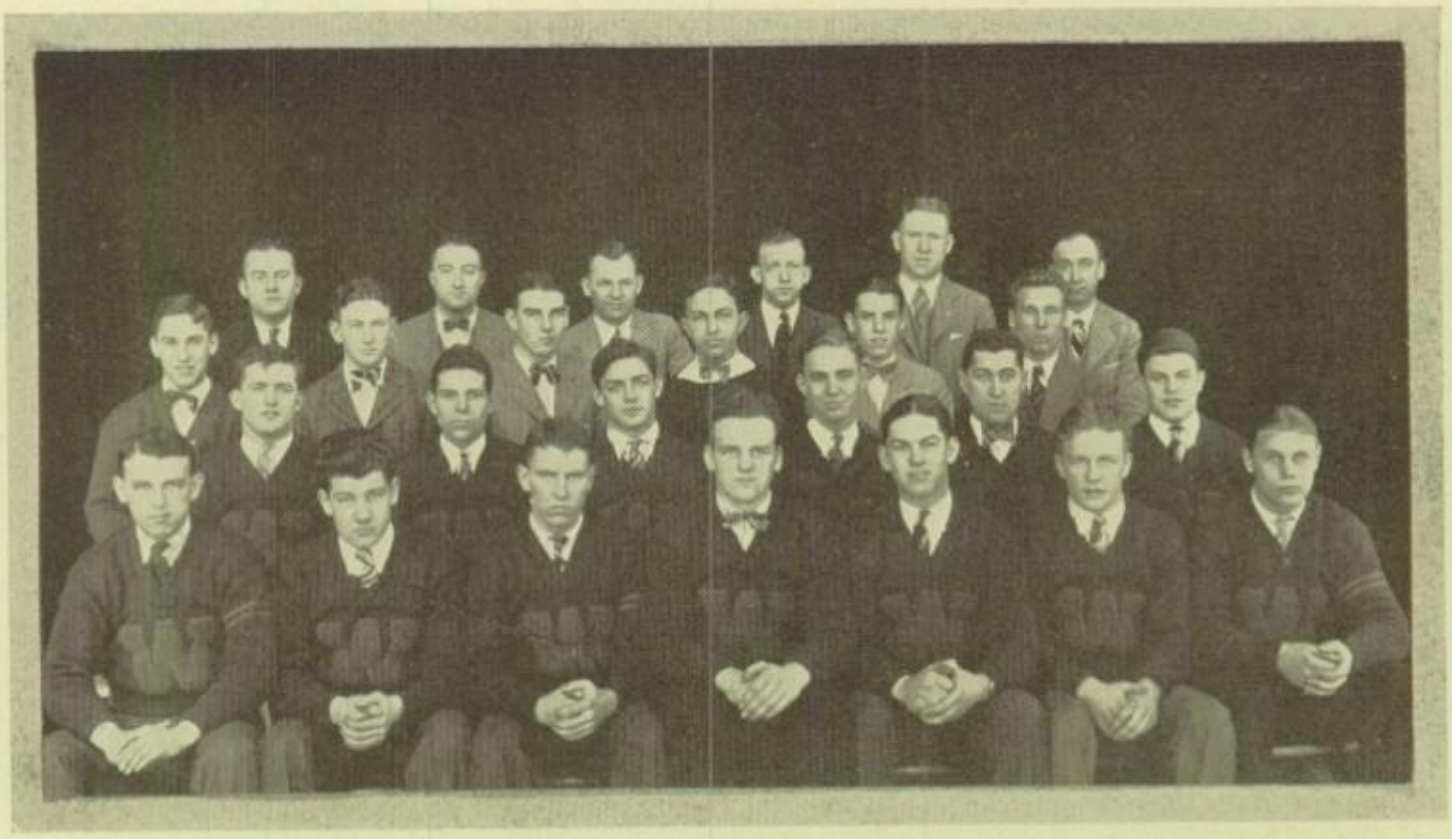


Jaimee Carson
2212½ Auburn Ave



COACH WILLIS ZORN

The energetic and capable athletic director of Morrison R. Waite High School is Coach Willis Zorn. Besides being coach of both football and basketball he is boys' gymnasium instructor. Bill has had a fine athletic career, both in high school and in the University of Chicago, where he played full back and end. Even the freshmen know that it was our Bill Zorn who stopped that famous "Red" Grange. Before coming to Waite he attended Steven's Point Normal. Bill believes in clean playing and clean sportsmanship and has so instructed the teams that Waite may indeed be proud of them.



First Row—Morse, Whitmer, Hawk, Brown, Page, Chisholm, Lockert. *Second Row*—Winebrenner, Bickford, Witherall, Juhasz, Bartko, Scott. *Third Row*—Siewert, Bainter, Bernhagen, Hissong, McKinley, Crawford. *Fourth Row*—Rohlfing, Anderson, Collins, Swisher, Zorn, Jaeger.

"W" Club

President – – – – ART MORSE
Vice-President – – HARRY WHITMER
Sec-Treas. – – – FLOYD SIEWERT
Sergeant-at-Arms – RALPH BERNHAGEN

Wearers Of The "W"

FOOTBALL

Gilbert Bartko, Captain
Donald Russ
Arthur Morse
Steven Juhasz
Ralph Bernhagen
Leslie Brown
Kenneth Hawk
J. Carlton Hissong
Norman Witherall
Ralph Winebrenner
Robert Morey
Ross Scott
Harry Whitmer
Condon Bainter
Lawrence Apel
Henry Lockert
Martin Bickford
John Toth
Bartlett Tefft
Leslie Page
Ronald Chisholm

BASKETBALL

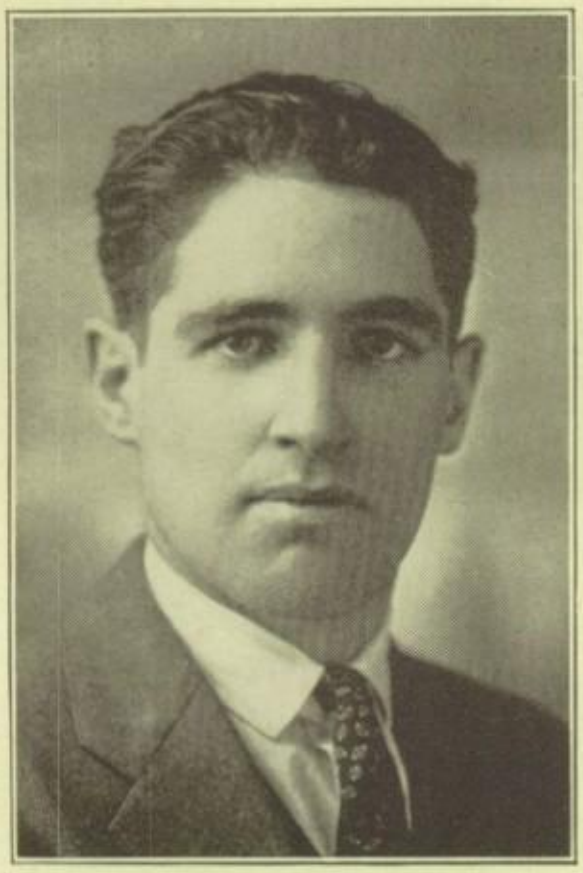
Floyd Siewert, Captain
Kenneth Hawk
John Molnar
William Wiles
William Rufty
Martin Bickford

TRACK

Ray Gladieux, Captain
Elmer Eberlin, Captain
Andrew Vanyo
John Graves
John Molnar
Kenneth Hawk
James McKinley
Ross Scott
Paul Crawford
James Hicks
Isaac Anderson

CHEERLEADERS

James E. Drake
LeRoy Schultz



MR. HAROLD FLETCHER

"A green line," everyone said at the beginning of the season, and sure enough it was a green line with only one letter man back from last year.

A little later on every one was saying, "A line that will fight to the last ditch and especially when near its own goal line."

What was the cause of this change from a green, inexperienced bunch of football players to a machine that would fight together for the glory of Waite?

It was Harold Fletcher. An All-American Tackle at Chicago during his university days, he knew how the game should be played and he not only gave our line a thorough knowledge of football but instilled in them the "Do or Die Spirit."

Let us take off our hats to the man who knows his job and does it, Harold Fletcher.

MR. HAROLD FLETCHER

MR. HAROLD ANDERSON

United States has its "Lucky Lindy" and Waite has its "Active Andy."

Mr. Anderson is responsible for our fine track team and works as well for the development of a basketball quintet and a fighting football team. His efforts do not stop there, for the freshmen and sophomores are drilled in gymnastics by "Andy."

Mr. Anderson's home town is Akron, Ohio. He attended Otterbein and later took extension work at Ohio State under coaches Wilce and Olsen. He came to Waite after teaching at Wauseon for a year. Last summer he received additional training at Kent Normal School. Energy is apparent in every motion Mr. Anderson makes. Although he seems to be in a continual rush, he never neglects his friends and acquaintances. In all, "Andy" is a real worker and a cheery, likeable friend.

MR. HAROLD ANDERSON

MR. RALPH SWISHER

Were they good? Indeed they were.

This year the Reserves were again represented by a fine basket-ball team; they owed much of their success to their coach, Mr. Swisher. Mr. Swisher also coaches golf, and helps with the varsity football. He received his training at Ohio Northern University and later coached for two years at the Tiffin Junior Order Home.

By means of hard work and perseverance he develops excellent sports material. Do you want help in athletic or mathematics? Call for Mr. Swisher.

MR. RALPH SWISHER

MR. STEVE ROHLFING

MR. STEVE ROHLFING

"My freshman team hasn't lost a game, can't lose a game, and will not lose a game." That is Steve Rohlfing's motto and it certainly is a good one.

Steve himself has a splendid athletic record. He graduated from Wittenberg College in 1922. During his college career he was a member of the undefeated Wittenberg football team. He also played with the basketball squad that was a contender for the Ohio conference title.

During his six years of football coaching "Steve" has lost only four games. From his work with our Freshman team we know how good a football coach he is. In these same six years his basketball teams have won two unofficial state championships, two county championships and one district championship.

"Steve" will always be remembered by Waite students for his strong and forceful personality.

MR. JOE COLLINS

Where did you say he came from? Indiana, of course. "Joe" Collins went to high school in Cadiz, Indiana, and later attended Earlham College at Richmond, Indiana. Besides that he taught and coached in Wilkinson High School in 1917. He then spent two years in the army and was historian of the Leave Areas Bureau in France. From 1920 to 1923 he taught at Knightstown High School in Indiana. You see, Joe has a splendid record!

In 1923 Mr. Collins came to Waite and has been here ever since. Everyone who knows Joe likes him. Because of his friendly personal influence he has fulfilled his position as trainer admirably this year. He has proven to be a great asset in the development of our sports.

MR. JOE COLLINS

MR. F. E. H. JAEGER

Mr. F. E. H. Jaeger is one of the hardest workers at Waite; he is head of the Commercial department of the school and teaches a full day of six classes, besides being Treasurer of the Athletic Association, which requires several hours of attention each day after school.

His domain, room 107, is the Mecca for football fans before the Thanksgiving Game.

In Mr. Jaeger's classes, there are two groups of advanced bookkeeping students who are converted into clerks in order to help handle the rush during the scramble for the all-too-few tickets.

To him goes the credit for the maintenance of well-handled system of finance for high school athletics.

MR. F. E. H. JAEGER

FLOYD "MIN" SIEWERT

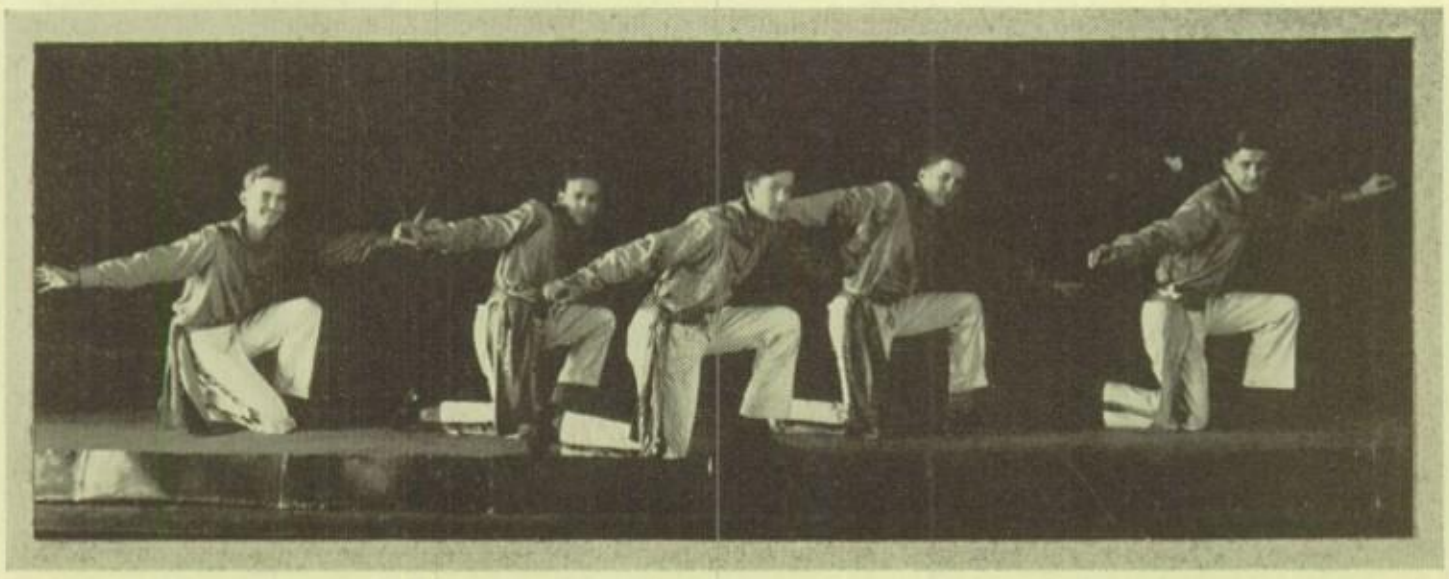
What fellow around school answers the most questions? That's easy. The student manager. If he hadn't wanted to answer questions he never should have accepted the student manager's job. Problems? My, yes! more problems than anything else. But "Min" doesn't care. He's used to them. He has solved them pretty successfully too. Helping wherever he can, attending to unnumbered tasks, some large and some small keeps him hustling every minute. Min was not only useful to the football team, he was also captain of this year's basketball squad. He isn't much in size, but he is there with the performance whether he is liming the gridiron, taking orders, or looping a fielder.

FRED RUPPEL

As assistant to the student manager, Fred rendered Waite great service during football season. "Freddy" became head student manager when "Min" took his position on the varsity basketball team. The school as a whole may not realize the responsibilities connected with the work of the student manager, but those who do know that Freddy will tackle difficulties with a willing spirit. His cheery smile and red hair will brighten the gloomiest situation.

CHEERLEADERS

What could we do without cheerleaders? Well, not very much! Our cheerleaders, James Drake, Ted Evanoff, Orville Burgie, Le Roy Schultz, and Clarence Webber represent all the classes of the school. They have fulfilled their missions in giving us aching throats and in cheering the team to victory. "Ted," "Orv" and "Shorty" will be back next year to fill their important positions. "Jimmie" and Le Roy will be graduated this June, but their enthusiastic leadership will not be forgotten at Waite.



LE ROY SHORTY JIMMIE ORV TEDDIE

GILBERT BARTKO, CAPTAIN

Three years ago the city newspapers were full of praise for the fullback who was plunging wildly through line after line in the Waite bowl. During that season and those following Gilbert Bartko made for himself the name of one of the greatest fullbacks in the history of Waite High School. "Geza," as captain of the team in his last year, has piloted his men with considerable skill. It is with regret that we view his departure.

DONALD RUSS, CAPTAIN-ELECT

At the start of the season, the only veteran of the strong line of '26 was a junior, Don Russ. After starting the season in a rather mediocre manner, Don began to improve steadily until the game with Scott, in which he played the finest game of his career. A noticeable thing about this end was his never-say-die spirit, which he constantly displayed. In all sincerity, we wish Don the best of luck for a successful season next year.

ART MORSE, HALFBACK

Art completed his second year on the varsity by duplicating his fine playing of the season before. Relieved of the greater part of punting duty by Hawk, Morse turned his attention to running ends and receiving passes. We all know how well he succeeded. Art leaves in June.

STEVE JUHASZ, END

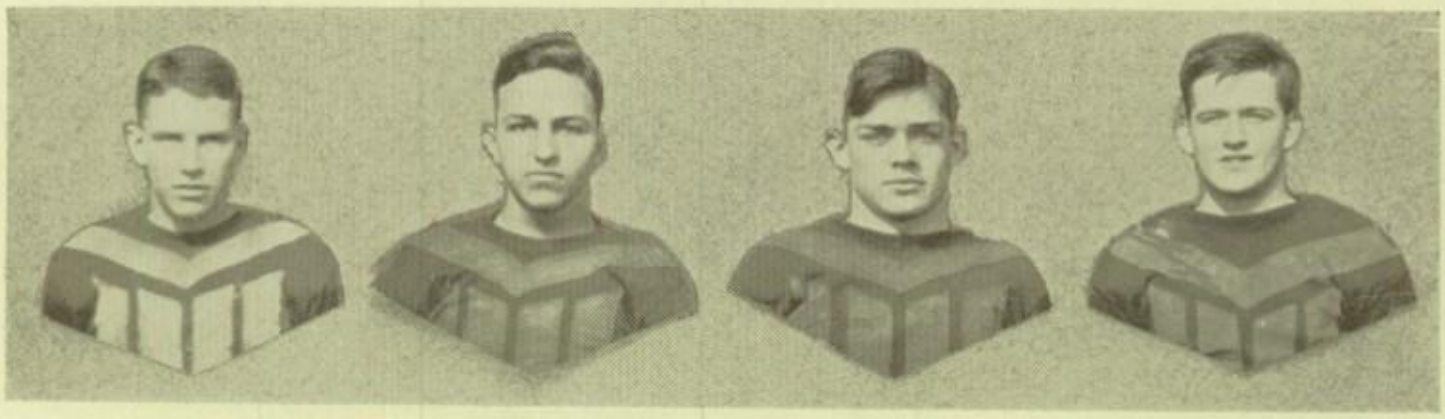
If Russ played stellar football on the right flank, Juhasz played as good on the left. Steve's big threat was running down on punts. His deadly tackling stopped many an opponent in his tracks. Steve will not wear a Waite uniform next year.

RALPH BERNHAGEN, GUARD

This man kept the line "plunge-proof" by filling the position of guard in a capable manner. Bernie, a W. A. A. man last year, has risen to the varsity in his senior year, and richly deserves the golden "W" that rests on his chest.

LESLIE BROWN, TACKLE

If the opposing halfback tried the left side of the line we did not feel uncomfortable, for he was usually thrown for a loss. Seldom did a rival gain through Les Brown's position. Recovering fumbles was his specialty, and quite an artist he was at it, too. Les receives his diploma in June



KENNETH HAWK, HALFBACK

One of the fastest men on the Waite gridiron, Kenny was a bright light in every game. Besides being a flashy halfback, this brainy senior showed remarkable generalship at quarter. Good work, Kenny!

J. CARLTON HISSONG, TACKLE

The president of the Senior Class aired his athletic ability on the gridiron by playing a flashy game at tackle. "Babe's" strength was felt in every game to a great extent. His loss will be a blow to the line.

NORMAN WITHERALL, END

Another man who rose from the scrubs was Norm. After playing brilliant ball for the freshmen last year "Bones" was a first class relief man, filling in at either end or fullback with equal skill. He graduates in June.

RALPH WINEBRENNER, TACKLE

After winning an A. W. A. in '26, "Wink" stepped out this season and proved himself to be real varsity material. His excellent playing will again be seen on the line next year.

ROBERT MOREY, CENTER-GUARD

After being an understudy to Toth at center during the first part of the year, Bob shifted to guard and here it was that he made his best records, culminating in his fine performance of the Scott game. Bob completes his course at Waite in June.

ROSS SCOTT, HALFBACK

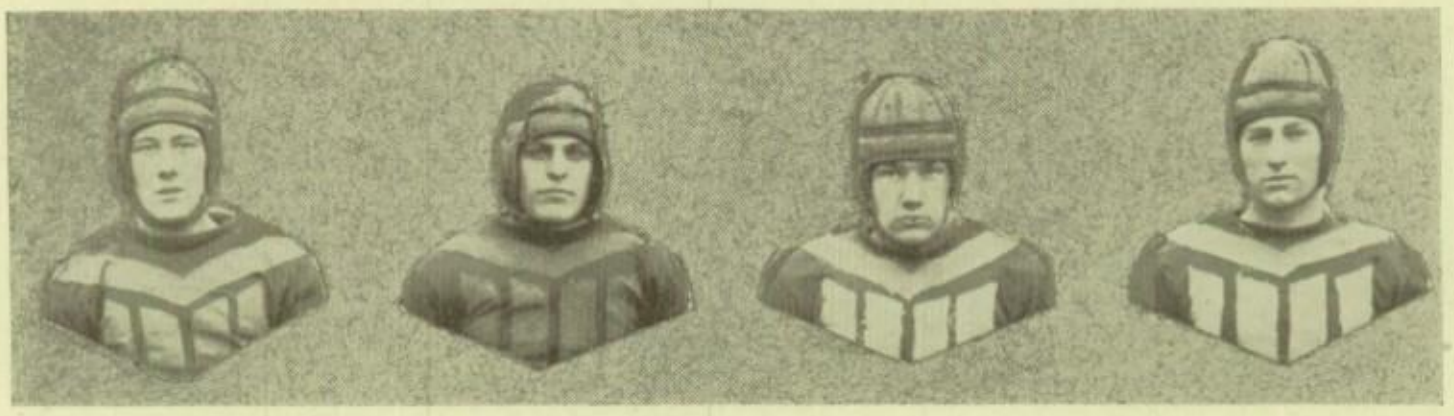
Scotty, as president of the Hi-Y club, carried out the "Clean Athletics" part of their program by halfbacking in a very creditable manner. Working up from the scrubs, Rosey made his "W" in his senior year. Scotty also runs a mean 880 in track, and is quite proficient in basketball.

HARRY WHITTMER, GUARD

A "W" in his senior year was Harry's dearest ambition and his deserved attainment. Few were opponents against whom he could not hold his own. Harry leaves this year, but his hard playing and plucky spirit will be long remembered.

CONDON BAINTER, TACKLE

A fighter and a gentleman who filled a responsible position in a capable manner. No more fitting epethet could be given to Connie, who was noted for his hard, clean playing. The age limit will deprive us of Connie during his senior year.



LAWRENCE APEL, QUARTERBACK

Small, but mighty! "Mike's" great driving power and keen headwork sent our boys victorious through some tough games this season. We will see "Mike" in the Bowl next year.

HENRY LOCKERT—FULLBACK

One of the biggest men on the team, Bud played stellar football throughout the season. His biggest threat was line-plunging, and he developed the fine points of that department to a high degree of perfection. Although he has already won two football letters, we still expect to see him on the field next year.

MARTIN BICKFORD, HALFBACK

What this lad lacked in size he made up in speed and agility. Time and again "Rip" made first down when others failed, and for this ability he is well known. Bickford will again wear a Waite uniform next fall.

JOHN TOTH, CENTER

All the Toths are football players, and John is no exception. John was an expert at handling the ball, and very few bad passes from center were noticed during the season. John expects to play more football here before laying aside his uniform.

BARTLETT TEFFT—GUARD

One hundred fifty-five pounds of strength was this scrappy boy. His guarding was splended, and, when flanked by Toth, no rival back gained through center. This sophomore can indeed look forward to more "W's."

LESLIE PAGE—GUARD

When "Hookey" got in the game, he always gave the enemy plenty to think about, and more to do. Leslie liked to guard, and a good job he made of it, too. He will be back again next year to fight for the Purple and Gold.

RONALD CHISHOLM—CENTER

Ronald's big job was to relieve Toth, and his proficiency at this task was excellent. As the Romans contested "pro se quisque viri," so Ron always played "with all his strength." He is a junior, and much is expected of him during his last year.

The Football Season

FALL came with a rush in '27, bringing, as usual, football to the sport-hungry fans of Waite. Since the opening of school was delayed two weeks, the season was upon us before we realized it. We had little time to take inventory of our stock, but that little bit was sufficient to dispel our fears of a weak team.

Gilbert Bartko, our star fullback for the past two seasons, had been elected captain at the end of '26. We had also Art Morse, Kenneth Hawk, Lawrence Apel, and Henry Lockert, all backfield men. But graduation had wrought havoc on the line, Don Russ being the only man to return. From the A. W. A. players we had Ross Scott, Ralph Bernhagen, Steve Juhasz, Martin Bickford, and Ralph Winebrenner. The usual flock of candidates for varsity positions was out for both spring and fall practices. On the whole, conditions seemed promising for a successful year.

On the Saturday of the first week of school Carey High invaded the Bowl as our initial visitors. Here the "green" line came in for critical inspection by all the spectators, and proved that it could fight under fire. The varisity did splendid work during the first half, and the reserves kept up the good work during the second. Scott and Witheral played brilliantly in the backfield, while Russ and Toth were powers on the line. Carey departed from the Bowl with a 52 to 0 defeat.

Central Catholic, undefeated last year, crossed the Maumee with practically a veteran team. Both teams intended to play football, but the fates ruled otherwise. The game had barely started when the dark sky split in twain and showered most of its contents upon the gridiron. The Catholics' attack kept our line fighting with their backs to the wall and their feet in the water. Waite grew stronger towards the end, but threatened seriously only once. All in all, the game was truly a tie, ending 0 to 0. We take off our hats to Central for their fine, clean playing.

October 8 proved disastrous to Waite's national championship hopes. On that day the team traveled to Lincoln, Nebraska, where the Cornhuskers proceeded to initiate the boys in the ways of playing football in the wild and wooly west, by beating Waite 31 to 13. Lincoln scored frequently during the first three quarters, but was held in the last quarter, when Waite opened up an extensive passing attack which netted two touchdowns. Boulter, midget quarterback, was Lincoln's big gun, while Kenny Hawk was Waite's best man because of his remarkable return of punts and consistent ground gaining.

In what was generally conceded to be one of the toughest games of the season, Waite defeated the Memphis Central Warriors, 33 to 0. Every man on the Waite team played star football. The fine condition of the Waite team proved superior to that of the Dixie boys.

On October 22, Woodward Tech journeyed across the river and duplicated Central's feat by tying Waite, 0 to 0. The game was a see-saw affair, both teams losing golden opportunities for scoring. Hawk made some fine boots during the punting duel of the first

half, while Mike Apel reeled off some long gains. The second half featured line plays and end runs, and Kenny Hawk contributed some fine returns of punts.

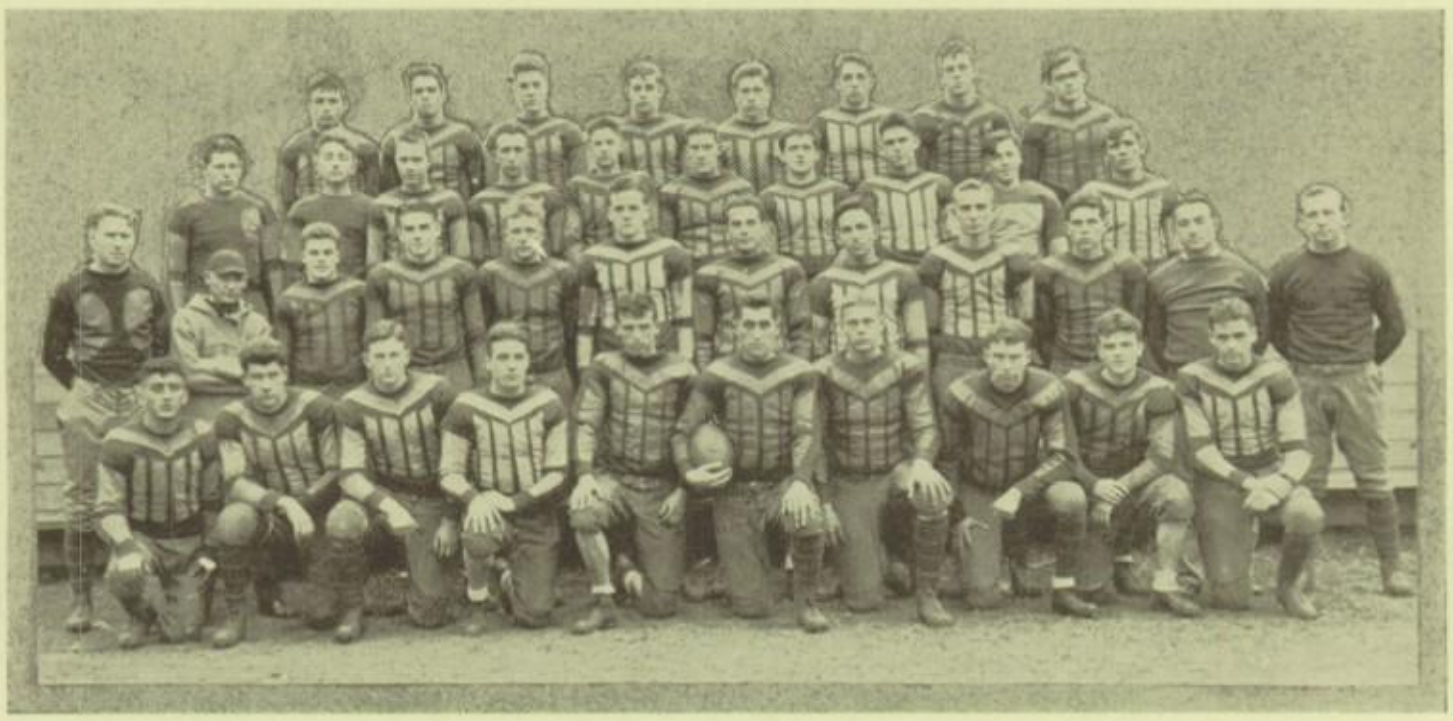
Then came the Bloomington game. Three years ago a team from Bloomington nearly defeated Waite in a wild affair which ended in victory for Waite by the small margin of 38 to 35. Waite expected another hard battle this year but was disappointed. Bloomington started off with a rush, but soon subsided. Waite won easily, 67 to 0. Bartko and Russ divided scoring honors for the day. A freak of the game was the fact that only one of the tries for point after touchdown was successful. It was made by a line plunge by Bud Lockert.

Before the Ironwood game, Mr. Steiner foretold that we would "iron out Ironwood." And we did! The Michiganites outweighed the Waite team in pounds, but not in fighting energy. They departed from the Bowl with a 20 to 6 defeat among their souvenirs. Passing constituted a great part of the Waite attack. Bernhagen and Brown starred on the line and Art Morse was the shining light of the backfield.

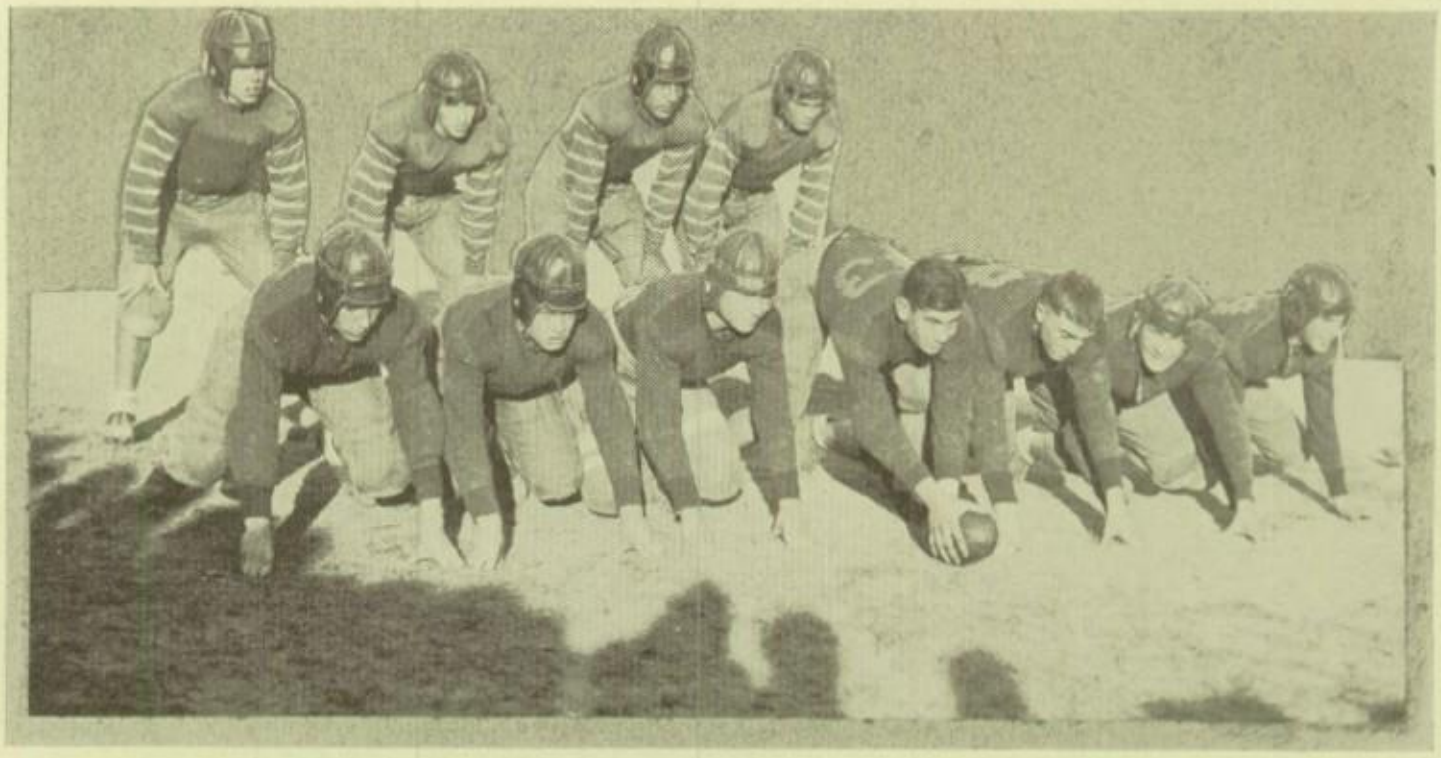
Waite's old grads came home on November 12 to watch the team tackle Libbey High in the Bowl. It took all of our power to squeeze out a 17 to 0 win from Libbey's scrappy crew. Their defeat was due mainly to their inability to cope with Waite in the overhead department. Passes were directly responsible for the two touchdowns scored. Blowney, Bartell, and Limoges were Libbey's best men, while Steve Juhasz, Bickford, and Winebrenner starred for Waite.

Thanksgiving! We never mention it without thinking of the Scott-Waite game. Of all fourteen of these contests, none was more bitterly contested, or more exciting than the one of '27. Our failure to kick goal after our two touchdowns spelled defeat for us. The game ended 13 to 12. But, although a loss, it was a wonderful game, bitterly, but earnestly and cleanly fought out. Congratulations, Scott!

And thus ended the season of 1927. Waite scored 214 points to her opponents' 50, registering 5 wins, 2 losses, and two ties. As we look back over the season, we think that we did well, and we wish the team of 1928 the best of luck.



WAITE FOOTBALL SQUAD—1927



Freshman Football

WITH a line averaging 137 pounds to the man, and a backfield 129, the Waite Freshmen have swept through a successful season white-washing six strong opponents and finishing in a whirl of glory by winning the mythical state championship.

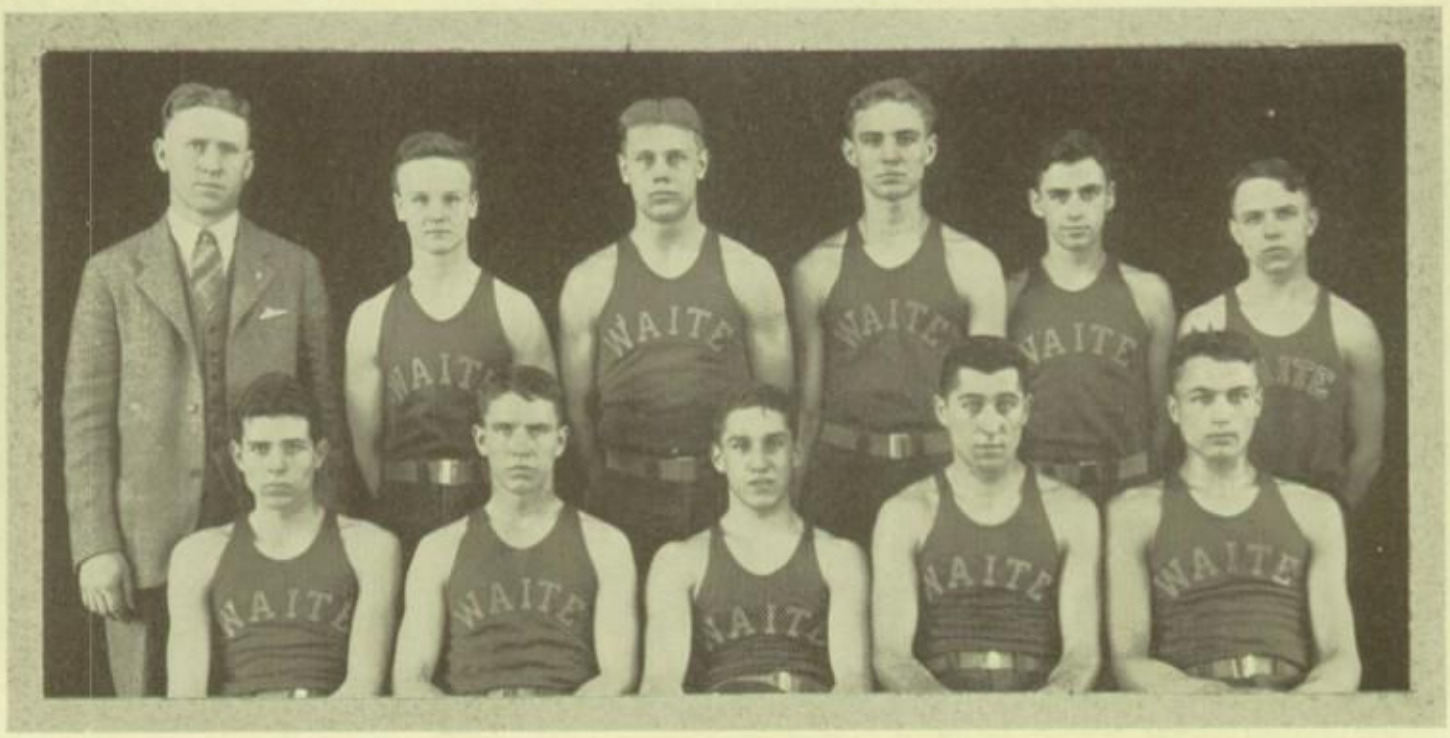
The backfield proved to be duplicate of the famous "Four Horsemen." Captain Wiles proved a wizard at calling signals, and Garbe, Cowell and Hennessee were experts at passing or plunging. Wiles did the punting, some of his boots going 65 yards. On the line, Jett gained the reputation of being the best pass-receiver developed on a freshman team at Waite. Jones was one of the fiercest tacklers on the squad, and had a good rival in Jim Bruce on the other end of the line.

Some idea of the teams played can be gained by statistics. Gibsonburg was defeated 40 to 0 in 21 minutes by the Freshmen, and it took Scott Varsity 48 minutes to beat them 80 to 0. Dundee was the champ of Lower Michigan, while Bluffton is a class A high school. All the games of the Freshmen team were played in 8 minute quarters.

Credit for this fine work must be given to Steve Rohlfing, coach of the first year men for the past two years. To Mr. Rohlfing the school owes a debt of gratitude which he richly deserves.

SEASON RECORD

Waite Score	Opponent	Opponent Score
40	Gibsonburg, Ohio	0
89	Dundee, Mich.	0
90	Maumee, Ohio	0
26	Perrysburg, Ohio	0
26	Bluffton, Ohio	0
1	Adrian Reserve (forfeit)	0
272		0



First Row—Bickford, Hawk, Siewert, Barko, Molnar. *Second Row*—Zorn, Rufty, Lockert, Juhasz, Davis, Wiles.

Varsity Basketball Season

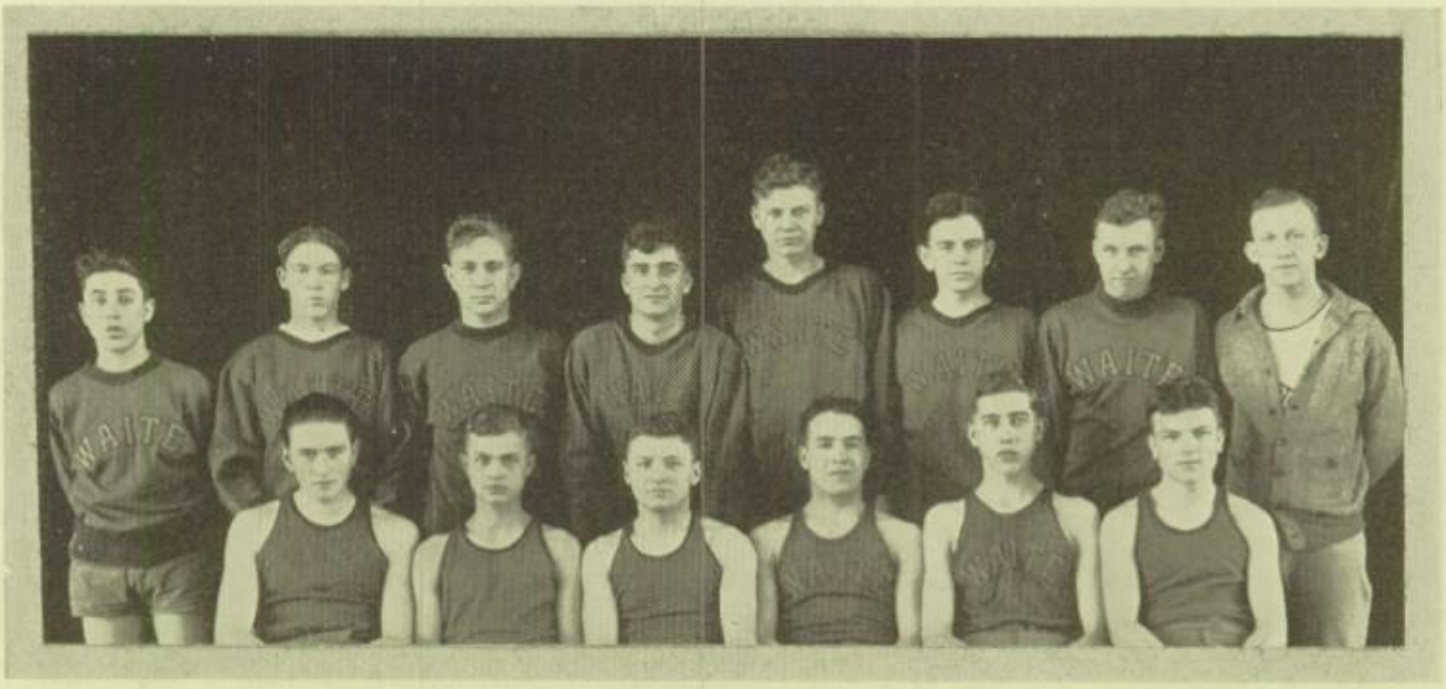
VARSITY basketball started off this year with two letter men back, Captain Siewert and Hawk, both forwards. To these were added John Molnar and Bill Rufty from the Freshman team of the year before, and Wiles, Bickford, Davis, and Morse from the reserves. Bartko and Juhasz also played during the first semester but were forced out at exam time under scholarship regulations.

After beating the Alumni in a fast contest 37 to 31 by coming to the front in the last few moments of play, the squad took in Elkhart, Indiana on a trip out that way, and incidentally trounced their high school team, 27 to 20. Carey was downed on Friday the 13th, 55 to 20. Lima Central then defeated Waite 39 to 28 on a octagonal floor. The strong Tiffin Junior Order team fell to the tune of 45 to 18. Another trip to Indiana proved disastrous, Kendallville beating us 47 to 27. We spilled Fostoria in revenge, 28 to 22.

The city games were discouraging. Scott won, 36 to 26, Libbey did the same thing, 33 to 24, and Woodward took us into camp, 30 to 20. The city tournament was an entirely different matter. The only advantage conceded to Waite was her luck in drawing a bye for the first round. Our first game was with Scott, who had beaten St. John, while Central was putting away mighty Woodward. In a close, fast, and furious battle, we won from the West Siders, and gained the right to play Libbey, who had that afternoon beaten Central. The Cowboys were not to be daunted, however, and took a 24 to 17 victory.

At the Northwestern Ohio tournament, Waite spilled her first opponent, Bryan, by a score of 20 to 17. The next contest was our Waterloo. Fremont, who eventually won the tournament, was determined to have our scalp, and a 39 to 24 defeat was the result. This ended the season for Waite.

Letters were awarded to the following: Captain Floyd Siewert, John Molnar, Kenneth Hawk, Martin Bickford, William Wiles, and William Rufty. The Reserve letters, English "W's" were awarded to Bruce Davis and Arthur Morse.



First Row—Helbing, Molnar, Kagin, Apel, Koring, Monto. *Second Row*—Turner, Skeldon, Jones, W. Belkofer, Larsen, Lashley, A. Belkofer, Swisher.

Reserve Basketball

THIS year the Reserves have turned out to be a really fine team, truly worthy of representing the school in the world of sports. With only a few players from the year before, but with an ambitious group of aspirants, Coach Ralph Swisher soon had a business-like aggregation under full steam. A season of 10 wins and only 2 defeats speaks for his efficient coaching.

Koring, center, was one of the tallest men on the Waite court this year, if not the tallest. Lawrence Apel, a gridiron star, held down one of the forward positions, while Molnar and Monto divided honors for the other post. All three of these men could sink fielders with regularity, and were conspicuous on the floor by their endurance. Kagin was an exceptionally fine running guard, and at times gave a neat exhibition of basket-shooting. Helbing was a stone wall at the position of standing guard. Many a rival found his Waterloo in this sturdy player. Besides these, several willing substitutes found work in some of the games, and showed their colors when called upon.

The season was, on the whole, very satisfactory. The Q. D.'s took the first spill, 11 to 6, followed by the Pennsylvania Red Arrows, in a close game, 25 to 23. Waterville was defeated in two games, 23 and 22, and 14 to 11. Woodward suffered a defeat, but Scott and Libbey won their contests by close scores. Sam Jones Junior High met defeat in one-sided contests, and to finish the season, the Reserves of Central Catholic were humbled, 12 to 11.

As the main object of the Reserves is to train men for the varsity of coming years, this naturally restricts the players to sophomores and juniors. These underclassmen have done fine work this season, and are deserving of a great deal of credit.

First Row—Jett, Garbe, Hennessey, Murphy, Ondras. *Second Row*—Holland, Beebe, Denman, Meyers, Cowell. *Third Row*—Murray, Schultz, Ball, Spees, Woods, Coontz, Rohlfing.

Freshman Basketball

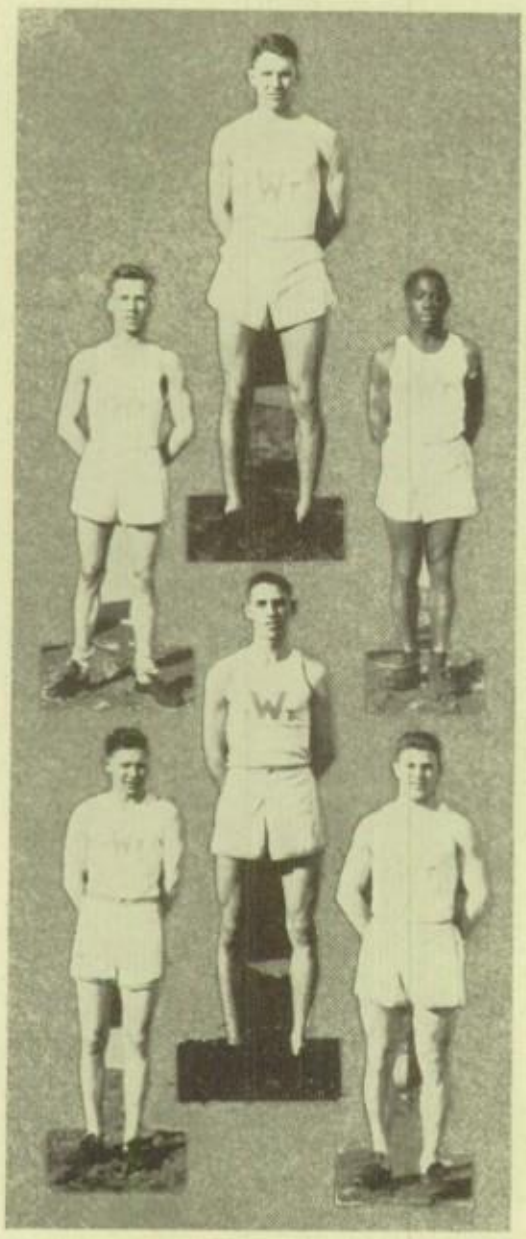
* * *

Season Record:

Waite Score	Opponent	Opponent's Score
33	Luckey	14
34	Woodville	22
36	Bluffton	27
47	Luckey	21
48	Townsend	9
74	Memorial Baptist	18
52	Lambertville, Mich	34
18	Monclova	16
96	Grade Stars	7
27	Elyria Lightweights	18
465	Total	186

Track Season

TRACK started off with a wealth of both veteran and new material. The captaincy was divided equally between Ray Gladieux and Elmer Eberlin, each an artist in his own field of activity on the track. Under Coach Anderson's direction, the kinks in the knees and limbs disappeared as the weather grew warmer, and a first-class track team was the result.



Hawk
Crawford Hicks
McKinley
Graves Scott

Part of the team went to the Michigan Indoor Interscholastic meet on March 19, in which Ken Hawk took third place in the pole vault. The next big meet was on May 14, the team then taking part in the Michigan Outdoor Interscholastic meet Hawk duplicated his previous performance, and Jim McKinley cinched fourth place in the stick event. The city meet followed soon after, and the all-round efficiency of the entire squad was here evident. Waite men smashed records right and left, and gathered 60⅗ points to 35⅕ for Scott and 29⅕ for Libbey. Scott set a new record for the half-mile, Gladieux for the mile run, Hawk for the low hurdles, and Hicks for the quarter mile. Scott and Gladieux repeated in the Northwestern Ohio meet by breaking marks in their events.

Letters were awarded to the following men: Ray Gladieux and Elmer Eberlin, captains; Andrew Vanyo, John Graves, and John Molnar, seniors; Kenneth Hawk, Isaac Anderson, James McKinley, Ross Scott, Paul Crawford, and Jimmy Hicks, the Freshman Flash. All of these last named will be back in '28 with the exception of Paul Crawford and "Zeek" Anderson. Crawford is lost through the age limit, and "Zeek" has left school.

With these veterans plus the ambitious condidates who are out this spring, Coach "Andy" expects to produce a team in '28 that will rival in prominence and power that of last year. We wish him every good fortune.

BRENTLINGER - HIGH - JUMP

RAY GLADIEUX - MILE RUN

HAWK - POLE - VAULT

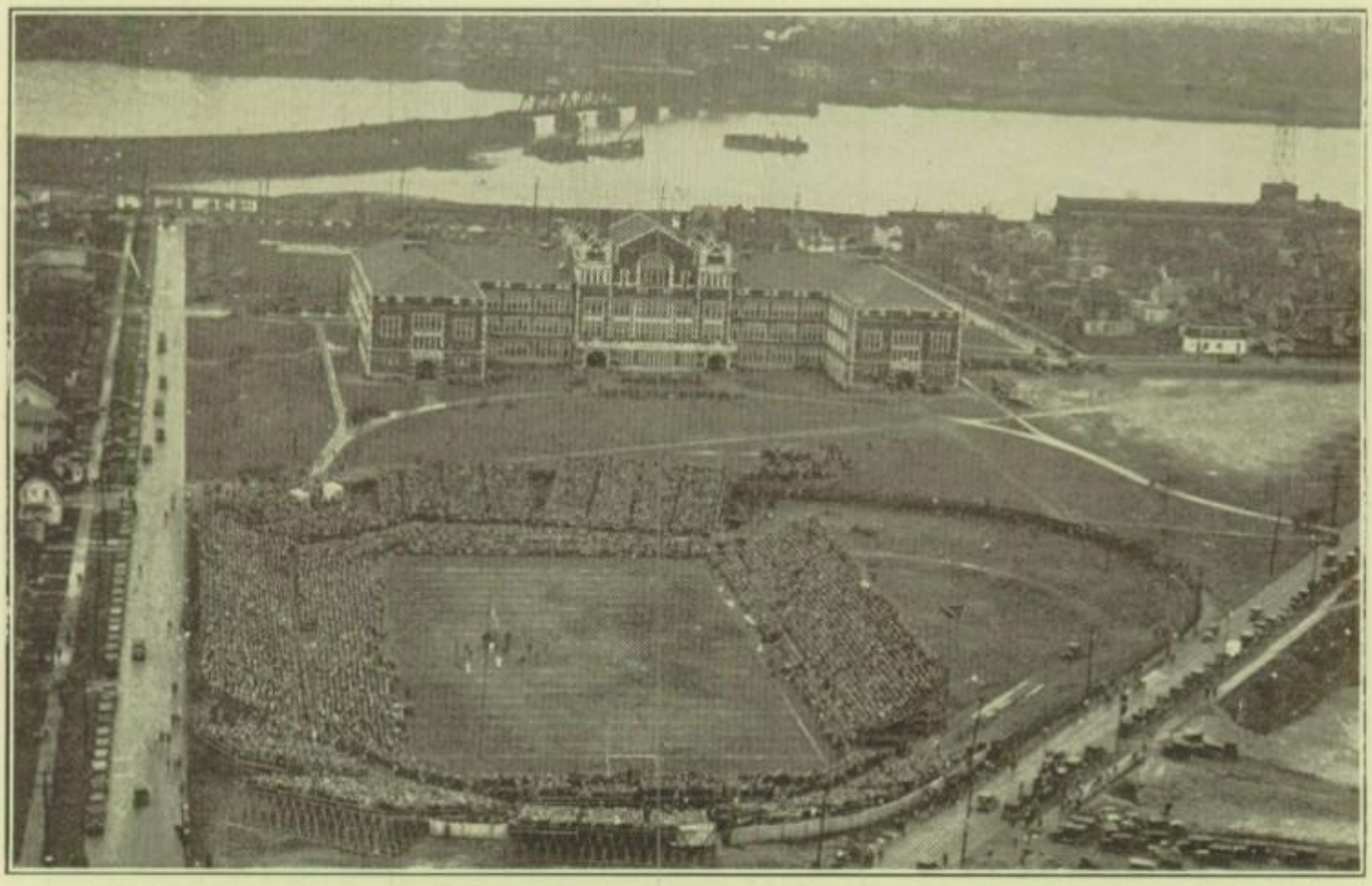
GRAVES - LOW - HURDLE

ANDERSON - BROAD - JUMP

SCOTT - 880 YARD - RUN

VANYO - DISCUS - THROW

HICKS - 440 YARD - RUN



The Thanksgiving Game

THERE is only one Thursday in the whole year that really counts, in the opinion of Waite students. That is the last Thursday in November, which the world outside knows as Thanksgiving, but which to each Waite rooter means the annual football game with Scott.

A day of excitement from beginning to end, this eventful Thursday. Up some time before eight o'clock, into our best clothes (usually our warmest ones), and down to the Waite bowl before ten. Here is the center of attention. Everybody is hunting in vain for a seat number designated on his ticket, only to find, after some half-hour's search, that the desired location is on the opposite side of the field. Bands parade majestically up and down the field, led by an acrobatic drum major. Cheerleaders rave frantically before an equally frantic band of spectators. Candy and hot dog venders work madly to satisfy the demands for their wares, and have a hard job on their hands. Airplanes soar over the field, dropping popcorn balls and other souvenirs.

Finally the teams appear at the gate, and from both sides of the field a mighty roar arises, lasting for several minutes, until the rabid fans are completely exhausted. After a short warm-up, the squads gather around their respective coaches for the final words of advice, the referee blows his whistle, and the game is on.

We always think of Thanksgiving with the pleasantest of memories, whether it brings to us victory or defeat. Its dynamic, everlasting spirit of good fellowship and friendly, clean rivalry is indelibly stamped on our memories as one of our most precious recollections.

MISS LOIS TILLOCK

MISS ELSIE GOTTSHALL

Girls' Athletics

Miss Tilock:

"DON'T always bat the ball, girls, Tip it now and then," comes the even voice of the young lady in black gym bloomers and middy, as she holds a basket-ball aloft ready for the toss-up. The whistle blows and again the two teams are in action under the able direction of Miss Tilock as referee.

Miss Tilock is a graduate of the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics. She takes charge of the basket-ball and hockey in the Girls' Athletic League. To her many of the Waite girls owe their good posture for she often tells them to "stand up straight with shoulders back and chest out."

Miss Tilock has a cheerful even temperament. Her greatest weakness is ice skating and she is never so happy as when skimming across a wide expanse of ice.

Miss Gottshall, slender, dark, petite, with a charming smile; that, in a few words is Miss Gottshall. On Monday afternoons, dressed in her green gym bloomers, black stockings and green lumberjacket she stands before us and demonstrates clogging. Clogging as done by Miss Gottshall is surely graceful. She also teaches tumbling, soccer, and swimming.

Miss Gottshall is a graduate of the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics. She also attended Columbia University in New York for one year.

Girls' Athletic League

Officers

MARY BOWMAN	President
MARGARET ROBINS	Vice-President
MARIE WILLIS	Secretary
LISABETH KELLER	Treasurer

VITALITY plus! So runs the password of the Girls' Athletic League. In 1923 when the League was organized for the purpose of stimulating interest in the girls' athletics, and of giving the girls an opportunity to "play the game" its present success was not foreseen. Each succeeding year, more and more girls have found their way into the gym, where fun, health, and sportsmanship reign supreme. Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays the girls play hockey or soccer, if it is in the fall, while during the winter many an exciting basket-ball game attracts their attention. These sports are followed in the spring by clogging, tumbling, baseball, and archery. No wonder we see about the school so many bright-eyed, healthy girls, who are familiar with the essentials of good sportsmanship. We must not forget to mention the swimming classes which are held at the Y. W. C. A. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This sport is becoming very popular, of late, and nearly every girl can successfully navigate in the water.

For the increasing success of this organization, credit must be given to Miss Tilock and Miss Gottshall. Many hours of their precious time do they give us in coaching our classes.

At the close of the year those girls who have contributed the most to the success of the League and who are conspicuous for sportsmanship, high scholastic records, and health are awarded distinctions of which any girl may well be proud.

HOCKEY

In the fall we find the junior and senior girls out in the hockey field. It is no wonder that we see some of the girls limping if they sock at the ball as many times as they cry, "Sock it." Toward the end of the season the cry is forgotten but the "sock" is perfected. The hockey captains this year were Elizabeth Keller, captain of the Junior team and Margaret Robins, captain of the senior team.

SOCCER

Soccer means the same thing to the freshmen and sophomores that hockey means to the juniors and seniors. The freshman and sophomore captains were Mildred Moon and Ruth Whitacre. The freshmen captains were Ruth Wallace, Helen Fuller, and Ruth Burgemeister.

BASKET-BALL

Basketball is the game in which juniors, seniors, freshmen, and sophomores all take part. Each class has a team. This brings rivalry as each class tries to uphold its class honor.

There are also organization teams. This year the "Zets" won the interclub championship when they defeated the Friendship Club in the final game. The winning team's lineup was as follows: Side center, Laura McEvoy; forwards, Mary Bowman and Helen Rahmstock; guards, Blanche Hood and Marthabelle McClure. If you happen into the gym, during one of these games you hear an excited chorus of "Shoot it!!" or "Guard that forward," "What's the matter with you?"

If noise is a measure of enjoyment, the girls are at their happiest when they play or watch a basket ball game.

CLOGGING

One, two, three, tap step;—one, two, three, tap step;—What are those girls doing? They are just trying to memorize a new clog under the direction of Miss Gottshall. There

are two classes in clogging, a beginners' and an advanced class. More girls turn out for this than for any other form of athletics. To see them step one would think them experts rather than novices.

TUMBLING

Do we tumble? Without a doubt.

Some of the accomplished tumblers do hand stands, cart wheels, double rolls, and hand springs. People may have the idea that girls are afraid of falling but they should see our tumblers do their stuff. Their opinions would be speedily changed.

TRACK

There are also girls' track teams. Some of the events in which the girls take part are running, jumping, basket-ball throw for distance, and the high jump. These sports help to round out the program of the athletic activities for girls.

The following girls received letters or chevrons for their work last year; Lois Berry, Margaret McClure, Margaret Keller, Mary Knierem, Muriel Waldvogal, Dorothy Jackson, Kathryn Denman, Jennie Muirhied, Margaret Robins, Mary Bowman, Ruth Muench, Alma Meyers, Elizabeth Keller, Ruth Whitacre, Florence Long, and Esther White. Muriel Waldvogal was the first girl from any Toledo high school to receive a letter every year. Waite is very proud to award this honor.

SWIMMING

It is cold and icy, the wind is blowing, but one can see Waite girls walking up Jefferson Avenue with books and bathing caps under their arms. These girls are going to the "Y" for their weekly swim under the direction of Miss Gottshall. The girls were divided into two teams; namely the fish and the frogs, and a swimming meet was held on March 2. The fish won the meet. Some of the events of the meet were: diving, form, swimming and speed swimming. Many stunts were performed.

THE GYM EXHIBITION

One of the high lights in the Waite program of events is the annual gym exhibition. It was held this year on April 26. It is of especial interest to the freshmen and sophomores who have never been in the spotlight before. It is often their debut as entertainers at Waite. The regular gym classes put on folk dances and games, while the members of the Girls' Athletic League demonstrated clogging and tumbling.

Miss Florence Long

SECRETARY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

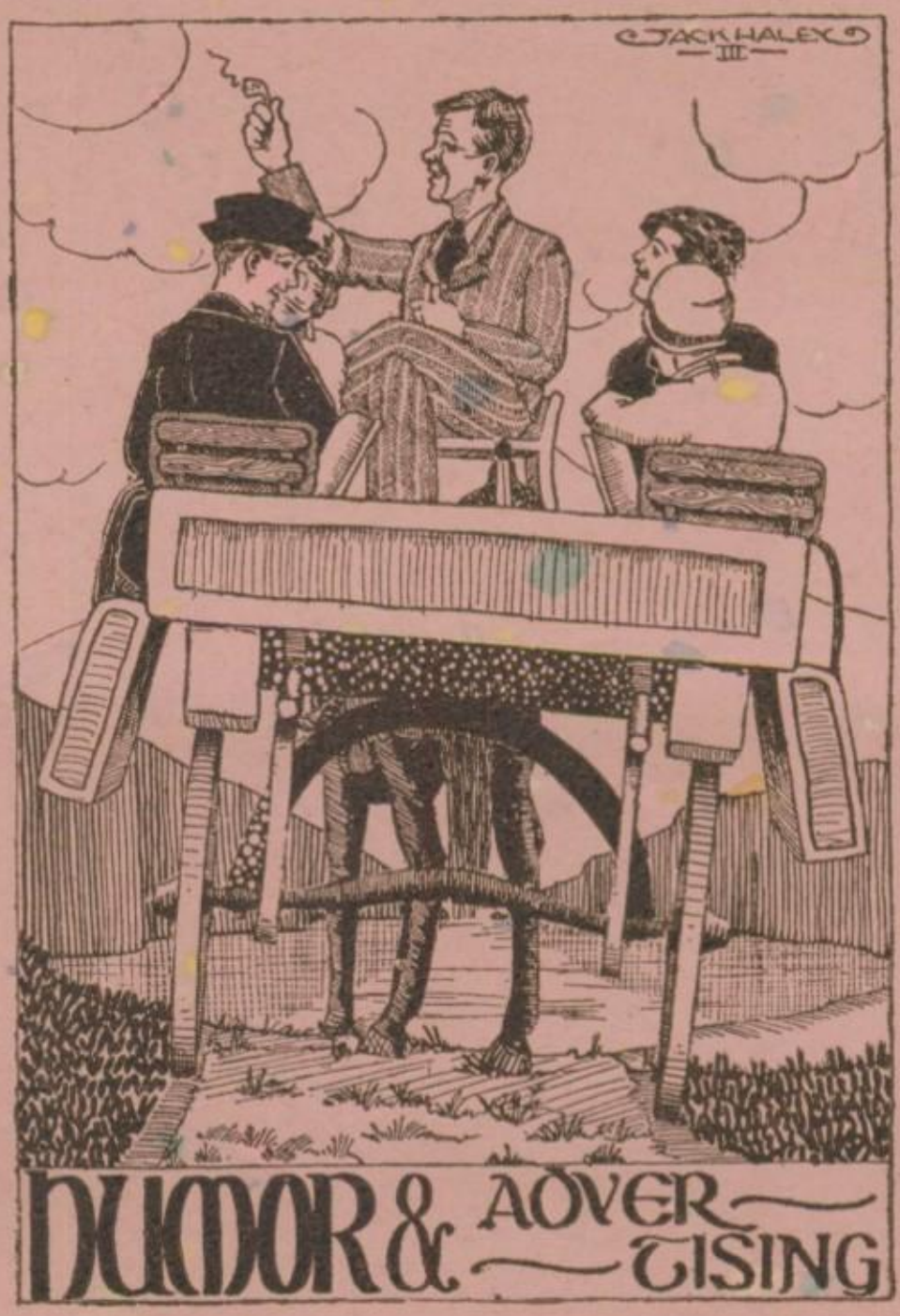
IT requires real ability and sacrifice for a senior student to do the secretarial work of the Athletic Association, and to keep up in the regular school work.

Our genial Secretary, with her "reddy" wit, has not only done both these tasks with credit to herself, but has also won her "W" in the Girls' Athletic events as well.

After her year's experience in the business department of the Athletic Association, Florence will have no trouble making good in the outside business world.

FLORENCE LONG

James Casson
2312 ½ Auburn



A Talk With Homer, The Hall Hound

* * *

WHILE walking down the hall looking for news I chanced to meet my old friend, Homer the Hall Hound.

"Why do you walk up and down the hall with so agitated an air, my dear Homer?" I asked with great politeness, for you know Homer is very polite. "Have you been without meat, or has your food not been properly seasoned?" "Oh, it's not that! The food's all right," sighed my bosom friend, "but it's the people around here that annoy me."

"Now take for instance that Maggie Robbins! She always has something to say! she's getting more particular every day. Why, the other day in the refectory she absolutely refused to drink cocoa with coffee cake! That just goes to show you how particular that young lady can be!"

"Then, too, there's that pest, Clarence Weber. Did you ever see that boy when he wasn't yelling at the top of his voice? Why, just last hour in science, Miss Young was talking about milkweeds and when she asked him about them he said that he didn't know anything about dairy plants. Yes, indeedy, that boy surely does give me a pain."

"But, Homer," I remonstrated, "you must understand they have not had as much experience as you have had, and you must not be too harsh with them."

"Well, it's not only that," cried Homer. "Yesterday I asked one of the boys (I think it was Carleton Vobbe) when the War of 1812 was fought and he said, ('It was fought in 1776.') That just shows you the types around here. If I stay around here much longer I will lose a great deal of my intellectual ability."

"But, Homer," I exclaimed, "surely you will not leave us! How could we get along without you? Can't you talk to the faculty?"

"Faculty!" yelled Homer, "Oh my! why mention them? They're worse than the rest. Just last Monday I walked into Miss Meagher's class and I had no more than walked in when she said, 'Homer, have you your assignment?' That's her favorite expression. Can you imagine it. That lady sure must want me to work."

"Me, too," I sighed as I glanced at my blank paper.

"And everywhere I go this faculty expects me to work. I'm getting tired of living around here," he complained.

"Why don't you graduate," I asked. "Ho! hum!" yawned Homer, "I'm in the habit of staying around here, I guess. Perennial freshman, they call me." He yawned again, "It's a pretty good school, after all."

WE are appreciative of the honor that falls to us in having taken part in the production of this volume. It forms a valuable and justly cherished addition to any library, in so capably typifying the high aims, ideals and accomplishments of the Class of 1928 of the Morrison R. Waite High School.

The VROOMAN FEHN PRINTING CO.
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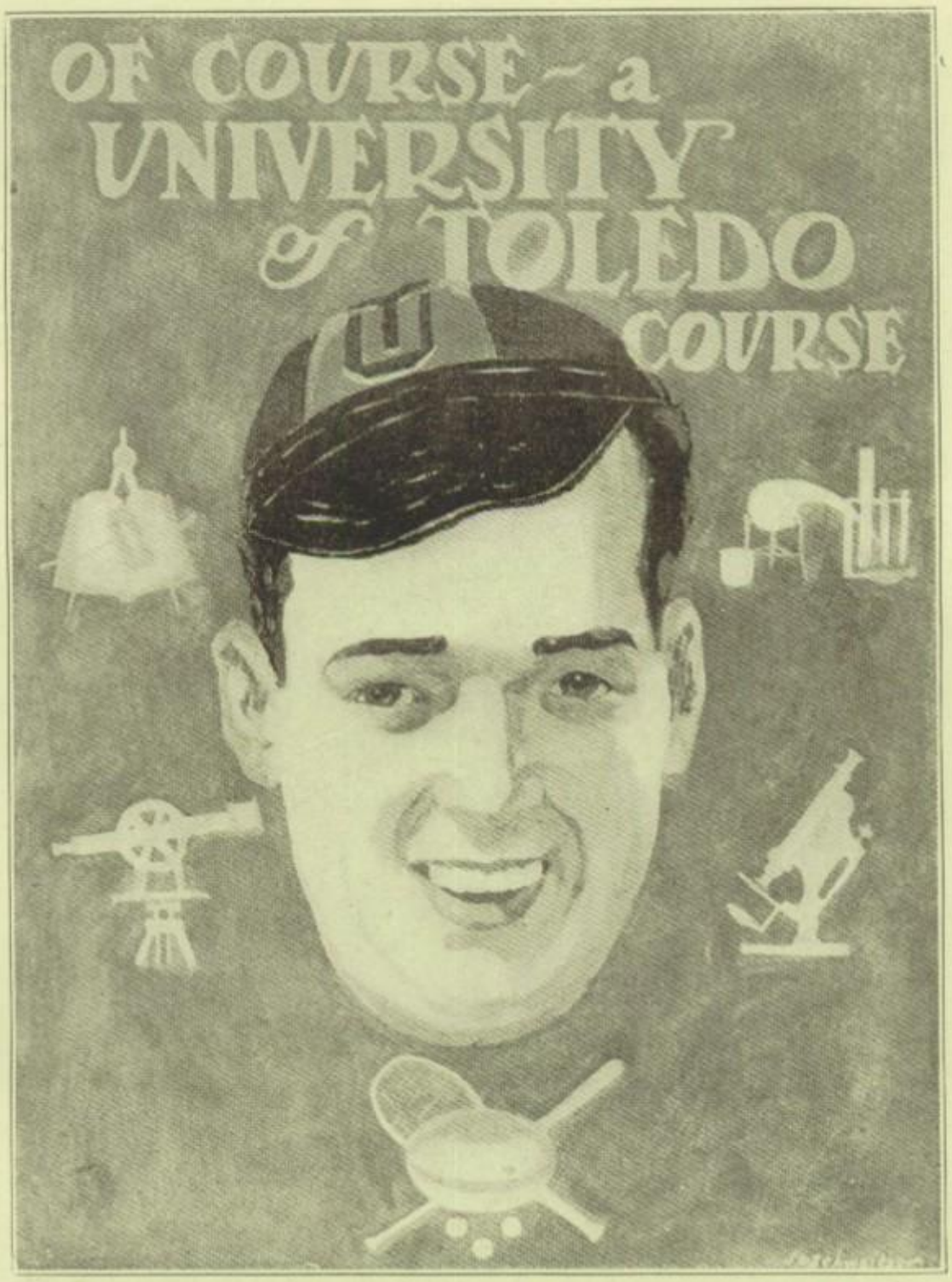
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On Buying A Car

* * *

THE gas and light bill being paid, and the rent and grocery bill honorably discharged, Mr. Combs found himself with ten dollars that had nothing to do, so he decided to buy himself a car. Forthwith he proceeded.

As he entered a beautiful marble palace, Al Mauter, who had taken a position as automobile salesman, immediately pounced on him.

"Step right this way," purred Al. (Mr. Combs looked to see if he was bow-legged.) "Here is a handsome creation especially designed for the Earl of Warwick. It is richly upholstered and has a steamline body. It is equipped with bumpers, bumperettes, travelling truck, shock absorbers, and what not. Press this button and your car will be entirely oiled within a few moments."

"Wait," said Mr. Combs, "How about—

"Here," Al went on smoothly, "is a new feature. See this paint job, done entirely by the perfected process of relativity. Notice the over-size balloon tires. There is enough wheel-base to create confusion in any traffic."

"Well—"

"Wait. This car is equipped with a patent axle that will save you 25% of your gas. This doo-jigger will save you 15% by pressing this button you will save yourself 10%. Our new type feed-line will save you 50% on gas. This entirely new hydro-generated gauge will save you 10%. Thus you see all this totals to 110%. Every few miles you will have to stop and bail out your overflowing gas-tank. Why, we even have red oil for the stop light."

"Yes, but—"

"Just a minute, look inside. There is an ash tray. This is a portable desk set with all necessities. For the ladies here is a disappearing vanity case, fully outfitted. Try this electric cigar-lighter, nobby, eh wot? Over there is a telephone. You see, this car has every modern convenience of home and office. Back there is a ticker and a typewriter. Under the seat is a kitchen outfit so that you can cook your breakfast while riding to work. Here you see a folding bed. There is a heater. And now for the big surprise. Merely open this compartment and you perceive a fully equipped radio. Splendid; is it not? We can install any other thing that you desire, too. Is is not a wonderful production?"

"But," Mr. Combs blurted out, "How about the motor?"

"Motor? why-wha-," here he called to his mechanician, "Say, George, what is a motor? Do they use them in automobiles?

"Search me. I never heard tell of 'em."

But Mr. Combs had passed to a better land.

The Argument

* * *

The scene opens before a brick house. Two boys are standing before the house on the grass. One of them has a large red apple. The boy with the apple is none other than our argumentative classmate, Bob Bolbach. He wears a little sailor suit that looks as though he had been melted into it. The other boy is little Eddie Summers who wears a pair of Dad's old trousers made over. He stands looking longingly at the apple.

Ed—Give me a bite of your apple, will you?

Bob—(stubbornly)—I won't give you a bite of my apple.

Ed—Well! I wouldn't take a bite of your apple if you would give it to me.

Bob—(sarcastically)—I wouldn't give you a chance to refuse.

Ed (shakes his head knowingly)—I don't want you to give me a chance. I wanted to see what you were like.

Bob—Oh is that so! Well, I want you to understand that I'm just as good as you are! And now I know you're not going to get any of my apple.

Ed (realizing that he had made a mistake) —Oh! I didn't mean I was any better than you. Let's be friends.

Bob—No! I won't be friends. You said you was better than me, and besides I'm going to eat this apple myself.

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The Argument—Continued

* * *

(A large boy enters. He is none other than Gilbert Bartko. His eye falls on the apple).

Gilbert (with a sneer)—Ah ha! An apple! an apple! By my honor, 'tis an apple! Give me that apple, youngun.

Bob (with eyes flashing)—Try to get it, you big bully..

Gilbert—Oh you will, will ye! (He jumps on poor Bob, but he does not reckon on the powerful little Eddie Summers, who jumps on his neck. A furious engagement follows. Gilbert is beaten and goes away with head hanging.

Ed (with the battle light in his eye)—I guess we gave it to 'em.

Bob (still clutching the apple)—I'll say we did. Let's go somewhere and eat this apple.

They walk down the road hand in hand until another dispute arises.

Ross Scott (at 12 o'clock)—I am always moved by music.
Marge Robins—Let me play something for you at once.

Thanks

THE staff of the Purple and Gold wish to acknowledge with many thanks the generosity of the following individuals who have subscribed to the publication of the Annual:

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Mr. Canfield—What is Carbon?
Dick Bloom (*who is dozing*)—It's where they keep street cars.

Miss Newbirt—What is a scrap book?
Al Mauter—A book in which you keep track of all your fights.

Mr. Canfield—What is a back E. M. F.?
Doris Pope—Well—
Mr. Canfield—Look out! You'll fall in.

AND the open road beckons. Adventure seems to be the thing now, and wouldn't it feel fine to press on the accelerator and feel limitless miles of speed come out. Cadillac and LaSalle are thorobreds—real masters of the highways. Beautiful of line, superior mechanically and seemingly limitless in speed. All along the road hats are off to either Cadillac or LaSalle.

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Cal Reuthinger(*to freshman carrying brief case the first day*) Say, are you traveling?
Frightened freshman—No, but if all seniors are alike I'm going to. (Nice to be a giant).

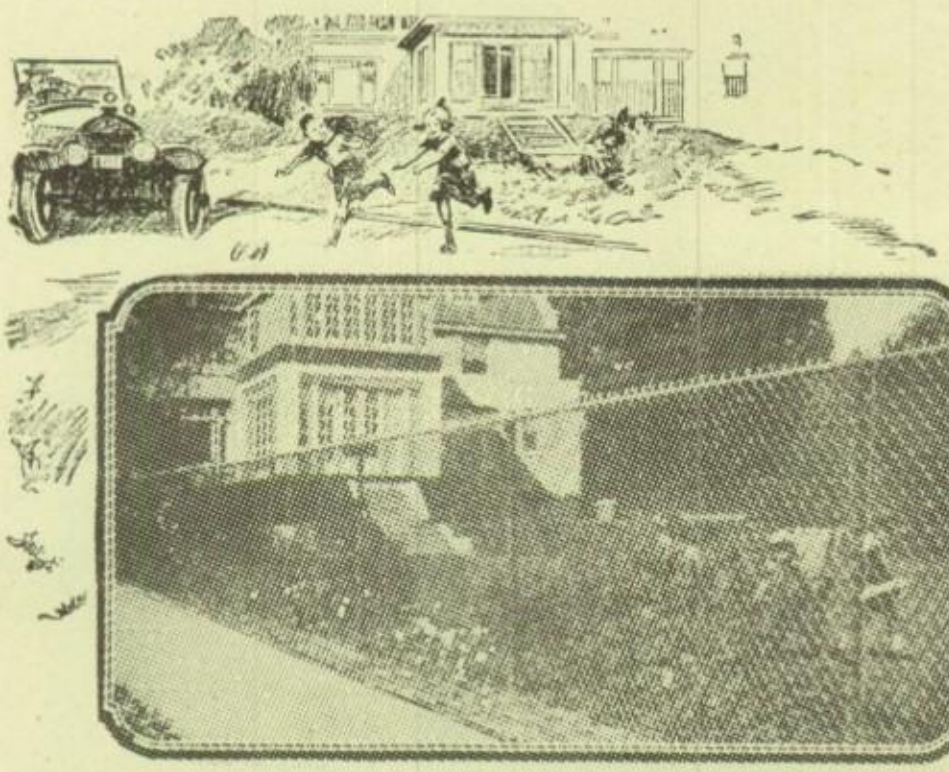
Grace Babcock—Did you ever receive a proposal?
Laura McEvoy—Well—Yes, I received one once but central had given the boy the wrong number.

The new Scotch song—"Let the rest of the World go Buy."

Anna Tiedjen—My dog is as smart as I am.
Lisle Milne—Shh! Don't let anyone hear you,—you might want to sell him some day.

Are you a toe dancer?
Why?
You seem to dance on my toes.

Mr. Mathias—Report to me tomorrow whether you're absent or not.



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Dumb—What kind of an instrument is a rank?
Dora—What do you mean—rank?
Dumb—Why, it says here—"Thomas Edison was an inventor of the first rank."

Miss Meagher—Your answer reminds me of Quebec.
Edith Johnstone—How's that?
Miss Meagher—Because it's built on a bluff.

Mrs. Allen—What was the matter, Genevieve, your report was all introduction?
Genevieve Musson—No, it was all interruption.

Miss Garver—Two quantities vary directly when—finish the sentence, Fred Bardsley.
Fred—Question mark!

Dentist—I must have a drill. Pardon me.
Gladys Bailey—Can't you fill a tooth without having a rehearsal first?

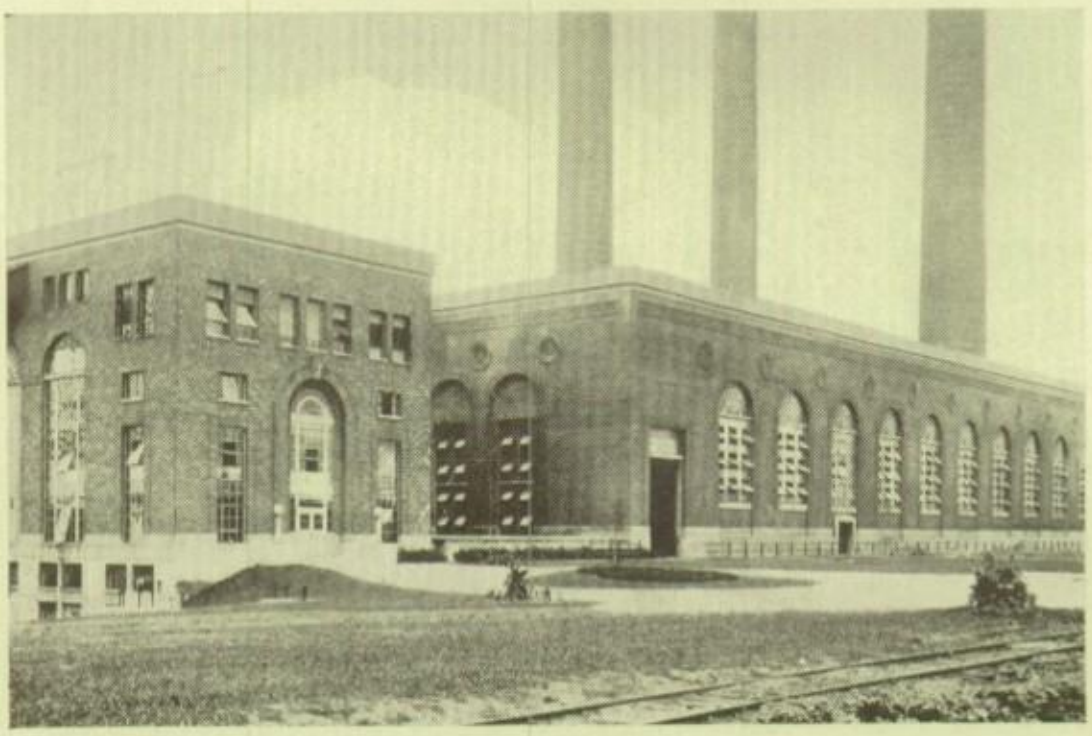
A petition was circulated by Bill Johnson to this effect: "We, the undersigned, deem it necessary to abolish final exams, as they create such unsatisfactory results."

"I've lost another pupil," shouted the professor as his glass eye rolled down the floor.

Josephine Shatto—Where are you going?
James Shamy—I'm going to catch the ten o'clock limited.
Josephine S.—Why, it left seven minutes ago.
James S.—Gosh, I've sure got to hurry!

Ruth Catchpole—What is a profitless enterprise?
Ruth Muench—Telling hair-raising stories to a ball-headed man.

Irate Father—You say my son is a first rank student, and yet you give him 40 in civics exam.
Mr. Stiener—Yes, I said he is the first rank one I've had in years.



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AT GREENWOOD

Ted Slater—Will you be my partner?
Fran Border—Oh Ted, this is so sudden! Give me a little time.
Ted—*continuing*) For the next dance.
Fran—(*continuing*) To catch my breath. I haven't recovered from the last fox-trot yet.

Fred Bollin—Who are the faculty.
Ed. Jackson—Oh! a group of men and women who are hired to help the seniors run the school.

Steven Szabo—I can make a funnier face than you.
Morris Wasserman—No wonder! Look at the start you've got.

Hotel Clerk—How do you like our town.
Mr. Joe Collins—It's the first cemetery I ever saw with lights in it.

Bob Cook—Give me the book "Man the World's Ruler."
Florencetta Wilson—We don't have fairy tales.

Dick Bloom—Give me a penny.
Lisle Ayers—What for?
Dick Bloom—So I can make a down payment on an ice cream cone.

Bob Cook wanted to propose to his girl. The lights in the town were all out but he took along an old oil lamp with him to her house. She told him she would be down in just a few minutes. Bob was exceedingly nervous. At last steps were heard coming down the stairs. He turned to the lamp and said, "Old lamp, in a few minutes one of us is going to get turned down."

Don Crane—What are the most unsociable things in the world?
Bob Luzius—Mile posts. You never see two together.

Francis Gummow—Did you notice anything particular about that man?
Robert Falor—Yes, his whiskers.
Frances Gummow—What about his whiskers?
Robert Falor—He didn't have any.

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Sidona McElroy—I dreamed I married the most handsome man in the world.
Merlin Berry—Were we happy?

Miss Spayd—How many Knights had King Arthur?
Anita Childers—Nights! Do you mean how many nights he lived?

Miss Howard—What did you see in the test tube?
Alma Meyers—An invisible cloud.

Mr. Leach—What have you in your mouth?
Bob Morey—My gum-s.

First Angel—How did you get here?
Second Angel—Flu

James Miller—(*rushing into library*) I want the life of Ceasar.
Librarian—(*calmly*) Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it.

Ruth Muench—I cannot get that sulphur stuff in chemistry through my head.
Laura Taylor—I only know that I got it up my nose.

Ruth Schwartz—What is the matter?
Harlan Diehr—I think I'll commit suicide.
Ruth S.—Go ahead, but turn off the gas when you are through.

Inscription on a tombstone—Here lies an Atheist. All dressed up and no place to go.

Teacher—What is a synonym?
Baker's Boy—Why it's the stuff we put on buns everyday.

If tennis makes a lotta racquet will the tennis ball?

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Evelyn Aubry—Say what does you mother feed you on?
Virginia Rae—(*disgustedly*) A table.

Carleton Haas—What is the date please?
Mr. Leach—Never mind the date the exam is more important.
Carleton—Well, sir, I wanted to have something right.

Harriet Mundwiler—Do you have any mail for me?
Post Master—What's the name?
Harriet M.—You'll find it on the envelope.

Mr. Grastorf—(*sternly*) Quiet! Scotty wants to study.

Robert Goorley—Hey, let me take a sheet of paper.
Robert Price—It takes only a nickel to break that habit.

Robert Bolbach doesn't patronize tailor shops; he believes in freedom of the press.

Vernel Sullens—What can be worse than a solo like that?
Ruth Malone—A quartet.

Lucile Reuthinger—A street car just passed.
Helen Kitson—How do you know?
Lucile—I can see its tracks.

John Petro—What is a detour?
Gilbert Bartko—The roughest distance between two points.

Fond Aunt—In what course will you graduate?
Vincent Dalton—In the course of time.

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Mary was confessing her greatest sin to a friend. It was vanity. "Why, even this evening," she said, I looked into my mirror and thought how beautiful I am."

"Oh, never mind," said the friend, "to be mistaken is not a sin."

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Blessings on thee, Latin Book
As I put thee in this nook
With thy words so strange and large
And thy tales of Caesar's charge;
With thy writing lessons, to,
And thy stories, oh, so true!
And thy margins marked and lined,
Evidence of vacant mind,
Oh how thankful I shall be,
When I see no more of thee!

George Valiquette—I don't care if you hire a thousand men. You can't hold a candle to what I'm going to make.

Shorty Evanoff—No? What is it?

George V.—Gunpowder.

He shot the bear three times; once in the leg, once in the head, and once more in the woods.

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Kenneth Hawk—Rolland, how did you get such a wanderlust?
Rolland Buehrer—From searching for a place to park my car.

Regina Wozniak—What you buying that Oleo for?
Barney W.—For butter or worse.

The latest one on a Scotchman is that he quit school because he had to pay attention.

Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay after school alone.

When are you going to shave?
Not until Saturday.
What's coming off Saturday?
My whiskers.

The cover for this annual was created by The DAVID J. MOLLOY CO.
2857 N. Western Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Every Molloy Made Cover bears this trade mark on the back lid.

Floyd Frost was seen looking dejectedly around, holding a grade card in his hand.

Grant Cooper—What you looking for, Frosty?

Floyd Frost—A's, boy friend A's.

Mr. Collins (in history)—Why did Tyre fall?

Johnny Scott (just waking up)—They didn't bolt it on tight enough.

Clarence Weber—Did you hear the sad story about the guy that had a puncture?

Jim Drake—What's sad about that?

Clarence Weber—He was up in a balloon.

Anna Keeton—Heavens! I broke the mirror in my locker! Seven years' bad luck.

Red Day—Oh! I shouldn't worry about that, Anne. I know a lady who was shot the day after she broke hers.

George Deeb—(looking at an ad offering $10,000 per year for salesman)—What does per mean?

Mr. Severance—Perhaps.

Dick Kasprizak—Did you hear the story about the two Scotchmen who made a bet to see which one could stay under water the longest and both drowned?

Carmen Emch (eagerly)—No! Do tell me!

Ross Scott (at 12 o'clock)—I am always moved by music.

Marge Robins—Let me play something for you at once.

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Mr. Ball—All right! Run up the curtain.
Bob Lampton—What do you think I am? A squirrel?

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"Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out," commanded the highwayman.
The high school boy laughed for he knew he had neither one to lose.

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Drug Clerk—Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you?
Bob Schnell—No, I tried for three hours and couldn't hit them.

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Billy Basco—Don't you think I sing with feeling?
Ruth Cable—No. If you had any you wouldn't sing.

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Mrs. Anderson—What will I get, dear, if I cook a meal like this every day just for you?

Andy—My insurance.

They were standing at the front door. "Won't you come in, Shorty?" "No-no, I guess not, "replied Shorty hesitatingly." "I wish you would," Florence went on. "It's very lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs." "Both legs?" questioned Shorty. "Yes, both legs," said Florence. "Then I'll come in for a little while," said Shorty.

Mr. Canfield—My razor doesn't cut at all.

Mrs. Canfield—Come, come. Your beard is no tougher than the linoleum I cut yesterday.

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C. Siegel—I'm going to give you this violin.

H. McCreery—An out and out gift?

C. Siegel—Absolutely! No strings to it.

Miss Roache—What's the phrase that teachers dislike to hear? Vincent Dalton, you tell me.

Vincent—Who, me?

Miss Roache—Correct.

Miss Garver—What do they mean when we say the whole is greater than any of its parts?

Abe Shames—They must mean a restaurant doughnut.

(At Friendship party).

"What a darling little orphan. Which of you young ladies has the pleasure of looking after her?" (It was Melva Skilliter).

Carmen Emch—I didn't see you in Church Sunday.

Dwight Beebe—I guess not! I took up the collection.

Eleanor Heath—Lovely statue over there. Whose is it?

Gene Winchester—Oh! The city's.

Eleanor H.—No, I mean what's it of?

Gene W.—Granite.

Eleanor—But what does it represent?

Gene W.—Oh! about $50,000.

Eleanor—(sarcastically) Thanks.

Miss Kimble—In the olden days men gathered at the coffee houses in groups to chat, talking over the news of the day or politics. To what can we compare these groups today?

Ross Scott—The Senate.

Just common "Smith" was his last name,
There's naught in that to give him fame;
But "Graham" lent a stylish grace,
And brought distinction to his race.
But now the question we would know
Is: Where did his importance grow?

Mrs. Allen and Miss Meagher were walking up to the refectory. Ed Summers galloped by. "What are you doing, talking about me?" Ed asked. "Oh, Ed," Mrs. Allen laughed, "we were talking of something important."

Bob Bolback—Ever read Pickwick Papers?

Loyd Huntsman—Naw, what do I care about these hick towns.

When Noah sailed the well known sea,
He had his trials like you and me,
For days and days he drove the ark
Before he found a place to park.

Bruce Davis—Your teeth are like pearls.

Lois Skilliter—Oh Bruce, quit stringing me.

Alice Masters—She never speaks ill of anyone.

Naomi Freer—Right. She always talks about herself.

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AN EASY QUESTION

Miss Burns sat on her swivel chair
Behind her desk so trim and square
To questions far too deep to mention
She asked the class to give attention.

The class sat 'round with puzzled eyes
And mouths wide open with surprise
Until upon their startled ears
There came this question to the dears

"What did you like about this book?"
Miss Burns inquired with a pleasant look
The class didn't have to comprehend
They answered with a roar, "The End."

Bill Pleasantdale—What kind of a fellow are you?

Andy Cassis—When I get in a taxi they leave the vacant sign up.

YOU TELL 'EM SHORTY

"I will sing a song, said Georgie Young
One that I frequently have sung,"
Then Shorty Evanoff did sigh,
Please don't! Unless you want to die.

Gather ye A's while ye may
For F's are still a flying
And this same "A" that smiles today
Tomorrow may be dying.

Fountain Pen Shop
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ORVILLE A. BROWN

Mr. Klag—Waiter! How long have you been here?

Waiter—Only a year, sir!

Mr. Klag—Then it couldn't have been you, I ordered that sandwich from.

IF IT RUNS

When my college heap has been running
Till the radiator is dry
When fenders are twisted and broken,
And the top lets in part of the sky,
She shall rest and in faith she will need it.
Cool off for a minute or two
Till I fill up the old empty gas tank,
And start the motor anew.
And if she will run I'll be happy,

I'll set at the wheel and I'll steer
I shall spatter and splash down the mud road,
To visit my own Mary dear.
I shall have a real task to contend with,
To see that the motor won't stall
For in that case I surely must park her
And never see Mary at all.

Jeanette Capron—Let's play house.

Glenna Pankrantz—How?

Jeannette Capron—You be the door and I'll slam you.

Mrs. Nicholson—I want an experienced baker.

Day Roberts—'S all right. I've needed dough for three years.

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Carleton—Oh, Senorita, to-night, I will steal beneath your balcony and sing you a sweet serenade.

Ruth—And I will drop you a flower?

Carleton—In a moment of Love?

Ruth—No, in a pot.

Henry Vanders—How are you getting along with your girl?

Leon Patterson—Everything I tell her goes.

Henry—Yeah?

Leon—Yeah, all over school in half an hour.

James McKinley—I named my Ford "Bob Bolbach"!

E. Summers—Why?

James—Because it kicks at everything.

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Day Roberts—My Aunt sent me a check last night.

Harold Hauser—Fine. You can pay me that dollar you owe me.

Day R.—Sorry old man, but it was a dream.

One of our brilliant seniors paraphrased the line "to bicker down the valley," from Tennyson's poem, "The Brook," as it follows: "To have an undignified quarrel in a low place among the hills." His intelligence was equalled only by the remarkable person who, given the line from "Lochinvar," "He stayed not for the brake." paraphrased it: He never stopped for a mechanical contrivance to reduce speed by means of friction.

Chuck Dwight—You know that Scotchman who offered a prize to anyone swimming the Atlantic Ocean?

Harold Gertz—Yeh!

Chuck Dwight—Well, now he says you have to swim it under water to get the prize.

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Bill Skeldon lifted up the receiver on the telephone.

Operator—Drop your nickel in, please.

Bill S.—Say, girlie I want a conversation with a friend and not financial advice from a stranger.

Jump, cried Min Siewert and Bernie Halloran bravely from their point on the gym floor.

You probably won't after I am dead and gone, wailed Eddie Levine from the balcony.

The doctor entered the patient's room in the morning, and, according to custom, he looked at the charts immediately. Imagine his surprise at reading the following: "2 A. M. Patient very restless; nurse sleeping quietly."

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Martha Burket—How come Alvin Ruppel wanted to be track team manager? I knew he was interested in track but I didn't know he wanted the managership.

Pearl Mutller—Well, you see, he didn't choose to run.

Dorothy Miller—Do you see this diamond ring?

Mary Bowman—Yes; why?

Dorothy—Well, it belonged to a millionaire.

Mary—Who?

Dorothy—Mr. Woolworth.

Would-be Masher—Want a ride, girlie?

Beatrice Rippey—Going north?

Would-be Masher—You bet!

Beatrice—Give my love to the Eskimos.

Forest Kroetz—Have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a dime?

Kenneth B.—Eh, yes, I have the confidence but I haven't the dime.

If you can laugh at yourself, you are civilized.

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Mother—(in middle of serious lecture) You must never do anything you wouldn't want the whole world to see.

Jimmy Drake—Hurrah! I'll never have to take another bath.

Louise Blackmer—A lady at the book store tried to sell me some fairy tales.

Ruth Bolly—Well, that's nice.

Louise—I just laughed and laughed 'cause I know that fairies aint got no tails.

Rosemary Bird—And at the end of the letter he put a couple of X's. What does that mean?

Betty Wade—Foolish girl! That means he's double crossing you.

Mr. Combs—How was Wolfe going to capture Quebec, on horseback or by train?

Voice—(in rear of room) By force.

Dorothy Burwell—He stole a kiss and ran away.

Ruth Lohfink—The horrid thing!

Dorothy—Yes, he might have waited a little while.

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SENIOR AUTOGRAPHS

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Lois Robinson '28

Ruth Maench

Elsie Romer

Leonard Kinsenmayer XX

Myrtle Davis '28

Uma Thompson '28

Laura Taylor '28

Florence Wilson

Lillian Habegger

Wilma Miller

Ella Daubner.

Dora V. Napper '28

Gora Powleslund

JUNIOR AUTOGRAPHS

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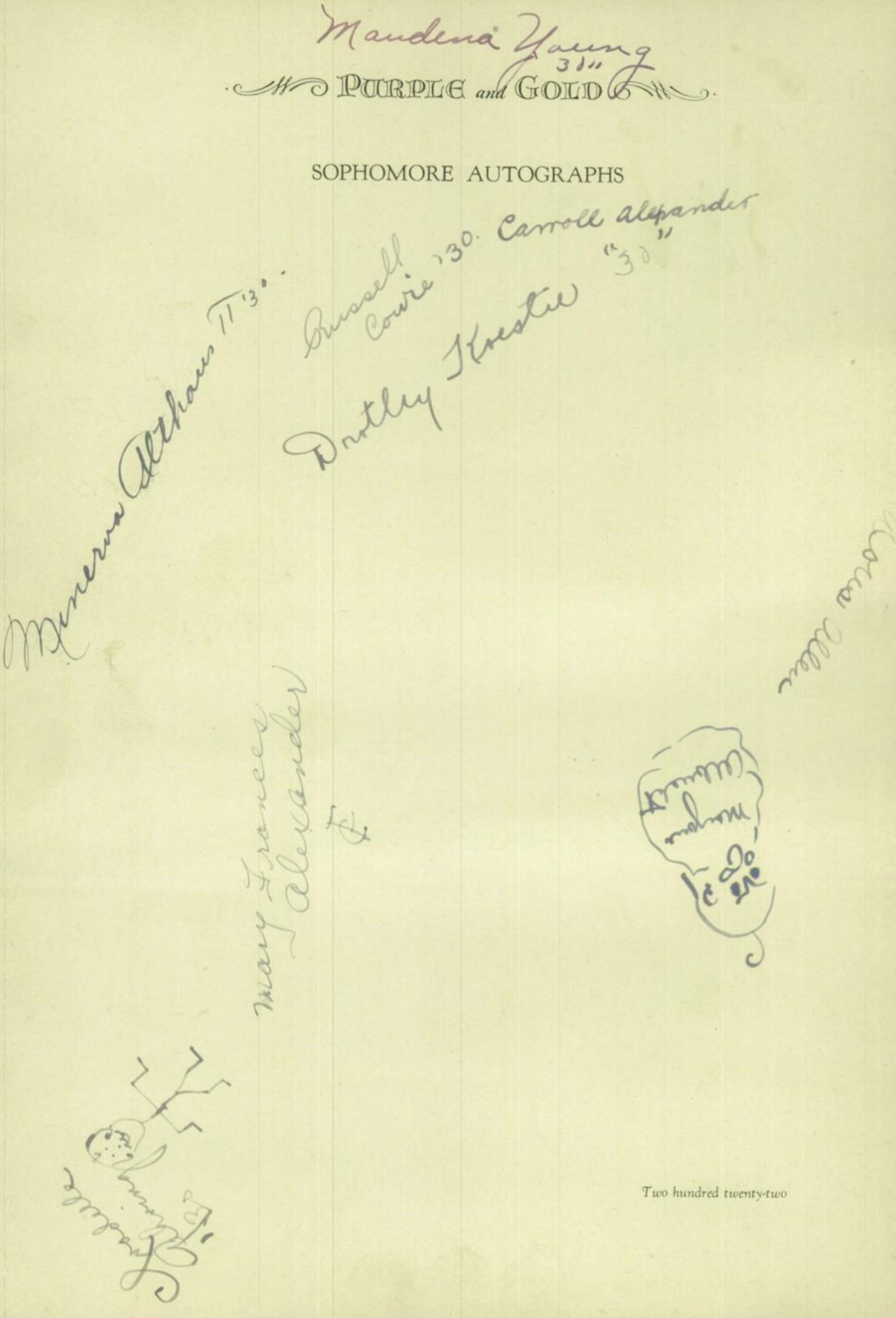

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